THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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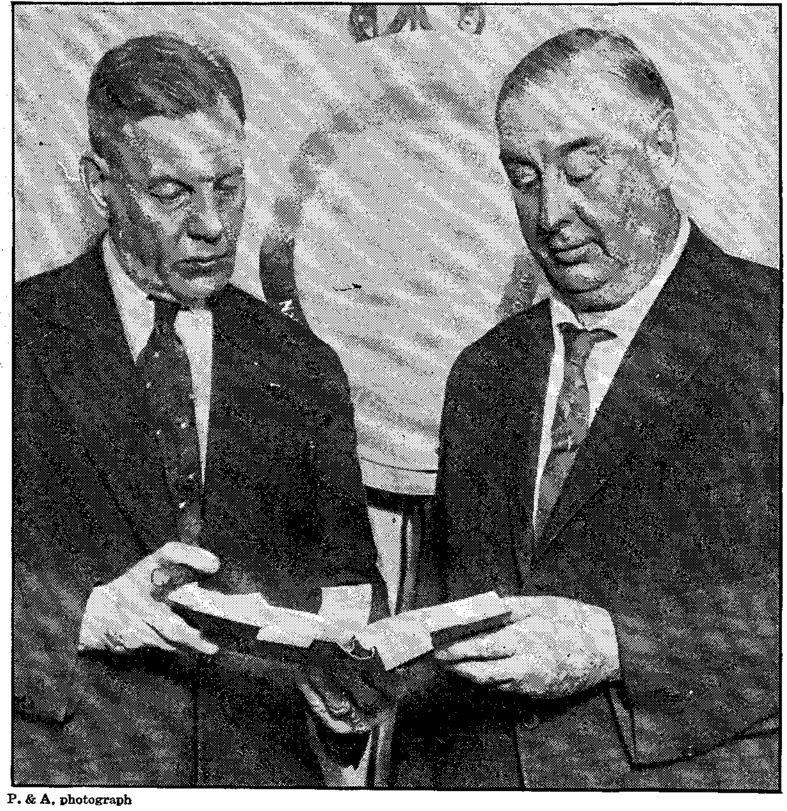
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

KING GEORGE DEFIED BY "BIG BILL"

HIS PRE-ELECTION PROMISE to drive "British propaganda" out of Chicago's schools and to "make the King of England keep his snoot out of America" has not been forgotten by William Hale Thompson, Mayor of the second largest city in the United States. What seems to be the opening battle in "Big Bill's" private war with England is the trial of Chicago's Superintendent of Schools, William McAndrew, on charges of "insubordination" and of poisoning the minds of Chicago's school children with pro-British text-books on American history. At the same time he has sent a scouting party under command of one of his lieutenants, Mr. Urbine J. Herrmann, known to his friends as "Sport" Herrmann, to "scrutinize" every history book in the Chicago public library and its branches for traces of the "British taint." In his letter of instructions to Mr. Herrmann, Mayor Thompson says: "My pre-election pledge is a sacred thing to me. I will not rest until I have purged this entire city of the poison that's being injected into the heart of American youth to eulogize England at the expense of their own country." The Mayor explains further in his statements to the press that the trial of Mr. McAndrew is not merely the trial of a suspended Superintendent of Schools, but an investigation that involves "the whole issue of pro-Britishism in the United States." He has in view, a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago tells us, a campaign to arouse the nation against what he believes to be a big British propaganda move to put this country back under the domination of another King George. Another Chicago correspondent depicts the Mayor "wrestling with the ghost of King George III and shadow-boxing with King George V." As the Louisville *Courier-Journal* remarks: "The third war with England may be said to be on in Chicago."



P. & A. photograph

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BRITISH LION

"Sport" Herrmann (on reader's left) and Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson tracking the lion to its lair on the shelves of the Chicago public library.

The McAndrew trial, predicts one of the prosecuting attorneys, will overshadow the famous Dayton evolution trial in national significance. And J. Lewis Coath, president of the Chicago School Board, makes the following statement:

"The issue no longer concerns McAndrew as an individual. He is now a symbol—and the real issue has become the fight between true Americanism and British propaganda.

"Nine cities have sent representatives to Chicago to watch the course of the trial. Each of these has the same problem to contend with that is worrying us—that of school texts with British tendencies."

The case against Mr. McAndrew is summed up in sixteen counts, five dealing with alleged British propaganda and eleven with alleged insubordination. The five dealing with propaganda are the main ones of interest to the general public. They are summarized in the press as follows:

"1. That William McAndrew recommended history text-books which contained pro-British propaganda, and which omitted the names and exploits of many foreign and native-born heroes of the American Revolutionary War, and which were recommended by the said William McAndrew for the purpose of promoting propaganda for the English Speaking Union. That said text-books teach that the Continental Congress was a collection of quarrelsome, pettyfogging lawyers and mechanics.

"2. That the said William McAndrew caused the text-books to be recommended for the purpose of causing the Declaration of Independence to be regarded as old-fashioned.

"3. That he, for the purpose of perverting and distorting the ideals and patriotic instincts of the school children of Chicago, caused to be removed from the walls of the schools the picture 'The Spirit of '76.'

"4. That he refused to recommend to the Board that the school children be permitted to donate small amounts of money for the purpose of reconditioning the famous American battle-ship, *Old Ironsides*.

"5. That he entered into conspiracy with Charles E. Merriam, Charles H. Judd [Professor of History at the University of

Chicago and others to destroy love of America in the hearts of children by encouraging teachers to attend special classes at the University of Chicago at which a text-book was used which pictured George Washington as a rebel and a great disloyalist. That said teachers would mold these pro-British ideals into the souls of the children they instructed."

Through his attorney Mr. McAndrew pleads "not guilty to any act of insubordination or of improper conduct in the office of Superintendent of Schools." "Nobody but a fool or a faker believes him guilty," declares the Chicago *Tribune*, which adds: "It is a decision between probity and dirty politics, with the odds on dirty politics to win." Mr. McAndrew has been identified with American education as teacher, principal, and superintendent for more than forty years, the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* reminds us. The school board that is trying Mr. McAndrew consists of eleven members, six of whom are appointees of Mayor Thompson. Of the other five, who are well-disposed toward Mr. McAndrew, the Mayor has said, according to the Chicago *Daily News:* "The 'blue noses' are in the hopeless minority, and would get out if they had any decency. They will resign if they are not in a conspiracy with King George. Those who stand for American ideals are going to run Chicago's school affairs."

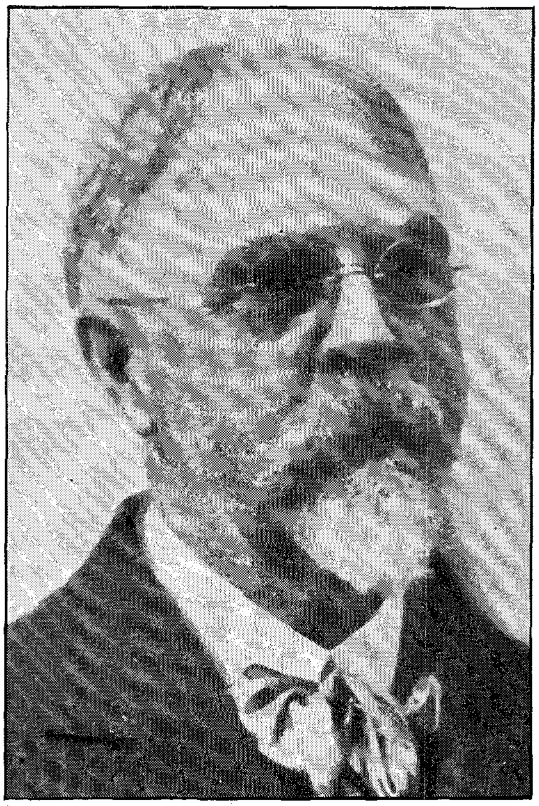
Can Big Bill so capitalize his anti-British propaganda that it will make him a dark-horse contender for the Presidential nomination in the next Republican National Convention? ask several journalistic observers. "Mayor Thompson, be it remembered, is ambitious, and has made no bones about having his eye on the Republican Presidential nomination," says the Omaha *World-Herald*. And the Washington *Post*, recalling his recent speech-making tour of the Western States, when he declared himself for "America first, farm-relief, inland waterways, and flood-relief," remarks:

> "Political history is full of booms and ambitions planted in much less fertile soil. The support of the Illinois delegation in itself would give Thompson more strength than hundreds of others have had, and through a combination of his own followers and those of Governor Small and Senator Deneen, Thompson would be a hard man to beat in the primary."

In many quarters the McAndrew trial is regarded as a political raid on Chicago's school system. Says a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Evening Post:*

> "McAndrew is a thorn in the side of the Thompson administration, for the Superintendent, in the terms of politics, will not 'play ball' with the administration. The school system is the biggest political plum in the nation's second city. Almost half of the money raised from general taxation goes to the schools, through which $78,000,000 was spent last year. The schools also have much valuable property on which to make leases and collect rent."

Mayor Thompson's challenge to King George gets little encouragement from the nation's press, while the papers of his own city treat it with frank derision. In a series of editorials, the Chicago *Tribune*, which characterizes the mayor as "the most notorious wowser of the day," points out that his one-sided war against King George has serious as well as ludicrous aspects. Says this influential daily:



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

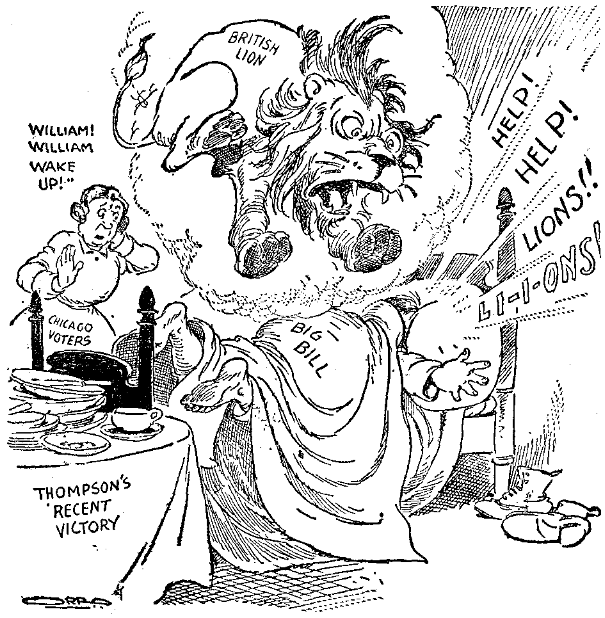
"THEY'LL FIRE ME, ALL RIGHT"

"But they'll have to stage a burlesque show to do it," remarked William McAndrew, Chicago's Superintendent of Schools, at the beginning of his "trial" by Mayor William Hale Thompson's School Board for "insubordination" and British propaganda.

> "What those who prosecute the 'text-book case' seek to do is as unpatriotic, as un-American, as to preach disunion. It is an attempt, not to settle old strifes, but to stir them up by arousing the ancient antagonisms of unassimilated immigrant peoples. It is an incitement to civil discord.
>
> "Out of it all, here in Chicago, comes a new monkey trial. If those who are prosecuting King George look to win fame such as was won by the Tennessee case, it is time they eliminated the buffoonery.
>
> "In a case where something sensible is to be said, they have handed out nonsense. That a certain amount of British propaganda for the cancelation of the international debts is being spread in America, we believe. So also is propaganda for the cancelation of the French debt, for Italian Fascism, for decreasing the amount of German reparations, and for recognizing Russia. We also recollect a movement, that still exists, by the way, for the support of Irish freedom. Let America be warned, but reasonably and intelligently, and about all sources and forms of propaganda—not just one.
>
> "That the British campaign of propaganda or any other campaign of propaganda is being financed wholesale from abroad is absurd. Europe lacks the money to spare. It is common knowledge that a small section of the American people, to be found chiefly on the Atlantic seaboard, loves Great Britain inordinately.
>
> "Let there be as much criticism of unpatriotic sentiment for England, or Germany, or France, or Italy, or Poland, as the case warrants. It is the right of every American to speak his mind. But let his mind be spoken as an American and for the sake of America, not as a German, or an Irishman, or an Italian, or an Englishman, and for the sake of a foreign country."

"Americans ought to and will resent their country being made a battle-ground of foreign loyalties and hatreds," declares *The Tribune*. "Everybody knows that the unforgivable offense which William McAndrew has committed is that of attempting to be serviceable to the children of the Chicago schools, rather than to the politicians," says the Chicago *Evening Post*, which calls the charge that he entered into a conspiracy to Anglicize the school system "merely a red herring drawn across the trail of the real issue." "The determination to get rid of Mr. McAndrew," it declares, "is due solely to the fact that he constitutes an obstacle between the school system and the clutches of the politicians." And the carrying of the war into the public library moves it to make the following ironic suggestions:

> "Since we have set out in Chicago to free ourselves from the British yoke, we ought to make a thorough job of it.
>
> "While 'Sport' Herrmann—whose scholarly qualifications for the task are a matter of international renown—is sleuthing the shelves of the public library for insidious propaganda in histories and other treatises, a like search should be made in the Art Institute for pictures by British artists, or by artists of any nationality, even American, which present British landscape or other subjects in attractive colors. It should be possible to obtain a volunteer for this patriotic service no less capable than Mr. Herrmann.


BRITISH LION
WILLIAM! WILLIAM WAKE UP!"
HELP! HELP! LIONS!! LI-I-ONS!
CHICAGO VOTERS
BIG BILL
THOMPSON'S RECENT VICTORY
ORR

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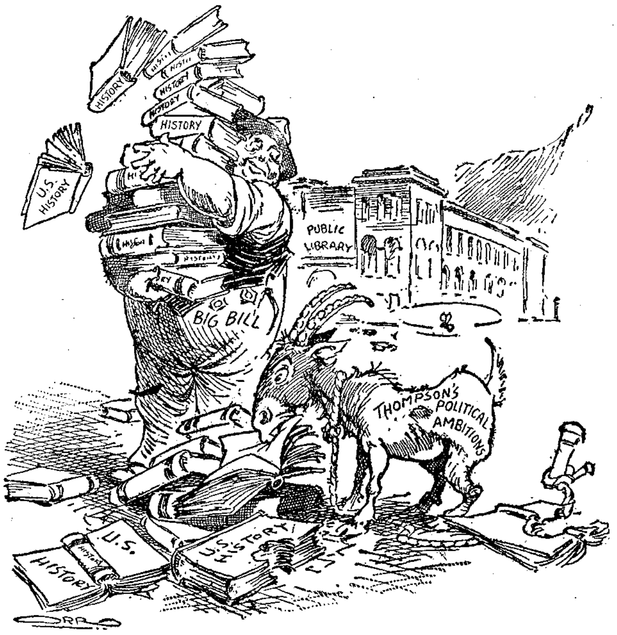
STRANGE WHAT ILL EFFECTS
A HEAVY MEAL WILL PRODUCE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.



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TRYING TO FATTEN HIM

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

HOME VIEWS OF "BIG BILL"

"Then there is the Field Museum as another source of contagion. If there are any fauna indigenous to the British Isles displayed in the museum, all such specimens ought to be removed immediately. Here is an inspiring job for some precinct worker with a taste for scientific research.

"Further it is a matter for serious consideration whether the name of the Buckingham Fountain ought not to be changed. Inevitably it suggests Buckingham Palace.

"We must not be half-hearted in this endeavor. We have an example to set the nation. Its eyes are upon us."

"It is notorious that the plan to oust Mr. McAndrew is an essential part of the larger plan to open up the Chicago public-school system to political exploitation," says the Chicago *Daily News*, which adds: "The Mayor of Chicago has chosen to seek popularity among American voters by predicating his conduct on the assumption that they are half-witted, and therefore incapable of guarding their own institutions against foreign propaganda inspired by the British nation."

In Mr. Hearst's Chicago *Evening American*, which has always supported "Big Bill," we find the following editorial comment:

"The present campaign to give Chicago school children history texts which teach American history from the American view-point is not to be condemned. To teach American history from any other view-point than the American is akin to teaching Christianity from the heathen view-point.

"By all means let us have American history that is American."

While the Baltimore *Evening Sun* characterizes the McAndrew trial as "one of the most delightful side-shows of Big Bill's circus," the New York *World* decides that it is "about as funny as a crutch." For, remarks *The World*—

"It is a strain on our sense of humor to know that when a political gang wants to lay its hands on the contracts and jobs in a school system, the way to go about it is to stir up as much hatred as possible against a foreign government. It is alarming to know that political morals and political mentality are low enough anywhere to tolerate such clownish knavery.

"A régime like Thompson's in Chicago, like Hylan's in New York, like Vare's in Philadelphia, like Duvall's in Indianapolis, like Curley's in Boston, and such as the Ku Klux Klan and similar organizations have set up in many parts of rural America, are by no means reassuring as to the future of democratic government.

"The theory that education is gradually preparing us for democracy may still be true. But these dumb, hysterical movements are altogether too numerous to justify much complacency. There are too many of them and they come too frequently to be regarded as freakish and insignificant. This Chicago business is no more unique than was the Dayton business. What is happening in Chicago could happen here and in many other places. It has happened in many places, tho perhaps a little less spectacularly, and apparently the intelligence of the community is disorganized and either too preoccupied or too indifferent or too lazy to assert itself against these barbarian raids.

"The kind of mentality now being exhibited in Chicago is a dangerous symptom of the condition of popular government. For here, brutally and unashamed, we have a demagog rising to power by appealing to the very lowest prejudices of the people. We have the educational system of a great community treated with utter contempt. We have an indecent disregard for honest scholarship. We have greed and ambition masquerading as patriotism.

"How long can popular government endure on a foundation of this kind?"

"The American Revolution needs no farcical support from politicians like Thompson of Chicago," declares the Boston *Transcript*. Quoting the statement of one of the witnesses at the McAndrew trial that England is trying to place "the Union Jack wherever now flies the Stars and Stripes," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* exclaims: "Now, please—everybody—don't get scared all at once." Another of Big Bill's witnesses testified that England "is now at war to conquer the United States, and uses not shot and shell, but a rain of propaganda. But where, our papers ask, is the evidence in support of this startling assertion? As the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* remarks, "if a vast conspiracy exists to pervert youthful minds and break patriotic traditions, proofs of it other than swaggering bluster will have to be produced in court." And in the Houston *Post-Dispatch* we read:

"The assertion that Great Britain has set up an espionage and propaganda machine in the United States with the idea of weaning American citizens from loyalty to their own country and making British tools of them is utterly at variance with fact, reason, and common sense.

"If the government of Great Britain has any spare time, energy, or money to devote to propaganda purposes, there are numerous centers within the British Empire where these outlays would serve a far more significant cause."

But "back of the absurdities of the Thompson attack," and under the ballyhoo to keep King George out of Chicago, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "runs a current that has its

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What has Mussolini decreed concerning holidays? (p. 14).
2. How many attacks did the Germans make on the British in the battle of Jutland? (p. 17).
3. What important historical document was signed at Medicine Lodge, Kansas? (p. 55).
4. What new, and more drastic, draft is urged for the next war by the American Legion? (p. 10).
5. What is the "Roman Question"? (p. 32).
6. Who wrote the novel "Porgy"? (p. 27).
7. How many words does Fellow, the educated police dog, understand? (p. 56).
8. Who is the uncrowned King of Roumania? (p. 19).
9. What does Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick think of the future of religion in this country? (p. 34).
10. How long has English been taught in Japanese public schools? (p. 29).
11. What was the total distance covered by the American "Good-Will" flyers, and how many countries did they visit? (p. 38).
12. Were cracked ice and ginger-ale banned in the famous Prohibition "Padlocks for Ginger-Ale" decision? (p. 12).
13. What is the yearly investment of American capital in foreign bonds? (p. 13).
14. What type of life did Frans Hals best depict? (p. 30).
15. What animal "can achieve more with four webbed feet, a broad tail, and a set of powerful teeth, than man with a full set of tools and a derrick"? (p. 63).
16. What prominent European statesman is accused of fomenting trouble between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia? (p. 18).
17. Is a "tired" child sick or well? (p. 26).
18. Is there a National Gallery in Washington? (p. 31).
19. Name two flowers used as food? (p. 22).
20. What U. S. Army aviators were killed during the "Good-Will" flight, and where did the tragedy occur? (p. 38).
21. What countries of Europe have large alien minorities under their rule? (p. 20).
22. Where was Charles Darwin born? (p. 23).
23. How large a family of comets has the planet Jupiter? (p. 24).
24. Who owns the "Wayside Inn"? (p. 23).
25. What modern invention proved invaluable in summoning relief after the St. Louis tornado? (p. 69).

admirable as well as its repelling aspects." In an editorial headed "Back of Thompson," this conservative daily says:

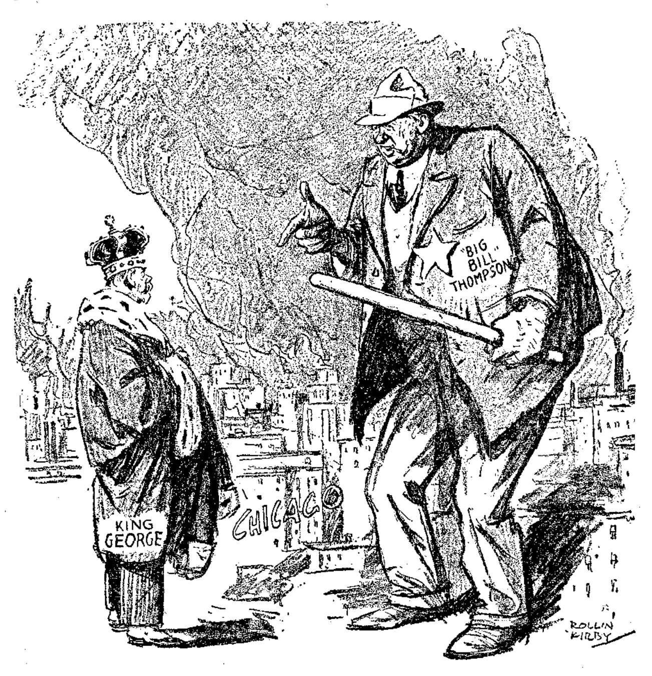
"In the war America suddenly discovered that it was made up of many voices. The voice of the English-speaking settlers who founded the Government was dominant. But their descendants found that they could no longer speak with the assurance of unanimous response. There were 'foreign' dissonances. Peoples whose blood ran back to the Balkan mountains or the Rhenish valleys snapt back to their half-forgotten allegiances under the stresses of war among 'the old countries.' They murmured against the demand that they follow unquestioningly the lead of the English-traditioned Americans.

"Yet they followed it. When it came down to the stark question of fighting for their new country or handicapping her in the struggle, their young men poured into the armies as nobly as did the grandsons of the Puritan. The 'Yank' death-rolls showed the names of Europe's old races as plenteously as those of New England.

"During the war the patriotism of Americans, whether Slav, Celt, or Saxon, held the line. But when peace brought release into the old freedom, this new non-English Americanism demanded its day in court. And Thompson became its leader in Chicago. He has depraved it and debauched it, but it has its real nobility. An instinctively able demagog, he saw the need of a symbol, and he chose it in King George V of England. The 'red coats' of Colonial days furnished an easy appeal, for, no matter what Thompson says, the schoolbooks of America breed more hostility to England than friendship. They have to. They tell the stories of our wars, and from 1776 onward for many decades these wars were with England.

"We have said that there is nobility back of the screaming farce of Superintendent McAndrew's trial in Chicago. There is. It is found in the noble desire of the non-Anglo-Saxon peoples to make their way up into a fair copartnership in the ideals and aspirations of their country. Thompson is playing upon it, cloaking it with hokum, degrading it. Yet the impulse at heart is clean and true. We do not believe that it is in essence anti-English; it is anti-American-English, anti-dominance by the Anglo-Saxon tradition. We do not even believe that it seeks the destruction or defeat of this tradition; it but wants its own place in the sun of America. This instinctive longing is a political development that may go far in determining our country's future."

In England, the correspondents tell us, the newspapers refuse to take Mayor Thompson's twisting of the lion's tail very seriously. Thus the Manchester *Guardian*, under the heading "A Chicago Fantasia," tells the story of Big Bill in the form of a fairy-tale, remarking: "It's a good story, but incredible. The oddest thing about it is that it is not a dream, like 'Alice in Wonderland,' or an opera, like 'Trial by a Jury,' but is true, like the Scopes trial in Tennessee or the fact that Mister Baldwin is Prime Minister." But it concedes that there is a serious side to the fact that "thousands of political patriots, 99.5 per cent. pure, follow their choral leader in this most fantastic comic opera." The London *Daily Telegraph* pays a compliment to Big Bill's astounding political astuteness in making the issue "a personal one between his Majesty King George V of London, England, and 'Big Bill' Thompson, of Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. It was a spectacle to delight the mob—the massive, corpulent champion of democracy, stript to his pink-striped shirt and braces, hurling defiance to the ruler of the Great British Empire and threatening him with bodily combat should he ever take a personal hand in the corruption of Chicago's innocent children." Another London paper, *The Morning Post*, wants to know where the millions for all this alleged British propaganda in the United States came from. "They are certainly not in the Parliamentary estimates," it remarks, "but doubtless that only shows the devilish cunning of the plotters."



"IF I CATCH YOU INSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, I'LL RUN YOU IN"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

DISCIPLINING MAGRUDER

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS NEWS OF NAVY DAY, celebrated on October 27, was that of Rear-Admiral Thomas P. Magruder's protest to the President of the United States against his being relieved of the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard following his published criticisms of certain conditions in the Navy. Surely Navy Day started off with a fight this year, remarks the Newark *News.* Secretary Wilbur's peremptory order to the outspoken Admiral sets the sparks flying, it continues. "Admiral Magruder rolls up his sleeves, squints in the direction of Admiral Plunkett [commanding the Brooklyn Navy Yard] and chants, 'my mother was a Kildare, my father was a Magruder, and my hair is red.'" So it looks to the New Jersey paper as tho a real fight was coming in the Navy Department. Secretary Wilbur thinks this is an appropriate time to make public his correspondence with Admiral Magruder, in which the Admiral's attention is called to certain errors of fact and conclusions which seem unwarranted to the head of the Department. But Mr. Wilbur doesn't want anybody to think he is punishing the Admiral because he talked too much. He says:

> "The order to Admiral Magruder to leave Philadelphia is not punitive; it is administrative.
>
> "It is proper to say that the reassignment of Admiral Magruder has resulted from his recent utterances and from the official correspondence relating thereto, but no punitive action has been taken, nor will any be taken, on the article published in *The Saturday Evening Post.* As to other and subsequent utterances, I make no statement at this time. . . .
>
> "Plans published in newspapers or magazines quickly find their way into the files of foreign naval attachés and foreign governments, and ought not to reach them before being presented to or considered by our own Government and by those paid to consider such matters."

What Admiral Magruder said in his magazine articles was, as summarized by the New York *World,* "that the Navy is greatly overorganized, afloat and ashore; that demobilization after the war was not completely carried out; that uneconomical methods, perhaps excusable in time of war, have not been abandoned; that superfluous navy-yards and naval stations are maintained at heavy expense; and that many ships, useless for war service, are kept in commission."

It is for saying this, declares *The World* (Dem.), that the Admiral is now belatedly disciplined. The New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) is moved to the production of an ironic editorial, running in part as follows:

> "Secretary Wilbur, having explained last month how active was his interest in Admiral Magruder's suggestions for an improved and more efficient Navy Department, has now exprest his admiration for that officer's cooperation and interest by summarily relieving him of his command. The atmosphere surrounding this order is so cordial as to arouse the suspicion that the Secretary's generosity may even go to the length of shipping the Admiral to Guam. Guam, no doubt, has a salubrious climate, and as a station it would have the advantage of removing the Admiral from the annoyance of testifying before the Congressional investigating committee and from anti-navy raids and general inquisitions which it appears to be the Secretary's settled purpose to bring down upon his Department."

This is just "another example of high-handed dictatorship on the part of those in charge of our national defense at Washington," declares the New York *American,* which tells its readers that "in each of the three branches of the national defense an officer has been publicly disciplined and humiliated for telling the people what he thought was the matter with his Department." First, "two years ago Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, was dropt from his command and demoted to the rank of Colonel because he exposed how the infant branch was being throttled by the Army and Navy bureaucrats and because he demanded for what is now the Air Corps, a parity with Army and Navy in plans for national defense." Then, two weeks ago, Major-General Summerall was called back to Washington because of his criticism of American army barracks. And now comes Secretary Wilbur relieving Admiral Magruder of his post. Some good may come out of all this, continues *The American.* Mitchell's career was sacrificed, but we are now embarked on a real air program. And so—

> "Perhaps Admiral Magruder's punishment may result in getting more of our money spent on building and running ships and less on maintaining roll-top desks and stenographers. Perhaps General Summerall's discipline may make Congress appropriate the money to house decently the men who wear the American uniform.
>
> "These sacrifices, however, are unnecessary, wrong, and dangerous. They serve notice to all Army and Navy and Air Corps officers that they must remain muzzled or risk their careers. This bars the only reliable source of criticism and improvement in our national defenses—criticism from the inside, thereby arousing healthy public sentiment."

Altho the larger part of newspapers commenting on the incident seem to sympathize with Admiral Magruder, we note the Tacoma *Ledger* disagreeing with him when he says that there are too many navy yards. And the Detroit *News* dislikes the idea of an Admiral in the service of the United States publishing his criticisms of the Department for pay in the columns of a magazine. Did Admiral Magruder, it asks, receive compensation for his article? If so, well, "an officer who makes private sale of information which he secures only through his public employment is not in good case, either as an officer or a patriot."

But tho it disagrees with certain of the Magruder conclusions, the Washington *News* is inclined to take its stand with Senator Borah when he remarks, "I wish we had a Magruder in every Department in Washington." And the New York *Journal of Commerce* has the same thought in mind when it suggests that there may be several branches of the Government which might be run more economically:

> "Our immense shipping deficit, which still continues, even tho somewhat cut down, the large political outlays for public buildings which still continue to be made and the excessive costs of various administrative services such as income tax, Prohibition enforcement and the like, which have never been subjected to any real control, all testify eloquently to the need for a much greater degree of efficiency and economy."

SENATOR BINGHAM MAKES A CORRECTION—When Senator Hiram W. Bingham, of Connecticut, was last in Honolulu, he made a speech at a dinner, a version of which appeared in a Honolulu paper and later in the New York *Evening Post,* and which was discust with editorial comment in our issue of October 15. Senator Bingham writes in to say that there were no reporters at the dinner and that the accounts of the speech were decidedly garbled. In particular, he wants to call our attention to the fact that instead of implying that "white snobbery" exists in Hawaii, the truth is that he "praised the spirit of interracial equality which exists to a marked degree in the Hawaiian Islands, and commended the excellent work which has been done there in promoting good feeling and harmonious relations among the white, brown, and yellow races." Senator Bingham believes that if a similar spirit prevailed in Manila, Shanghai, and Tientsin "many of our present problems in the Philippines and China could be readily solved." In a letter to the New Haven *Journal-Courier* he calls attention to a number of errors and exaggerations in the press report of incidents related by him at the Honolulu dinner. Among other things he points out that he said nothing to imply that missionaries treat the Chinese like "dogs." But he repeats that he is impatient "with the absurd attitude of superiority maintained by many of the leading 'white folks' in both China and the Philippines."

THE LEGION'S CONSCRIPTION PROGRAM

THE BURDENS OF WAR—if it should come—will be placed equally upon labor, capital, and the fighting men, if the American Legion can persuade Congress this winter to pass a universal draft act to draft labor and capital, as well as soldiers, in time of war. This is the big issue before the Legion during the coming year, according to a statement by the new National Commander, Edward E. Spafford, and inasmuch as the new program has the unanimous backing of the men who served in the World War, he believes it will not be difficult to convince Congress of the value of such a law as an argument for peace. President Harding, it will be recalled, made a similar suggestion on Memorial Day, four years ago.

According to Commander Spafford:

> "The American Legion believes in peace. But we believe one of the best preventives of war is the enactment of a bill which shall place the burden of war—if it come—upon all. Let labor and capital be conscripted, as well as men.
>
> "Adequate preparedness is the best insurance of peace. The universal draft act means just the kind of preparedness that brings peace."

The United States has an immediate example in the comprehensive legislation in France for universal service, we are reminded by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Manchester *Union* is of the opinion that—

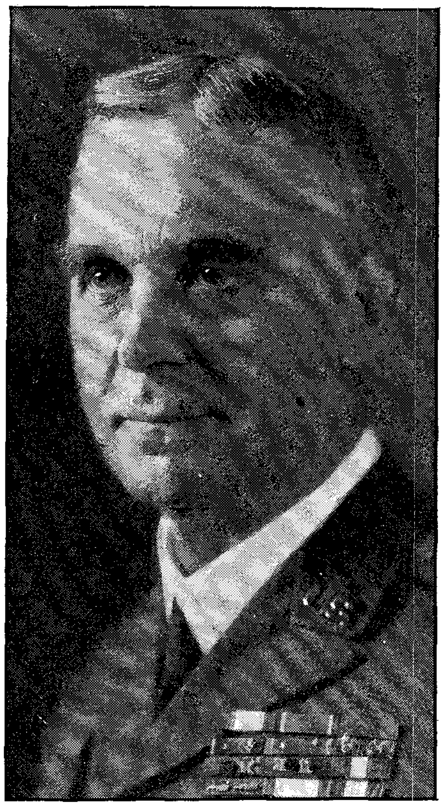
> "Most thoughtful citizens will admit the reasonableness of this proposal. War to-day is a national affair; it is not an affair of any one class or age. Labor and capital should be as much at the disposal of the Government in time of war as fighting men.
>
> "We believe also that the contention of the American Legion that a universal draft law will favor, rather than hinder, the promotion of peace, is valid. Recent events in the world at large have convinced most thoughtful Americans that America's influence as a peaceful nation will depend upon her ability, if necessity requires it, to defend herself.
>
> "The Legionnaires, most of whom know by personal experience the horror and the havoc of battle, are not advocates of war. It is therefore all the more significant that they have come to the conclusion that one of the best preventives of war is just such legislation as they now propose."

It is the belief of the Milwaukee *Journal* that—

> "If war were made unprofitable for every one, there would be more of a disposition to settle disputes without a resort to arms. Factory owners and exploiters of raw-product sources would insist that governments exhaust every means of arbitration, if both profit and control were to be taken out of their hands. Labor would throw its tremendous weight against hasty ultimatums, if its pay were put on an Army basis and its work controlled by the Government. All these things could be accomplished by the universal draft. If war should then come anyway, if there were no other honorable way out, at least the war would be prosecuted in the most efficient and most equitable way possible, and it would accordingly be brought to an end in the least possible length of time.
>
> "Let's not hear any more of the talk that the universal draft can not work, because if industry is not allowed to make all the profits it can, our industrial captains will 'lay down' on the men at the front. In the first place, we do not believe that our industrial captains need yield anything in patriotism to anybody. In the second place, what happens to capital if a war be lost?"

ARMY HOUSING A "NATIONAL DISGRACE"

THE "SUMMERALL INCIDENT" may be closed, as a White House statement declares, but out of it, predicts Washington dispatches and Congressmen now at the capital, will come during the next session of Congress a searching investigation into the Army housing situation. About the middle of October, it will be recalled, Gen. Charles P. Summerall, Army Chief of Staff, was summoned from an inspection and speaking tour of the country by President Coolidge. The General, according to report, had characterized the housing situation at several Army posts as "disgraceful." Whether he was taken into the White House woodshed upon his return to Washington—whether the White House has a woodshed—is not revealed by Washington dispatches. And, of course, the President and the General have made no statements on the subject of the summary recall or of Army housing. But the Baltimore *Sun*, acting perhaps on the theory that there must be fire where there is so much smoke, is investigating conditions at some of the country's posts. And it is convinced that "unless the Administration proposes adequate appropriations for the relief of Army housing conditions, or proves the evils have been grossly exaggerated, Congress should take the matter in hand this winter."



Underwood & Underwood photograph

"CONGRESS MUST BE AROUSED"

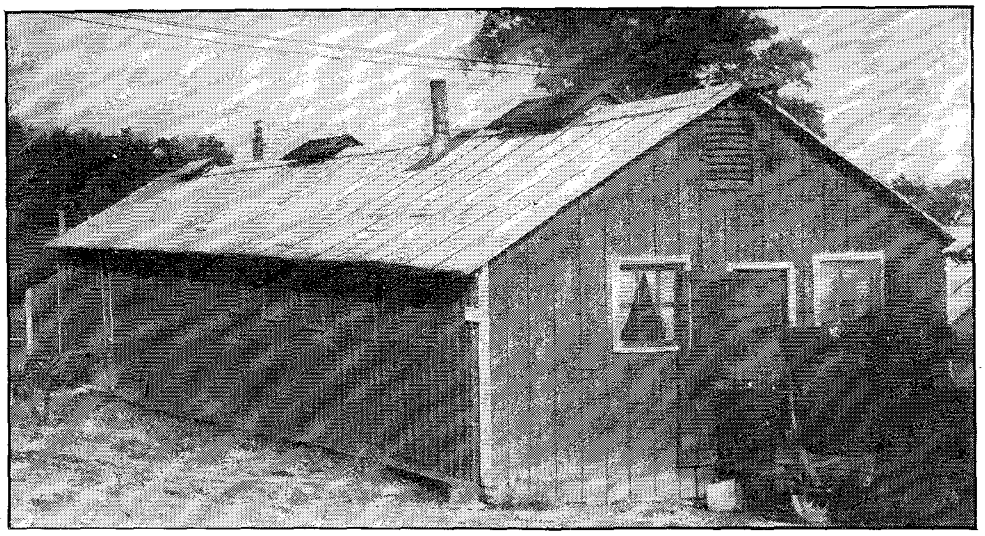
"To action by a public demand for better Army housing," General Charles P. Summerall, Army Chief of Staff, was quoted in the San Diego *Sun* as declaring in a speech before the Chamber of Commerce. "We have the makings of the finest Army in the world, and we have treated them disgracefully in this respect."

General Summerall's speech before the San Diego Chamber of Commerce was not the first attempt that has been made this year to bring Army housing conditions to the attention of the American people. According to the Philadelphia *Record*, Secretary of War Davis declared last January:

> "Our officers and enlisted men, their wives and children, are in many posts housed in war-time shacks, hastily constructed for temporary use, many of them utterly unfit for human habitation. One-half of the Army personnel are living either in tents or in these makeshift structures. In justice and decency, we should not require them to endure such things. In several posts, our sick are being cared for in hospitals of flimsy frame construction, in constant danger of a horrible calamity from fire.
>
> "Our Army housing system is a national disgrace. To remedy the deplorable condition will require constant effort for years."

To house the Army means providing quarters for at least 200,000 people, explains the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, for the families of officers and men must be taken into consideration. "But only $7,000,000 has been appropriated for housing since 1925, and that was derived from the sale of unused army property." Nothing had been paid out of the Treasury, we are told. In fact, says Representative Thomas W. Harrison, Democrat of Virginia, and a member of the subcommittee on appropriations for War Department expenditures:

> "Do you know that the budget—and by budget I mean the Administration—required this $7,000,000 to be brought into the general fund for the support of the Army? Congress refused to divert the construction item of $7,000,000, and declined to treat it as a part of the general Army fund. Had the Administration proposal prevailed, the money dedicated to relieve housing conditions would have been diverted.
>
> "Some people may ask why Congress does not make the needed appropriations. Congress has made all the appropriations it has been asked to make, and more. The President is supposed



Courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun*

ONE OF THE ENLISTED MEN'S BARRACKS AT QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

to be the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. No Army officer is permitted to question any estimates which the President makes. When he comes before Congress and says that a certain amount is all that is necessary for the proper housing of the Army, it is difficult for Congress to register a different judgment."

Part of the blame for present housing conditions in the Army is placed upon Senator Reed, Republican of Pennsylvania, by Frederic William Wile, in a Washington dispatch to the Philadelphia *Record*. It was Senator Reed, we are reminded, who engineered the filibuster last March which eliminated a $6,000,000 item for Army housing. General Summerall, in his speeches at various cities, was not so specific; he merely pointed out, according to the San Diego *Union*, that about 40 per cent. of the soldiers in the American Army are housed no better than they would have been had they been in German prison camps.

The General, incidentally, receives considerably more editorial support in his campaign for improved conditions in the Army than the Commander-in-Chief, who called him back to Washington. "From all that we have been told," remarks the Chicago *Evening Post*, "there is ample justification for the General's criticism. And assuredly no one has a better right to offer it. No one is likely to be better informed, or to have a more genuine concern for the needs of the officers and soldiers under his command." It is to the ranking officers of the Army and Navy that the public looks for advice on questions affecting these services, agrees the Washington *Post*. Instead of being rebuked, they should be encouraged to speak the truth, believes the St. Louis *Star*, "for in this way only can conditions be corrected."

The indirect effect of General Summerall's appeal, thinks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "will be to stir Congress and the Administration to action." In the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun:*

"General Summerall may be smarting from the verbal paddling which he probably received at the White House. But he undoubtedly realizes that what he set out to do—namely, to rivet the public mind on Army housing conditions—has been accomplished much more effectively than he could possibly have hoped from a hundred additional speeches.

"Probably Mr. Coolidge knows this, too."

The great need at the present moment, the Dallas *News* is convinced, "is for permanent construction at all posts, and willingness to scrap 1917 emergency building as we have scrapped unsafe training planes and other war material." "The pressure of public opinion on Congress is needed," declares the Columbus *Dispatch*, "and the best way to get it is by just such true words from trusted men in high position as were uttered by General Summerall." "It is necessary to remind Congress of the situation at its worst in order to obtain relief," adds the Washington *Post* in a second editorial.

President Coolidge, on the other hand, is quoted in Washington dispatches as feeling that the Government is doing all it can to remedy Army housing conditions. Since March 4, 1925, it is explained in the President's behalf, approximately $8,000,000 have been appropriated for new housing construction. The budget for the next fiscal year, we are assured, will contain at least this much for housing, and it is possible that the $6,000,000 item which failed of passage in the filibuster of the last session may eventually become available. Perhaps, suggests the Nashville *Tennessean*, "the President is actually glad that General Summerall drew the attention of the country anew to a situation that only the Senate and House can remedy." Certainly, points out another Democratic paper, the New York *Times:*

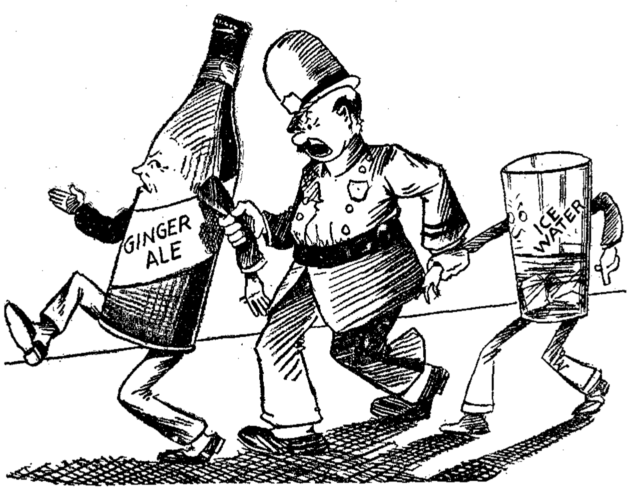
"The proof that Mr. Coolidge wants the right thing done is his approval of an estimate of $8,000,000 in this year's budget for additional new construction. But let it be remembered that the next session of Congress, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, will be a short one. Therefore, unless there is a rally of friends of the Army for better housing, benevolent intentions may fall in the discard of bills not acted on."

Courtesy of the Baltimore *Sun*

HOME OF AN ARMY LIEUTENANT AT CAMP MEADE, MARYLAND

BAD NEWS FOR HIP-FLASK TOTERS

HOTELS, NIGHT CLUBS, ROAD-HOUSES, and cabarets must watch their step—and their wet customers' pocket-flasks—in future, if they do not wish to be padlocked under the nuisance section of the Prohibition Law. For, say Washington dispatches, that is what happened to two Chicago resorts when patrons brought liquor into the places and mixed it with ginger ale and cracked ice furnished by the management. Furthermore, a Federal Judge sitting in Chicago held that habitual drinking in these places, under the circumstances, was sufficient justification for affixing the padlocks. The Circuit Court of Appeals upheld this ruling, and the case went on its way to the Supreme Court of the United States. Here, much to the consternation of night club proprietors, who wished to know where they stood in the matter, the highest tribunal refused to review the decision of the lower court. Moreover, says a Chicago dispatch, the Circuit Court ruling is interpreted to mean that sleeping-cars, day coaches, and club cars on any railroad can be padlocked and taken out of service for a year on the same grounds. Said Federal Judge Cliffe, in a decision on one of the Chicago cases:



THE RESULT OF HANGING OUT WITH BAD COMPANY

—Mack in the New York *Morning Telegraph.*

"No one would deny that these circumstances disclose clearly culpable aiding and abetting in violation of the law respecting both transportation and possession—clear conspiracy—and in my judgment it is idle to say that the place is not a nuisance within the law."

According to a New York *Evening Post* editorial:

"The suits were brought by the United States against Mike Fritzel, William R. Rothstein, and 'Al' Tearney to enjoin and abate liquor nuisances. The suits are based on Section 22 of Title II of the National Prohibition Act to enjoin and abate a common nuisance as defined in Section 21 of Title II of the Act. The definition in Section 21 reads as follows:

"'Any room, house, building, boat, vehicle, structure, or place where intoxicating liquor is manufactured, sold, kept, or bartered in violation of this title, and all intoxicating liquor and property kept and used in maintaining the same is hereby declared to be a common nuisance.'

"Affidavits contended that the patrons of the Town Club and the other restaurants customarily brought intoxicating liquor into the restaurants and there openly consumed it with the knowledge of the proprietors. Eventually decrees were entered in favor of the Government in the District Court and an appeal was taken by the defendants to the Circuit Court of Appeals. Careful examination of the decision in these cases and of the action of the Supreme Court in denying the certiorari petitions demonstrates clearly that the popular conception of what these cases involved and what the Supreme Court did is almost wholly erroneous.

"These cases lay down a new and far-reaching principle which seems to have escaped general notice. The real effect of the decisions, instead of prohibiting the serving of cracked ice and ginger ale, is to compel a restaurant keeper to see that his guests do not bring liquor into his restaurant and there consume it, under penalty of having the restaurant closed as a common nuisance. Judge Anderson, writing the majority opinion, said:

"'The proofs show that liquor was brought to these places by their patrons and there consumed on repeated occasions, so often as to amount to a practise or custom. This would seem to be sufficient to uphold a finding that it was kept there, even if there be included in the definition of the word "kept" the element of duration or continuance.'

"It is thus evidently wrong to assert that these Chicago restaurants were padlocked because ginger ale and cracked ice were served to the guests. The reason given by the Circuit Court for affirming the padlock decrees was the fact that it had become a general practise for the patrons of those restaurants to bring quantities of liquor into the restaurants and there openly consume it with the knowledge of the proprietors.

"The great importance of the decision, therefore, is that it obligates restaurant keepers to see that the patrons do not bring liquor and consume it on the premises under penalty of having their restaurants closed as 'common nuisances.'

"The decision does not say that it is unlawful for restaurant keepers to serve any cracked ice and ginger ale that guests may order. What it does say is that habitual bringing and consuming of liquor in a restaurant makes the restaurant a common nuisance.

"Following the decision of the Circuit Court, both Fritzel and Rothstein sought to have their cases reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States and filed petitions for writs of certiorari. All that the Supreme Court did in denying the petitions was to refuse to review the cases. This action does not have the effect of approving either the result or any of the findings of the Circuit Court of Appeals. The truth of the matter is that the Supreme Court has not decided anything whatsoever with respect to these cases or the principles involved."

Meanwhile, we read, until there comes a ruling from the higher court, Prohibition administrators consider the decision of the Court of Appeals the strongest weapon they have ever had to enforce the Volstead Law.

On the other hand, a survey of our newspapers reveals a number of editorial criticisms of the decisions, and of the Supreme Court's refusal to review them. "Unfortunately, this method of making a decision leaves the public without the careful discussion of the law that is found in Supreme Court opinions," observes the Milwaukee *Journal.* "It comes as a shock to those who hold to traditional philosophy of American democracy," declares the New Haven *Journal-Courier.*

In the opinion of the New York *World,* the refusal of the Supreme Court to hand down a ruling in these cases "is another blow, in the name of Prohibition, at sound law." Continues *The World:*

"The padlock itself, it should be remembered, even as it has been used until now, is still held in suspicion by many sober citizens, for in effect it does away with the right of trial by jury. But at least this much could be said for it: it was applied only upon proper evidence, and it usually punished the guilty person. But no such argument can be made for this new way of using it. For there is this significant paragraph in the dispatch which tells of the original proceedings in court:

"'In obtaining the original injunction closing the resorts, the Government offered no evidence that liquor was sold or even on the premises. It was contended that in serving guests with glasses, ice, and ginger ale, into which the guests poured a nameless liquid which caused intoxication, the clubs had violated the Dry Law. Their action was sufficient, the Government held, to show that they "kept and allowed to be kept" booze on the premises.'

"What this means, of course, is the abandonment of any effort to produce exact evidence at all. It means that from now on the proprietor of an expensive property can be padlocked simply on the hunch of a Prohibition agent that somebody at the next table is drinking whisky. It means that a defendant has absolutely no means of establishing his innocence. For what restaurateur can produce an unidentified patron to swear that what was being drunk was not whisky?"

THE ROW OVER FOREIGN-LOAN CENSORSHIP

WAR TO THE KNIFE between President Coolidge and the State Department on one side, and Congress on the other, is envisaged by W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, as a result of the statement in which Senator Carter Glass, Democrat of Virginia, recently assailed the practise of the State Department in approving or disapproving loans by private American bankers to foreign countries. In the last six years, we are told, our department of foreign affairs has frowned upon the plans of American bankers to float loans for France, Italy, and other countries which had not at the time funded their war debts to this country. It has also disapproved loans from our banks to German and Brazilian borrowers to finance the potash and coffee interests, on the ground that prices to American consumers would be increased.

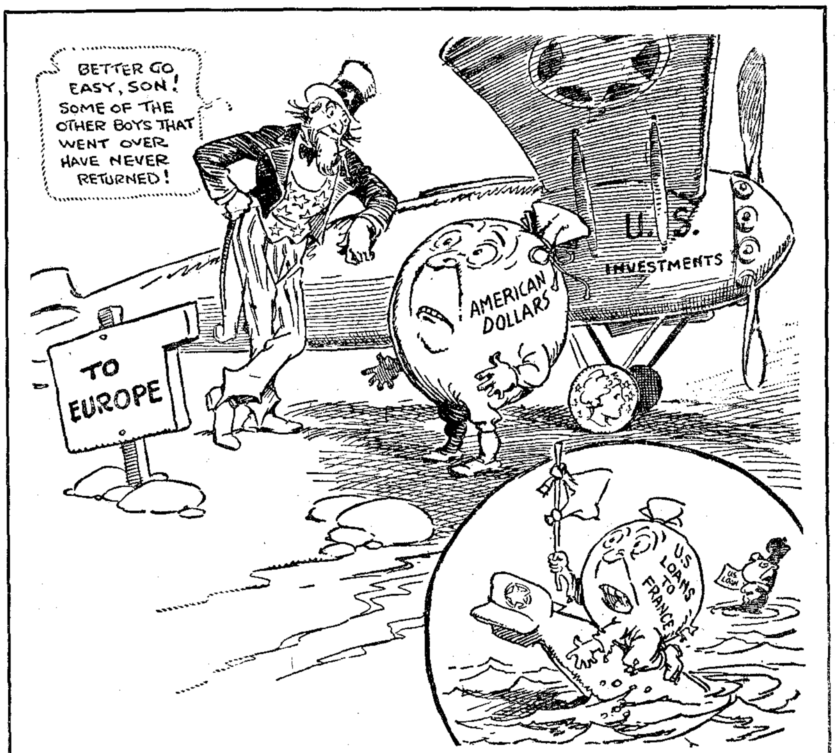
This, Senator Glass maintains, is not the function of the State Department; it has no business to hold a club over foreign countries to compel them to fund their war debts, and so forth. The Senate, too, says Mr. Jermane, is jealous of the manner in which the State Department has passed upon foreign loans since the Harding régime, and trouble has been brewing over what the Upper House considers an invasion of its rights. The matter is likely to be thrashed out, he believes, during the coming session. The statement of President Coolidge that supervision of foreign loans could not safely be left in the hands of Congress, several Washington correspondents agree, will set off the fireworks in Congress.

Supervision by the State Department of foreign loans is condemned by Senator Glass on several counts. First, that it is unconstitutional; second, that it is a usurpation of the powers of Congress; third, that it is unwise from the standpoint of public policy because of its sinister possibilities; fourth, that it may lead American investors to believe that loans approved by the State Department are safe, while others are not.

It will take a good many buckwheat cakes and a lot of sausage to overcome the resentment already prevalent in Congress because of the State Department's attitude, predicts Robert R. Lane, Washington correspondent of the Newark *News*, as he recalls the good-will breakfasts served at the White House last winter. The challenge of the Virginia Senator is "bound to be caught up by the Democrats," says this political writer, "and the constitutional lawyers among the Republicans may be led into the fray." And if they are, predicts Mr. Lane, not all of them will be on the side of the President.

The amount of American capital being invested in foreign bonds, we are told, is running well over a billion dollars a year. In the opinion of Senator Glass, the State Department has no more authority to place an embargo on the export of capital than it has to forbid the export of cotton or automobiles. Said the Senator and former Treasury head in his recent statement:

> "What business has the Government at Washington to be approving private financial transactions in which the Government has no stake and properly should have no concern?
>
> "I am not arguing against an essential power merely because it might be abused; but am protesting against an unwarranted exercise of a dangerous, unessential power, replete with temptation, and even invitation to dishonesty and oppression.
>
> "The State Department brings these foreign securities in sharp competition with domestic issues in the American money markets and gives them the considerable advantage of government endorsement. In my view this ought to be stopt.
>
> "Except for the unquestioned integrity of the incumbent Secretary of State, who may say that the exercise of this unprecedented power, totally at variance with any proper function of the Department of State, will not some day be so flagrantly prostituted as to result in a distressing scandal?"


BETTER GO EASY, SON! SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS THAT WENT OVER HAVE NEVER RETURNED!
TO EUROPE
U.S. INVESTMENTS
AMERICAN DOLLARS
US LOANS TO FRANCE
US LOAN

Copyright, 1927, by the Chicago *Tribune*

THE DANGEROUS FLIGHT
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

President Coolidge, however, justifies the State Department's policy of scrutinizing the flotation of foreign loans in this country by maintaining that it comes within the proper conduct of foreign relations, and since the Executive is charged with supervision of foreign relations, he is constitutionally charged with supervision of foreign loans. Secretary of State Kellogg, according to Washington dispatches, says his department never passes upon the merits of foreign loans as business propositions, nor does it assume any responsibility in connection with such transactions. It vetoes foreign loans, it seems, only when they might interfere with the carrying out of the nation's foreign policy. Altho Washington correspondents never quote the President directly, it was announced from the White House that Mr. Coolidge considers it necessary to control these transactions because of the fear that Congress might pass a law on the subject not in harmony with the policy of the Government's executive branch.

"That remark," says the Newark *News* correspondent at the capital, "was like a red flag in the face of the Senatorial bull, which is spoiling for a fight." Said Senator Glass in his reply to the White House statement:

> "Never before have I heard it suggested that the private business transactions of individual tradesmen or the sale of credits abroad by American bankers constituted an item in this nation's 'foreign relations.'
>
> "The action of the Department of State in assuming to establish a policy of approving or vetoing private bank loans to foreign governments is incontestably extra-constitutional and without sanction of law. Such a practise is not warranted by a sentence of the Constitution of the United States, implicit or otherwise, nor by any law of Congress. On the contrary, the Constitution confers on the Congress the exclusive power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations.'"

The Providence *News* and a number of independent, Republican, and Democratic dailies believe that the position of Senator Glass in the controversy is well taken. In the opinion of the

Raleigh *News and Observer*, the Senator "is rendering a real service by sharply bringing to public attention a practise which is both illegal and dangerous." How dangerous a power the State Department holds, points out the Newark *News*, "may be illustrated by imagining how it might have been misused if former Secretary of the Interior Fall had succeeded in his ambition to become Secretary of State." Congress, under the present Administration, "has not exercised the highest wisdom in dealing with international issues," declares the Nashville *Tennessean*, "but that does not afford an excuse for the usurpation of powers by the executive branch of the Government." To quote the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

> "It is not a simple question—what foreign government loans ought to be vetoed by the bureau in control of our foreign relations, and what loans ought not to be interfered with—but it is not to be safely disposed of by giving the State Department *carte blanche*. Our department of foreign affairs ought not to be used as a big stick for our Department of Commerce, or as a device for punishing countries that do not sign on the dotted line.
>
> "The war being over these nine years and the emergencies of the post-war readjustment being nearly all safely weathered, no good reason any longer exists for the maintenance of the State Department's international banking division."

There are a few editors, however, who see in the Glass statement the beginning of the 1928 political campaign. These include the Detroit *Free Press*, Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and Washington *Post*. The Cincinnati paper even goes so far as to suggest that Senator Glass is using the present situation as a lightning-rod to attract the electrical fluid, i.e., the Democratic Presidential nomination, from Governor Smith to himself. Says *The Post:*

> "It is to be expected that at the present stage of the political cycle public men of Democratic persuasion should begin 'to view with alarm.' Within the coming twelve months this frenzy will increase and by next October it will be hard for the unsophisticated individual to understand how the country can survive unless it annihilates the Republican party.
>
> "Senator Glass is one of the first to become disturbed. His imagination creates a terrible picture, and at the sight of it the gooseflesh shimmies along the senatorial spine.
>
> "The first to feel the effect of the 'terrorism' which Senator Glass suspects would be the bankers. They have no such misgivings, or the public would have heard of them long since.
>
> "The ghost that Senator Glass raises appears to be a political spook, with strong partizan leanings."

"The Government is not meddling with private finance, as Senator Glass would have us believe," asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "Private bankers can make all the loans they please without asking the State Department." Besides, explains the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, foreign banking interests consult their governments before lending money to enterprises in other countries. This paper, the Chicago *Tribune*, and *The Wall Street Journal* agree that American bankers should take counsel with the State Department before undertaking to float foreign loans in this country. Moreover, avers the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "President Coolidge is right in replying that foreign loans fall within the sphere of foreign relations and are therefore within the discretionary jurisdiction of the Executive. Certainly a loan made to a foreign nation, to a State, or even to a municipality may react favorably or unfavorably on foreign relations or policy. That is clear enough in the case of a nation showing unfriendliness to the United States, declining to recognize or adjust its debts to our Government, or discriminating against our commerce.
>
> "Some control over such transactions is a necessary attribute of sovereignty. It is a power which ought to be used sparingly and with discrimination. Yet it is also a power which ought not to be surrendered. The State Department has been cautious in exercising it. The present discretionary method is better than the alternative of more rigid control through a commission created by Congress. It is only natural that the Administration should wish to continue it."

NO ROMAN HOLIDAYS IN ROME

THE ACME OF DICTATORSHIP is discerned by holiday-loving American editors in the decree of Premier Mussolini that after November 6 there will be, on weekdays, "no further ceremonies, manifestations, celebrations, inaugurations, anniversaries and centenaries, either large or small, nor speeches of whatever caliber." In other words, no holidays in Italy. All public anniversaries, no matter on what day they fall, are to be celebrated on Sunday, it seems. The reasons for this, explains Il Duce, is that the attention of workers and speech-makers heretofore has been taken from their duties by numerous festivals; the population must not be wearied with too many holidays. Of course, points out the Washington *Star*, the Italian people are yet to be heard from; "they like their festal occasions." If, therefore, the Italian Premier "puts over" the no-holiday idea, "his prestige, which has been one of the wonders of the time, will rise to greater heights than ever," in the opinion of *The Star*. As the Boston *Transcript* explains:

> "There is nothing more wearying than a holiday. On the day after a good one, the whole population comes to its work with a tired feeling that renders the day practically useless. Italian holidays are so strenuous that it is no wonder the people are wearied.
>
> "Then there are the speeches. Can any one deny that they also are wearisome? No more of them—unless the Duce happens to have something to say himself; in which case it will be different. Perhaps the Duce relies on their deliverance from the speeches to make the people submit to the abolition of holidays.
>
> "Verily the docility of the Italian people is the most wonderful historical development of our time. They renounce their dearest projects, their favorite amusements, their perfectly natural inclinations, at Mussolini's bidding. And his fertile mind is thinking of something new to put over on them all the time."

Furthermore, "this country would do well to emulate Mussolini's example," thinks the Atlanta *Constitution*, and such papers as the Philadelphia *Record*, Providence *News*, and New Haven *Register* agree that we Americans "could get along just as well" without some of the holidays that we now celebrate. The Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, however, says none-too-seriously:

> "The effect of a Mussolini program would be terrible in a country like America. In the first place, the blue-law advocates would never consent to the celebration of festive occasions on the Sabbath. In the second place, the privations that would follow the elimination of all holidays would be unbearable. Our overworked clerical classes, who are the chief beneficiaries of the holiday system, would never be able to withstand the strain of always working from Monday to Saturday without any interruption. The monotony would lead to millions of nervous breakdowns. Even worse would be the predicament of hotel and resort owners, railroad and steamship lines, baseball clubs, college football associations, and gasoline filling stations—all of which derive a substantial patronage from holiday crowds."

Of the papers which comment seriously upon the Mussolini decree, the Tacoma *Ledger* doubts that "a people who have for generations been in the habit of celebrating a multiplicity of holidays will long submit to unbroken toil." As for Americans, we are assured by the Columbus *Dispatch* that "they would freely spill more of their blood than they have spilled in any war of their history before they would permit any power to build itself up in Washington to the point where it would dare to issue such an order as the one issued by Mussolini." In the opinion of the Hartford *Times:*

> "Mussolini's edict challenges a theory of life which seldom finds adequate expression. Holidays, he says, are a waste of time. Those who have seen the delight of the Italian people in their feasts and processions will wonder whether Il Duce understands his own people. The man must be losing his picturesqueness. He is beginning to talk like a ukase to young men by the late Judge Gary.
>
> "Well, we shall see whether it is possible to restore the grandeur of ancient Rome with no Saturnalia and no Circus Maximus!"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

China should borrow President Calles a while.—*Dallas News.*

About the only thing that will really stop falling hair is the floor.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

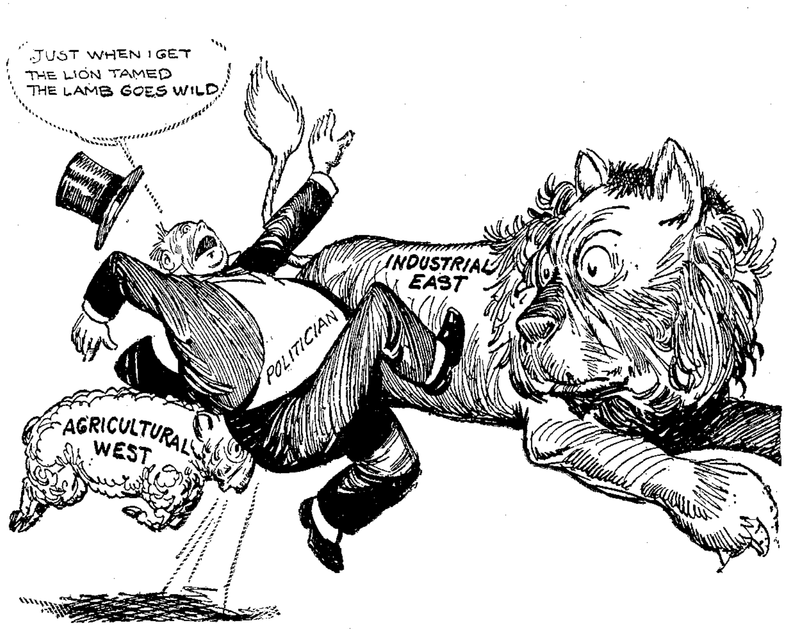
Early to bed and early to rise, and you won't get trimmed by the night-club guys.—*Sumter (S. C.) Item.*

Marvelous as the radio is, the pronunciation of some of the announcers is even more so.—*American Lumberman.*

Love at first sight is possible, but it is always well to wipe off your spectacles and take a second look.—*Everett Herald.*

The modern girl would make a wonderful cook if she could find a kitchen that was run by a steering wheel.—*Denton (Texas) Record-Chronicle.*

Scientists are now doubting if Eve ate an apple or a banana or an orange. As providing facilities for a fall the banana should romp home a winner.—*Manchester Union.*



THE ACT IS STILL IN REHEARSAL

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

The man who saves money nowadays isn't a miser; he's a wizard.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Republicans afraid of Al Smith, says head-line. So are the Democrats.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Bishop Hughes says that jazz is dead. We thought we detected something. — *American Lumberman.*

As far as we know, Mr. Levine never had a quarrel with anybody in Java or New South Wales.—*Detroit News.*

The statesman who declared that the tariff is a local issue should return and look at us now.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

"See no evil; hear no evil; speak no evil," is an excellent motto. Particularly if you happen to be an admiral or a general.—*San Diego Union.*

Who says college education isn't practical? Cheer leading, for example, best possible training for the profession of train-caller.—*Bellingham Herald and Reveille.*

Canada admits duty-free American shipments of liquid anilin dyes. But when it comes back across the border the Prohibition agents grab it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Nothing is more significant of the changed spirit in Germany than the fact that an old lady has presented President von Hindenburg with a night-cap of rose-colored crêpe-de-chine.—*Punch.*

Opinion is exprest that the American family is sound as ever. Indeed, with radios, player-pianos, talking-machines and saxophones the American family seems to be largely sound.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A critic attributes the dulness of Mr. H. G. Wells's later works to the effect of the Great War. We fear that the possibility of this consequence was not fully weighed before hostilities were decided upon.—*Punch.*

Our highly protected manufacturers have discovered with pain that the tariff wall which keeps out French competitors also keeps out French customers. Their sad plight somehow reminds us of the classic carpenter who built a chicken coop from the inside and couldn't get out.—*The New Yorker.*

At least the Democratic party has key-notes in more keys than any other party.—*San Diego Union.*

The new airplane that functions like a bird will solve the problem, provided the bird is a duck.—*Harrisburg News.*

It's illegal to transport fight films. The idea is that it's wicked to see a fight unless you're rich enough to go to it.—*Easton Express.*

The yellow race may dominate the world some day, but not unless the white race gets too yellow to dominate it.—*New Bedford Times.*

In some respects the election machinery in Mexico is quite similar to ours, except that a candidate who is eliminated is eliminated.—*Detroit News.*

The ladies are now wearing snakeskin shoes, thus consummating the ancient prophecy that the heel of the woman should be bruised by the serpent.—*Dallas News.*

Some Indiana officials may get terms they didn't run for. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

It was so cold last week that everybody thought that summer had come back.—*Punch.*

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you streak your rouge. — *Los Angeles Times.*

Home is the place where you don't have to engage reservations in advance. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

What the French seem unable to understand about our elastic tariff is why it always stretches upward.—*Asheville Times.*

One gets a good notion of the relativity of time by seeing how rapidly prominent people can serve a jail sentence.—*Springfield Republican.*

Seats on the New York Stock Exchange are selling for upward of a quarter of a million dollars. This news probably will break Tex Rickard's heart.—*Seattle Times.*

There seems to be some difficulty as to leadership among the Western irregulars in Congress. Apparently each one of the bloc wants to be the bloc-head.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

If college students of the present day are so utterly beyond hope why, do you suppose, has the University of Kansas school of fine arts established a class in harp-playing?—*New York Evening Post.*

It is predicted that a combination of television and telephony will come into general use, but we do not anticipate that it will be greatly employed by husbands who are detained late at the office.—*Punch.*

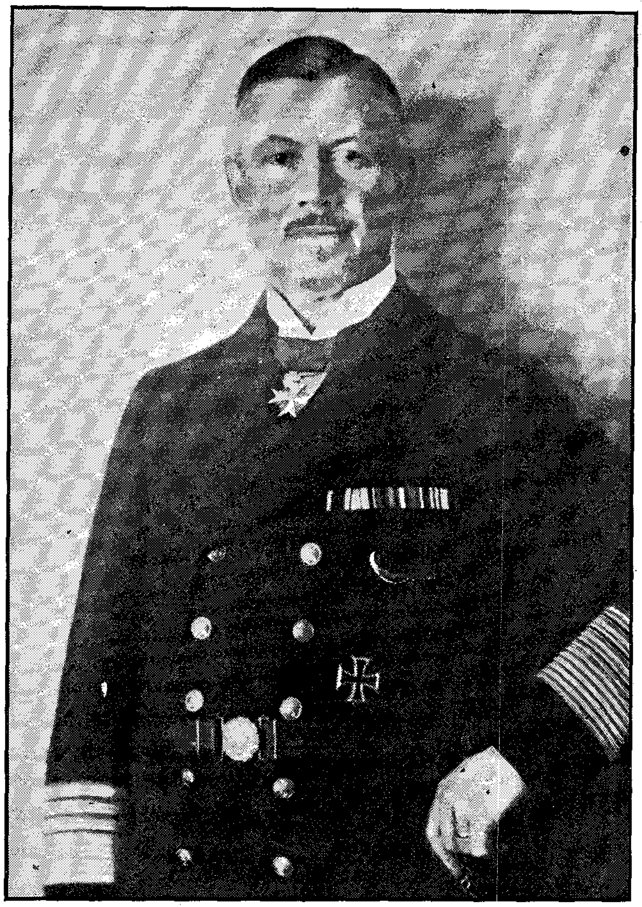
George Sylvester Viereck says it is a sense of humor that "keeps the Kaiser in peace." It seems a pity he didn't cultivate that sense of humor before he played that monstrous practical joke.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Army Order forbidding dogs to accompany troops on parade is believed to be a sequel to a recent inspection, when a dog jumped up and licked the General's hand. The dog ought to have known that only Colonels are allowed to do that.—*Punch.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE GERMAN ADMIRAL TELLS THE STORY OF JUTLAND

THE "FAMOUS VICTORY" of May 31, 1916, the one great naval battle of the World War, which has led to so much recrimination between partizans of the two British commanders, Jellicoe and Beatty, and which has split naval England into two radically opposed groups, has been discust these many years in the English-speaking press with much frankness and no little heat. Now, by way of contrast to this family controversy, we are treated in the October number of *The Fortnightly Review* to a fresh viewpoint, that of no less a person than the leader of the German High Seas Fleet himself, Admiral Reinhard Scheer. In a foot-note to the Admiral's article, the editor of *The Fortnightly* states that he has been moved to publish it, with the consent of the Board of Admiralty, both because he believes "the German Admiral to be an honest man who tells the truth as it appears to him," and also because "it is the British instinct to 'like to hear the other side' and to give credit where it is due."


Underwood & Underwood photograph

NO BRITISH VICTORY AT JUTLAND

Says Admiral Reinhard Scheer, "is compatible with British criticism of British leadership in this battle."

Admiral Scheer, after a brief reference to the debate that arose between rival factions in Great Britain as a result of the battle, thus challenges the British claim that his fleet was defeated:

> "I trust that I may be pardoned for remarking that this British criticism of the British leadership in this battle is scarcely compatible with the maintenance of the thesis, so widely promulgated at the time, that Jutland was an English victory. At the beginning of the Great War not only England, but the entire world, was convinced of the unmitigated superiority of the British Navy, and that it was inevitable that any encounter between the British and the German fleets would lead to the defeat of the latter.
>
> "A superior fleet is entitled to register a success only when it is able to achieve the complete destruction of its opponent. And since this destruction did not come to pass, and since, moreover, the preponderant fleet in this case suffered even greater losses than its opponent, whilst the weaker fleet was able to get off almost unimpaired in its fighting power, it is conceivable, most humanly conceivable, that great disappointment should prevail among our esteemed ex-enemies. It is also obvious that public opinion in a country like England must be quieted by arguments and plausible reasons and explanations, for the Englishman looks upon his Navy as his traditional guaranty for the maintenance of the British Empire."

These arguments the Admiral considers as so many red herrings drawn across the trail of the essential factor, the "influence of sea-power." This, he says, emboldened him to give his own considered views "as to the truth about Jutland." He continues:

> "The causes of the remarkable and unexpected outcome of this battle—unexpected, as I have said, not only in England—are usually sought in the action and attitude of the commanders and in the different nature and quality of the *matériel* which was placed at their disposition. Zealous efforts were and are still being made to establish the tactical errors made by the individual commanders, or to put the blame upon the imperfection or inadequacy of this or that type of battle-ship construction."

But the relative values of ships or guns can only be determined, he argues, by the test of actual combat. It is, therefore, unfair to a commander to expect him to hold back because his force may be inferior. As he sees it:

> "Admiral Beatty has been reproached for plunging too sharply into action as soon as he came in sight of the German cruisers, without having taken the precaution of having his supporting squadron — the Fifth Battle Squadron—closer at hand. It appears to me that this censure is unjustified. It was a natural impulse of the British Admiral, who commanded six battle cruisers, to attack the five German ships, in order to hinder them from escaping, for he was bound to take into consideration the possibility that this smaller group would make an attempt to avoid the encounter."

In defending his gallant opponent the Admiral now skilfully contrives to show that the British critics of that daring officer are not logical in finding fault with the German fleet for withdrawing later before superior numbers. He writes:

> "I hope that I may be permitted to point out that it does not say much for the spirit of offense actuating the critics of Admiral Beatty in that they should blame him for the loss of two vessels by his giving battle to the five German ships with his six, and not waiting until the four swifter Dreadnoughts of the *Queen Elizabeth* class had come up to change the relation from six to five into ten to five. There ought really to be no need of carrying anxiety as to loss of *matériel* to such a degree in a navy of such numerical superiority as the British. And, on the other hand, these censors and critics contradict themselves when they demand that the German fleet should have taken up the gage of battle with the preponderant fleet and attribute to it no other motive than that of making a safe escape."

He admits the necessity of putting out this version at the time in view of the temper of the British public when it learned of the Grand Fleet's heavy losses, but deplores the fact that "even tho this version can not be maintained in the remorseless light of historical investigation, we find that the myth that the British fleet was deprived of its victory only because the German fleet made a speedy retreat as soon as it saw itself opposed by the Grand Fleet still stubbornly persists." After reproaching British publicists for still actively circulating this "legend," Winston Churchill, for example, in his recent work, "The World Crisis," he cites Volume III of "Corbett's Report," a British source, as follows regarding the actual course of events:

> "Admiral Jellicoe had received a report from Admiral Beatty to the effect that after an hour's engagement with enemy cruisers he had come upon the entire German High Seas Fleet. This lay in a direction somewhat southeast of the Grand Fleet. Admiral Jellicoe drew his squadron toward the east, and thereby attained the most favorable position in relation to the wind for the impending artillery fight, namely, in the lee of the enemy.
>
> "After Admiral Beatty had sighted the bulk of the German fleet he broke off the action between the cruisers, and was pursued by the German ships. During this action the Fifth Battle Squadron, which he commanded and which had already taken part in the cruiser battle, received numerous hits. Admiral Beatty took up a northerly course toward the main body of the British Fleet, drawing the German main body very skilfully toward the British main body, so that Admiral Jellicoe was able to develop his line of battle and to envelop the head of the German squadrons in a huge bow."

Keystone View photograph

BEATTY

The British Admiral whose tactics at Jutland are defended by his German opponent.

The Admiral then takes up the story again in his own words:

> "After I had received reports from my vanguard to the effect that the British fleet had been sighted, I continued upon my easterly course. It was at this point that we should have put about and retreated had we wished to avoid the encounter. But no such thought entered my mind. We kept on our course toward the enemy and thus came within his encompassing action.
>
> "This position, so unfavorable for the German artillery, a position which offered no prospects for a successful fight, was avoided by the German fleet making a simultaneous turn upon a westerly course. The British fire ceased. A pause took place in the action. What was the next step to be?"

The Admiral now discusses such alternatives as "breaking off the action for good and continuing upon this westerly course into the free North Sea" under cover of "the impending darkness," "converting the action into a circular one and thus getting the better position to windward," and so on. He relates that he rejected all these and made the following decision:

> "I determined to make another simultaneous turn upon an easterly course in the direction of the English, which would enable me to send out the torpedo-boats from our van against the long-drawn British battle line in front of us. This turn, which brought our opponents into the favorable position of being able to 'cross the T,' has been designated as a tactical error, but its success attests the correctness of the maneuver. The superiority in the matter of gunfire enjoyed by the British leaders in this position was sacrificed by them because of their anxiety in view of probable losses through the attacks of the torpedo-boats.
>
> "The tactics adopted by the German side were therefore by no means induced by the thought of how to get clear of the enemy, but rather by the thought: how can we take up action with him again and yet obtain some advantage from this tactically unfavorable situation into which we have accidentally been placed? The reproach that the Germans evaded battle with the main body of the British fleet is totally unjustified and based upon false assumptions. The second attack upon the British line of battle is the most striking proof that nothing lay further from our thoughts than to think of 'escape.'
>
> "As to whether Admiral Jellicoe acted rightly in turning aside during this phase of the fight in view of the impending torpedo-boat attacks is something that I do not wish to discuss in this place. His action, to be sure, brought us certain advantages. After the conclusion of the battle by daylight, the German fleet was now in a position to arrange its course by night in such a way as to choose a tactically favorable position for the continuation of the battle the next morning, a contingency with which it had surely reckoned."

He then goes on to tell how his ships continued their course through the night, "quite unconcerned by the torpedo-boat onslaughts of the British," in order to secure "a favorable lee position" with the help of certain shallows and mines in the vicinity which would keep the English fleet to windward. He concludes his account by stating that he "took up a waiting position at Horn's Riff until reports of the whereabouts of the damaged ships had come in, and then, as there was no glimpse of the enemy to be had and the oncoming fog precluded all further possibility of action," returned to his base. The Admiral now proceeds to draw his conclusions from these facts:

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JELLICOE

"Who faced a task at Jutland," says Admiral Scheer, "which diverged from his strategic duty."

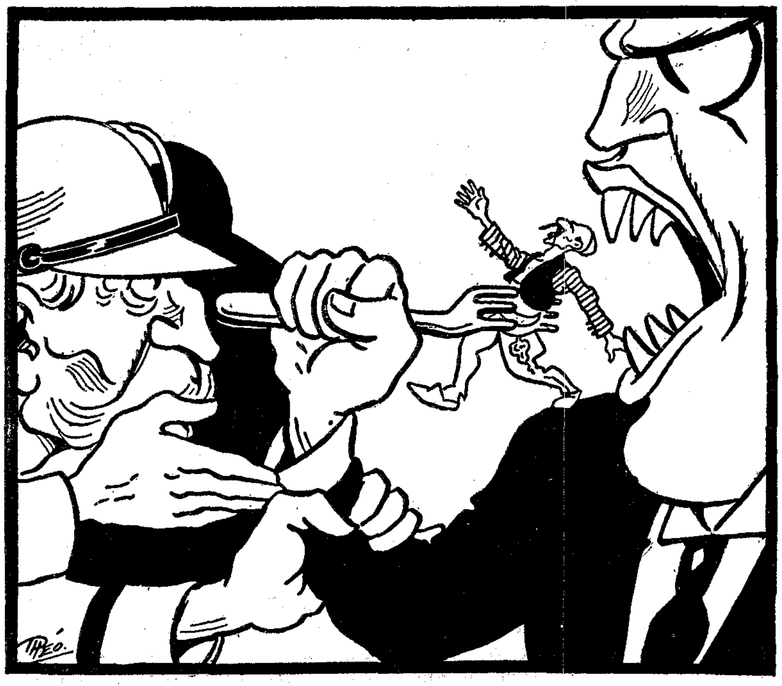
> "We shall come closer to the 'truth about Jutland' if we drop the myth about the German desire to 'escape' as well as all this raking-forth of unessential faults and errors of the British leadership in this battle. One ought rather to seek it in the dilemma in which Admiral Jellicoe found himself in view of his general strategic task and the orders under which he stood—orders which led to this Battle of the Skagerrack (Jutland).
>
> "At the outbreak of the war the British Admiralty had decided to adopt the strategic defensive, inasmuch as it hoped to achieve its goal by the operation of the principle of 'the fleet in being,' for, favored by the geographical position of the British Isles in their relation to the North Sea, it determined to cut Germany completely off from all traffic by sea and thus strangle her economically by the quiet pressure of maritime power."

The greater size of the British Navy justified this plan on the part of England, the Admiral says, but for the German Navy, being of inferior strength, it was far from desirable. Germany was compelled therefore to assume the offensive. This, he shows, resulted in the raids on Yarmouth and Lowestoft in April, 1916, and the advance which ended in the Battle of Jutland, "both fleets being forced to fight at an almost equal distance from their bases." He details how the bombardment of Sunderland was then planned and carried out on August 19, 1916:

> "On this occasion the German squadron approached the British coast to within a distance of forty nautical miles, but was diverted from its goal by the report from its air service that great numbers of hostile units were visible in a southerly direction; this, too, ought to prove that the German fleet gave more than one opportunity to the English for meeting it upon the seas."

NEW GROWLS FROM THE BALKAN VOLCANO

IS THE BALKAN VOLCANO due for another eruption or is it merely letting off a little superfluous steam preparatory to settling down once more to temporary repose? Recent events in this danger spot of Europe indicate that something is going on beneath the surface that, if not wisely handled, may result in a considerable explosion. The bombing of the "new Belgrade" hotel in Gevgheli (Serbian Macedonia) on September 15, with the loss of numerous lives, the blowing up of a Serbian train on September 20 near the town of Stromnitsa on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier, with the loss of more lives, the discovery by the Greek military authorities in Saloniki of a band of conspirators liberally supplied with bombs designed for the destruction of the Jugoslavian Consulate and Chamber of Commerce in that city, and finally the assassination of the Serbian general, Michael Kovachevich, Military Governor of Istib in northern Macedonia, on October 5, all in rapid succession within a short three weeks, while the General Assembly of the League of Nations was in full swing at Geneva and while so many efforts for peace and stability were being made throughout Europe, afford us ample proof that the old Balkan feuds are still regrettably active.



A THRUST AT MUSSOLINI

THE SERB: "What are you doing?"
MUSSOLINI: "Saving a Macedonian victim from your voracity!"

—*P'st* (Constantinople).

As was to be expected, these outrages, perpetrated by bands of Bulgarian Comitadjis—guerrilla bands—who glory in their achievements for what they call "the liberation of Macedonia," are raising a storm of protest from the press in the other Balkan countries. Thus we read in the *Makedonia* of Sofia a long report of the Revolutionary Macedonian Organization in which it is openly claimed that the activities of the Comitadjis are due to the recent Serbian policy of terrorization in those localities of Macedonia where the Bulgarian element is in the majority. This report says:

> "To-day, as in the days of Turkish domination, the Macedonians are struggling for their national rights and the establishment of an autonomous Macedonia. Seeing, however, that all legitimate avenues for the expression of this wish are closed to them, and that the right of peaceful assembly, organization, free speech and free press are denied them, they find themselves compelled to oppose by terror the tactics of terror."

This, however, is not the view of the Belgrade press, as is shown by what we read in the semiofficial *Samoouprava:*

> "These outrages are seriously endangering the friendly relations between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. Any such change in the relationship of the two countries will be caused by Bulgaria. Jugoslavia is pursuing the path of peace, the maintenance of which forms the fundamental principle of our foreign policy. This fact, however, should not be interpreted as weakness, and it certainly does not mean that we intend to remain idle forever, should these outrages against the security of the State continue indefinitely."

More explicit is the *Trgovinski Glasnik*, the organ of the business interests of Jugoslavia and one of the most important dailies in Belgrade. It says:

> "The situation recently created by the activity of the Comitadjis in Macedonia imposes on our Government the obligation to examine most thoroughly the whole plan of Bulgarian activity and to unite with those who are trying to bring about a more definite settlement in the relations between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. The interests of Jugoslavia and of the Balkans in general make it imperative that our Government should immediately proceed to clear the atmosphere."

Still another Belgrade daily, the *Politika*, publishes the following statement:

> "The recent outrages were ordered and directed by the Bulgarian General, Protogueroff, who lives in freedom and peace in Bulgaria, receiving ample supplies of arms and ammunition from the Bulgarian military stores. These outrages on the part of the Bulgarian Revolutionary Organization serve as a final warning to Jugoslavia, whose government should immediately proceed to prosecute *all the culprits*, the most important of whom are Protogueroff and his highly placed protectors (meaning the Government of Bulgaria)."

Altho relations between Greece and Jugoslavia are not at present as close as they were a few months ago, it is noticeable that the entire Greek press sides with Jugoslavia as to the Macedonian outrages. This is the more remarkable as at the time when the Comitadji activity in Serbian Macedonia was at its highest, a group of Greek newspaper men were visiting Bulgaria, where they were being entertained by their Bulgarian colleagues in an effort to bring about closer relations between the two countries.

A characteristic article published in the Athens *Embros* says in this connection:

> "Every time that the Greek Government lodges a complaint with the Government of Bulgaria regarding the Comitadji outrages in Macedonia, the stereotyped answer from Sofia is that the Bulgarian Government does not have at its disposal an army sufficiently large to watch its frontiers effectively.
>
> "This argument is absolutely without foundation. We are not dealing here with isolated cases of mountain bandits. The Bulgarian Comitadjis are to a man employees of the Bulgarian State. The notorious Protogueroff who leads the Comitadjis is a General of the Bulgarian Army and the revolutionary Comitadji organization has its headquarters in Sofia, from which city it issues statements and manifestoes. What has the Bulgarian Government ever done toward dissolving this criminal organization? The Greek Government may accept the explanations of the Bulgarian Government for lack of conclusive evidence and as a matter of courtesy from one government to another. Greek public opinion, however, can not be satisfied."

As a contrast to this the Bulgarian press maintains that the Government at Sofia has nothing to do with the Comitadji activity in Macedonia. Referring to this the semiofficial *Democraticheski Sgovor* remarks, for example:

"If the Greek authorities succeed in arresting the persons who attempt to put into execution any criminal plans, this is satisfactory from every point of view. We do not, however, like the attitude of the Greek press, which, as soon as somebody is arrested, comes out with denunciations of Bulgaria without producing any proofs."

The Prime Minister of Bulgaria, Dr. Liaptcheff, explaining the policy of Bulgaria to a correspondent of the Belgrade *Politika*, is quoted as saying:

"I wish you to know that my efforts have always been directed toward a closer cooperation between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. The recent events in Macedonia are not the result of any activity of the Government, but are, so to speak, 'left-overs' from the past. I am not leading my country into a policy that she should not follow. You may say this to Belgrade, and you must not omit to add that the situation some years ago was much worse. Have patience and everything will be settled for the best."

The Balkan situation, complicated as it is, appears even more serious, if we accept the view of certain editors who see the fine Italian hand of the Fascist in the recent activity of the Bulgarian Comitadjis. Their assumption is that as long as Jugoslavia, as a member of the Little Entente, enjoys the support of France, then Bulgaria, and possibly Greece, must come within the orbit of Italian policy, under the benevolent eye of Great Britain. Those who sponsor this theory even suggest that the recent efforts toward a rapprochement between Greece and Bulgaria are due to Italian advice, the object in this case being the isolation of Jugoslavia in the Balkans in such a way as to promote further Italian penetration into the peninsula by way of Albania.

The *Corriere Della Sera* of Milan is possibly inspired with this idea when it says:

"This Comitadji activity in Macedonia is exhibited quite independently of the Government of Sofia, and it is a great pity that such small incidents are being used as pretexts to justify the stubbornness of those who are the enemies of a true Balkan rapprochement. Greece and Bulgaria should remain friends, and an effort should be made by both countries to heal the old wounds, which Jugoslavia is trying to keep open for selfish reasons."

More evidence of Italian sympathy with Bulgaria is to be found in an article in the *Stampa* of Turin, which gives a long account of the Macedonian question, in which it justifies the Comitadjis, whom it seems to consider as patriots. Says this paper:

"There are about 1,300,000 Macedonians all told. Of these, 600,000 live in Serbia. These people are ready to revolt. They vote for the Communists, for the Croatians, and would even vote for the devil himself in order to express their dislike of Belgrade. Half a million Macedonians live in Bulgaria, 150,000 in Greece, and about 5,000 in Constantinople. An autonomous Macedonian State would be slightly larger than Albania and a trifle smaller than Esthonia. In the more or less distant future this Macedonian State could form the nucleus of a Balkan federation, which will mean the solution of the Balkan problem."

This Italian support of the Comitadjis is noted by the Jugoslav press. For example, we read in the semiofficial *Vreme:*

"The reason for the recent Balkan disturbances is to be found in the desire of certain Powers to acquire political prestige in the peninsula. For this reason, Jugoslavia must call the attention of the Powers to the situation, which is decidedly dangerous."

Bulgaria also is not unaware of the suspicions aroused abroad by Italy's attitude. We find the Sofia *Zname* saying:

"This Jugoslav and Greek irritation against Bulgaria proves that our neighbors are trying to saddle us with new responsibilities, just because King Boris had a cordial welcome in Rome."

The final touch to this is given by a short item in the Paris *Temps* from its Rome correspondent. This item says:

"From the political point of view Italy would be glad to see a closer rapprochement with Bulgaria, inasmuch as Sofia would offer to Italy a tangible support against Jugoslavia."

All of which tends to show that the Balkan volcano is not entirely extinct, notwithstanding the talk of a Balkan Locarno.

ROUMANIA'S ONE-MAN GOVERNMENT

THE POLITICAL SOIL of modern Europe seems to favor the flowering of dictators. Prominent among these capable exponents of autocracy are Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, and Pilsudski. Jugoslavia has but lately slipt from the iron grip of Paschitch, and Greece has had various recent periods of absolutism. "But, curiously enough," says a writer in *The New Statesman* (London), "the most efficient dictator in Europe goes almost unrecognized." Ion Bratiano, "the master of Roumania for the last fourteen years," is the statesman in question. Of him we learn that:

"He is not, indeed, like Il Duce, an innovator, a creator of new forms. He does not seek to dazzle the eyes of mankind; and he has apparently no particular ambitions for Roumania—only an insatiable appetite for personal power, and for what it may bring to him and his. It may be that his capacity for keeping out of the limelight is a large element of his success."

"Mr. Bratiano's reign," we are told, "is now in its heyday. He needs only a little gold to make the governmental machinery work more smoothly." This, it seems, he is in a fair way to get through the flotation of a Roumanian loan in London. The writer thus describes Bratiano's rise to power:

"There is no real political life in the Western sense of the word in Roumania. Under King Carol, who died early in 1914, there were two groups of politicians; one called itself Conservative and leaned toward Russia, the other Liberal and leaned toward Germany. They filled the offices, and every four or five years King Carol changed his Ministers. So-called elections were held, but in fact nearly every deputy was appointed by the Government. The peasants, ignorant and tractable, constituting 90 per cent. of the population, always voted for the Government. They still do—for the Government knows how elections should be managed!

"This see-saw went on till Ion Bratiano, having tasted power and regarding himself, no doubt justly, as cleverer than his fellow politicians, decided that the system ought to be changed."

The son of a former Prime Minister, who founded in Roumania the party of the small landholders, a copy of the German National Liberal party, he inherited the leadership of this party. The writer tells us that:

"He presently got tired of sharing power with his opponents. He realized that he could very quickly get a permanent hold of the government of Roumania, and he worked to this end. He first of all made a great show of his patriotism, declaring that he was the one man who loved his country, who trusted it and believed in it. In short, he made a corner in patriotism."

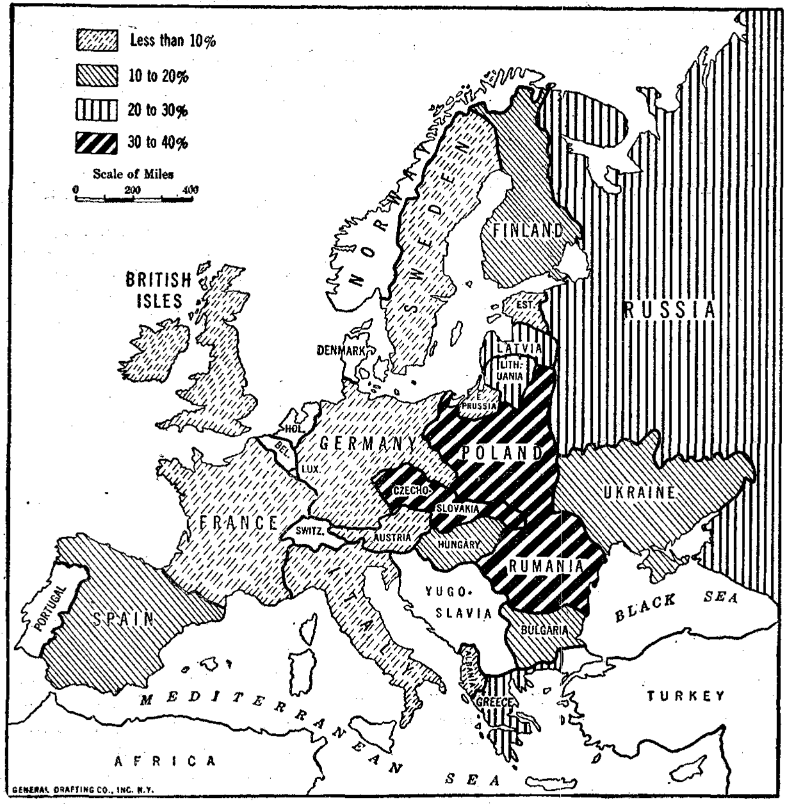
Then, it seems, he made himself solid financially by obtaining control of the banks and politically by acquiring an ascendency over the King and Queen through his brother-in-law, Prince Barbu Stirbey. King Ferdinand, we are told, made Avaresco Prime Minister on Bratiano's advice and dismissed him twice "like a bad servant, simply because Bratiano wished it." The Dictator's position was now threatened by Prince Carol who was "an open critic of Bratiano." "It was a battle between a neurotic, violent Crown Prince and a shrewd, oriental politician." There are several versions of the fight, but the fact remains that Bratiano won. Through the influence of Madame Lupescu "the Crown Prince in a hotel in Milan signed away his right of succession. The trick was won. Bratiano's only serious enemy was put out of court and Liberal rule was assured in Roumania for years to come with the reign of a five-year-old child under three Regents chosen by Bratiano."

With all effective opposition crusht at home, and by cleverly blaming upon Russia, Hungary, or the international Jew any happenings that may give rise to foreign criticism, Bratiano is master of the situation in Roumania. As the writer puts it:

"The Bratiano dynasty seems better established in Roumania than the Hohenzollern. Roumania is described as a kingdom; in fact, it is an estate run by Bratiano for the Bratianos."

ORPHANS OF THE PEACE TREATIES

WHILE THE LABORS of the harassed statesmen who framed the treaties that recolored much of the map of Europe after the war have not, it seems, earned them unstinted praise in all quarters, they are said to have accomplished one thing for which they deserve whole-hearted commendation. They reduced by one-half the national minorities or alien racial groups under the rule of the various European nations, according to Ales Broz in *The Central European Observer* (Prague). This, so far as it goes, is an unmixed blessing to all parties concerned, Mr. Broz avers, and then points out that while to-day there are some fifty or sixty millions of these orphans cut off politically from their parent racial stocks, "before the war this number was twice as large, including whole racial groups, such as Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Lithuanians, and others." We read then:



EUROPE'S NATIONAL MINORITIES

"In considering the political status of national minorities, we must take into account whether the minority in question consists of a whole nation or of a fragment of a nation which has its own State and political independence. This is of great importance, for a national minority which represents a fragment of an independent nation, as, for instance, the Germans of Bohemia or the Germans of Southern Tyrol, is in a much better position than a minority consisting of an entire racial group. Thus, for instance, the Germans of Bohemia or the Germans of Southern Tyrol may look for sympathy and support to Germany and to Austria in case of real oppression. When, however, a whole nation is subjugated to foreign rule, as it was before the war with the Poles and Czechs, such a nation may find itself in the danger of being gradually exterminated.

"Regarded from this point of view, the present situation of national minorities in Europe, as compared with the pre-war situation, has undoubtedly greatly improved. The new territorial arrangement in Europe has, it is true, created some new national minorities as, for instance, the German minority in Czechoslovakia and Italy, but, on the other hand, it has liberated 19 million Poles, 9 million Czechs and Slovaks, 7 million Southern Slavs, 5 million Roumanians of Transylvania and Bessarabia, and some 10 million people belonging to smaller racial groups, such as Lithuanians, Finns, Esthonians, Latvians, Danes, and others. On the whole some 50 million people and, if we count the 26 millions of Little Russians of the Ukraine in the Union of Russian Socialist Soviet Republics as being liberated, some 76 million people have been freed of foreign domination, so that, with the exception of 4 million Catalonians in Spain and of a million Bretons in France, there is to-day no large independent racial group in Europe under foreign rule."

Mr. Broz assures us, then, that the existence of these fragmentary national groups, still separated from their kin, is practically unavoidable, the races in certain sections of Europe being "so intermixed that it is simply impossible to draw a clear racial demarcation line." Frontiers, moreover, can not be arranged simply on racial considerations, for "economic, strategic, historical, and other reasons must be considered."

The countries having from 30 to 40 per cent. of national minorities are, we are told, Poland, Roumania, and Czechoslovakia. Russia, Greece, Latvia, and Lithuania come next with from 20 to 30 per cent. Hungary, Ukrainia, Finland, Bulgaria, and Spain have between 10 and 20 per cent. France, Austria, Esthonia, and Albania have from 5 to 10 per cent. Finally, we have Germany, Italy, Sweden, and Great Britain with less than 5 per cent. "It will be observed," we are told, "that practically every European State contains a certain percentage of national minorities."

In spite of the fact that the treaties made at the termination of the war contain special provisions for the protection of national minorities, Mr. Broz informs us that these minorities have by no means become reconciled in every case to the new arrangement. He says:

"In spite of concessions, in spite of pledges and guaranties of decent and just treatment, the minorities in many cases are not yet satisfied with their fate. Their dissatisfaction is chiefly due to their desire for national unity. There may be other causes also. Thus, for instance, in the case of Czechoslovakia the differences between the Czechs and Germans may be attributed to the pre-war régime and to the war itself which, as President Masaryk stated some time ago, has 'left a heritage of great mistrust between the Czechs and Germans.' However, the differences between the Czechs and Germans are now smoothed out, and a close cooperation between the two races has become a fact.

"Thus, on October 12, 1926, two German representatives, Dr. Spina and Dr. Mayr-Harting, joined the Czechoslovak Government, and on May 27 of this year four German parties voted for President Masaryk."

Mr. Broz feels that the path toward satisfaction of national minorities lies along the road of a more liberal policy on the part of the dominant race, and of more equitable treatment both of the wishes and complaints of the alien element. He concludes his article as follows:

"Loyalty toward the State is a very important factor in the relations between the national majority and national minority. Since it is impossible to avoid leaving fragments of one nation on the territory of another nation, the minority ought to reconcile itself with its position and seek cooperation with the majority, especially so, when it has no real grievances to complain of. Self-determination of nations can hardly be applied to every national fragment.

"Nor is it possible to carry out national unity to the full extent, for nations are intermixed and frontier rectifications can only reduce but not wholly eliminate national minorities. As things in Europe are, national minorities will always exist even in the most homogeneous States, and Europe has to count with this fact.

"The solution of the problem of national minorities lies not in their elimination or in irredentist tendencies, but in guaranteeing them tolerable treatment and in inducing them to cooperate with the national majority."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

CHEMISTRY'S NEXT WAR—TO KILL GERMS

TO GET RID OF ALL GERM DISEASES—kill the germs. Simple enough, when the germs are outside; but when they are inside, as they are when the disease has once taken hold, the case is different. For germ-killing chemicals, in general, destroy the germ's enemies, the natural defenses of the body, more easily than they do the germs; so that in most cases germs actually multiply when they are used. Here, says a writer in *Discovery* (London), is a worth-while job for the chemist, for the vast majority of deaths that occur before the age of forty are due to micro-organisms. Two only, the tubercle bacillus and the pneumonia coccus, account for the majority of these deaths. Such deaths, he says, are truly accidents, for to be slain by a bacillus is no more inevitable than being run over by a tram. He goes on:

"The remedy is obvious. Let us kill our bacilli, wherever they are. Outside the body, let us kill them by sunlight, cleanliness, and personal hygiene. Inside the body. . . .

"And there the problem begins. It is possible to kill a bacillus by very simple means. Carbolic acid is a favorite method. At a concentration of one-quarter per cent. it will prevent the multiplication of most bacilli. Why not use carbolic acid? Well, Lister did. He sprayed carbolic acid throughout operating theaters. And the results were, frankly, bad. It was not until he gave it up, and determined to kill microbes before they got to the wound rather than when in it that he won the day.

"The problem still remains with us. It has scarcely been solved, even to the smallest extent. The explanation is simple. Any chemical that destroys micro-organisms also destroys the very delicate mechanism of the body which, in itself, combats infection."

A beautiful demonstration of this fact, we are told, is given by recent work of Sir Almroth Wright. If living microbes be added to the blood of a healthy person, only a very few will grow. If carbolic acid be added to that blood, the result is surprizing. Actually many more colonies grow than were found in the blood in its pure state. The first effect of all known antiseptics is to destroy the body's defenses. To quote further:

"Much has been heard of the gold treatment of consumption. A compound of gold is injected which, it is said, will kill tubercle bacilli; in the present writer's experience a series of cases did, in fact, show no improvement. Sir Almroth Wright has shown that actually the bacilli grow better in blood to which the compound has been added than in pure blood. In the main, therefore, sterilization in the body has failed. But there are exceptions. The best known is Ehrlich's famous arsenic compounds, which have made syphilis a curable disease. The treatment is not without danger. In Ehrlich's hands there was, in the experimental stage, a severe mortality, and to-day occasional deaths occur. Moreover, in all cases there is some transient liver damage, negligible compared with the advantage obtained. But here is a drug that certainly kills the organism of syphilis in the body better than it does outside it. Quinin in malaria is another even more familiar example. And there are now drugs which can produce similar effects on the organism of tropical sleeping-sickness.

"But these three diseases are not due to bacteria, that is to say, to primitive plants. They are caused by creatures which have much more in common with animals. For practical purposes, the infectious diseases have not so far been cured by chemicals, however administered. An attempt has been made to cure them, in their more actute and dramatic forms, by the injection of minute quantities of such drugs as mercury. Young, in America, has prepared a drug known as Mercurochrome, of which much is claimed. Certainly the drug is not present in the blood in a strength that can kill microbes. It might produce, theoretically, effects in some indirect manner, but practical experience has, up to the present, been disappointing."

The "chemical" cure of infectious diseases is not impossible, however; it is, in fact, a daily occurrence. The body kills its microbes by "chemical" means. There is certainly a chemical basis of life. Living tissues have been analyzed; many of them have been manufactured; urea, sugar, and many other products of life can be made in the laboratory. There must be a chemical formula for the substance in healthy blood, which slays, in laboratory conditions, a microbe. The writer goes on:

"We make our 'antitoxins' to-day by laborious biological means. We use the horse to manufacture them. Readers of 'Martin Arrowsmith' will remember that one of the characters in that book succeeds in making antitoxin in his laboratory. Alas, that character—tho recognizably founded on a well-known scientist—has not yet, in real life, achieved that great success. But one need not be an H. G. Wells to foretell that result with complete confidence. How, to-day, do we combat infections? Frankly, we scarcely do so at all.

"Where an organism produces a toxin, or poison, under artificial conditions, we can induce a horse to yield us an antitoxin. So we cure diphtheria, tetanus and dysentry; where it does not—as in pneumonia—we are really helpless. We treat symptoms instead of tackling root causes and effects. And in some cases we are inefficient in the treatment even of symptoms. But that is another question.

"There is room, in fact, for the profoundest dissatisfaction with our modern toleration of our ignorance of the chemical constitution of living matter. There are comparatively few fully trained chemists in Europe examining living matter. Bio-chemists there are, in abundance; but many of them are spending their time estimating the sugar in blood by the different techniques, and comparing results. If the time and ability that has been spent on metallurgy were spent on medicine, we might be able to manufacture antitoxin to-day as readily as we can make cobalt steel. Young chemists, afire with enthusiasm, are always seeking new fields to conquer. Let them, therefore, turn from the anilin dyes, and study bio-chemistry."

FUMIGATION IS OLD-FASHIONED—At least, this is the opinion of so good an authority as *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago). In answer to a query from a hospital superintendent, the editor of this magazine's "Everyday Problems" department, writes as follows:

"As our knowledge grows in regard to the methods of transmission of contagions, our faith in the flooding of rooms with gases diminishes. The use of sulfur and formaldehyde for this purpose seems to be on the wane. Physicians are coming to be more than ever convinced of the infrequency of air-borne transmission of these conditions. The use of gaseous substances in preparing for further use rooms or wards previously occupied by contagious cases has the advantage of being convincing to persons who are around that something strenuous is being done. It is doubtful whether there is any necessity for this procedure. Health departments of cities of the first class in the United States have practically abandoned the use of sulfur and formaldehyde for this purpose.

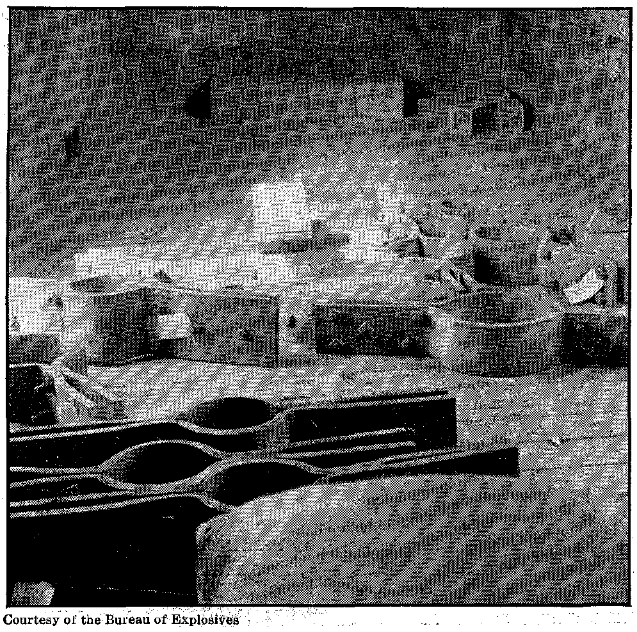
One superintendent of a general hospital has repeatedly removed cases of scarlet fever from adult wards, and after disinfecting bed clothing and mattresses by the use of steam, and cleansing the bed with soap and water, has proceeded with the work of the ward as if nothing unusual had occurred, and no secondary case has been seen. To be sure, in rural communities, it is rather expected that fumigation will follow the removal of a contagious case. Whether the lay belief in the efficiency of this act justifies its use is doubtful. Soap, water, and sunshine, with the admixture of considerable muscular effort, appear entirely adequate to render safe an infected ward or room, once the source of this infection has been removed."

HOW NOT TO LOAD EXPLOSIVES

THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION, from one of the Accident Bulletins of the U. S. Bureau of Explosives, shows clearly why some box-car occasionally disappears in a cloud of smoke while in transit, wrecking an entire train and probably causing the death or injury of members of the crew and the destruction of valuable property. The bulletin is thus quoted in *Packing and Shipping* (New York):

"Here we see the inside of a box-car, just as the lading was placed in it by railroad employees. The car is not, of course, very heavily loaded; but what you see constituted all the lading there was—viz., four boxes of dynamite, six of small arms ammunition, a bunch of oil-well clamps (175 pounds apiece), and a number of sacks of wool. The sacks of wool, one of which is visible in the foreground, were carefully protected from being scratched by the dynamite, by loading the iron clamps in between. Now, that about the clamps is irony—of course, the loader had no idea, we know. We also feel fairly certain that he had no other ideas on the subject, except to see that the required material was placed in the designated car. As to the items requiring the exercise of a little gray matter, they are mainly as follows: (1) The bracing and blocking of the dynamite didn't amount to a—well, just look at the picture. (2) The protection given the small arms ammunition was about as effective as a pailful of live steam. (3) There wasn't a thing in the world, outside of Faith, Hope and Charity, and friction, to keep those big hunks of iron from wandering at their own sweet will all over the car, and what a lot of fun might have resulted if one of the dynamite boxes had tried to argue the right of way with one of a regiment of these clamps. (4) Even if no attempt were to be made to give the explosives proper blocking, and to make the clamps keep where they belonged, you might have thought that the sacks of wool would have been put between the explosives and the hardware exhibit. Not so, Zerubbabel! Nay, nay, Jehoshaphat! It wasn't to be! Some one's mental control mechanism had been in a sand-storm, or the oil was gummed up, or something like that. At any rate, there was at least a blown fuse in the old thinking machine. Happily, somebody who was afraid of accidents happened along; as luck would have it, a camera was handy, too.

"What difference will it all make a hundred years from now? Well, not much to the particular individuals, probably; but if it were not possible to train the human mind to see this sort of thing; to learn to avoid such unnamable methods, and to have that knowledge stick; within the next hundred years we might all go out of the habit of doing such weird stunts."



Courtesy of the Bureau of Explosives

"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE"

"If explosives are loaded like this," says the editor of *Packing and Shipping*, "heaven help ordinary merchandise." The explanation is that "some one's mental control mechanism had been in a sand-storm, or the oil was gummed up, or something like that. At any rate, there was at least a blown fuse in the old thinking machine."

FLOWERS AS FOOD

IN CERTAIN COUNTRIES, and more particularly in those on the far side of Port Said, says George Cecil, writing in the Madras (India) *Mail*, the natives eat flowers—in one form or another—with a zest. Indeed, in various parts of India, and in Afghanistan, the cult of the edible flower keeps the aborigines busy for a considerable portion of the year, while the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles also devote themselves to floriculture for table purposes. Mr. Cecil goes on, as quoted by *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.).

"In the south of France, too, the peasant horticulturists cultivate certain flowers for kitchen use; and the mountaineers of the Balkans follow their example with ardor. As to the Chinese and Japanese, their appetite for flowers, or, at least, for flower-flavored food, is enormous, a taste that the Egyptians and the Singhalese share with them. Nor are the people of Morocco behindhand in turning the occasion to account. Finding cereals improved by a flavoring of flowers, their native porridge is rendered appetizing by the addition of a curious jelly (made from pomegranate flowers), which takes the place of the red-currant jelly of Europe.

"As to the West Indies, where exotic flowers grow as thick as daisies or dandelions in England, flower dishes are in extraordinary request, the blossom of the banana, for instance, being converted into a strange confection, which is in enormous demand with all classes of the colored community. Pure-blooded negroes, octoroons, quadroons, and mulattoes esteem themselves fortunate if they can include the delicacy in their morning and evening meal, while the highly placed European officials do not disdain it.

"As succulent as any of the flower confections is the rose-petal jelly, which figures in the menu submitted to the Egyptian gourmet. Prepared from the petals of red rosebuds, well pounded and mixed with powdered sugar, water and isinglass are added, the toothsome concoction being poured into a small mold. If the cook is an artist in his particular line, he steeps a few tender, tiny buds in the jelly, leaving them in the mold. The dainty is served at the conclusion of the meal, being handed round on a great silver tray, and cut into small squares about the size of a marble. If the diner, like so many Egyptian gentlemen, has come under Europeanizing influences, he skewers each piece with a fork, or with a little sharpened piece of orangewood. But the ordinary Egyptian, who does not hold with (what he is pleased to term) new-fangled notions, prefers to use the natural knife and fork with which bountiful nature has provided him.

"In the north of India the aromatic flowers of a certain shrub—which grows almost wild—are actually made into cakes. A *dekcht* is filled half full with the blossoms, the rest of the space being given over to *ghee* and a quantity of coarse bazaar-made sugar. The moment the butter melts, the cook stirs the mixture with a long wooden spoon, which, alas! is by no means so clean as could be desired. More blooms are then added, till the concoction attains the right consistency, after which it is poured on a well-greased dish, and allowed to cool. Finally, the saccharine mess is cut into squares, and sold to expectant customers at the equivalent of twopence a large chunk, and consumed greedily. Incidentally, a meal of flower-cake leads to various stomachic ailments, which, however, the natives attribute to the interposition of Providence.

"In agreeable contrast to the flower-cake of the Punjab is the candied violet preserve made on the Riviera. The petals are thrown by the handful into a vessel containing boiling sugar, and when the concoction has set in a brittle state, it is chopped into pieces the size of a sixpence. The pieces are then disposed of by the local confectioners to 'folks as cares to buy 'em.'

"In China the lily is cooked as a vegetable, in water or in milk, according to the means of the diner, a pinch of salt and pepper being added at intervals during the boiling process. The Celestials also esteem the blossoms of the banana, dipping them in vinegar, and munching them at every meal. Popular, too, with the Chinese, are candied jasmine petals, these being treated as are violet petals in France. Mention also may be made of the lotus jelly to be met with in southern India, considered a delicacy by the inhabitants, nearly all of whom are vegetarians. The petals are taken from the young flowers, steeped in well-sugared water, and then boiled till a very stiff paste is formed. After being powdered with sugar, the contents of the mold are left to set—and the local gourmets indulge in pleasurable anticipations. Truth compels one to admit that there are nicer things in the world than lotus jelly.

"The Nepalese and the Lepchas cultivate the geranium for table use. Scorning the juicy fresh flower, they store the petals till they are a dry pot-pourri; and when a respectable heap has been piled up, the gourmands, adding a few spoonfuls of molasses, boil the dried blooms, and eat the mixture hot. Oddly enough, they usually live, not only to tell the tale, but to enjoy many another meal of the singularly unappetizing compound.

"Perhaps the most edible of all are the butter-blossoms, which the Singhalese gather during the 'hot-weather,' and reduce to a pulp by boiling, sweetening the concoction with sugar, and adding a flavoring of cinnamon or cloves—according to taste. Totally different from any Western dish, boiled butter-blossom is distinctly worth the attention of the visitor to Ceylon."

DARWIN'S HOME A NATIONAL SHRINE

IN HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS to the British Association, Sir Arthur Keith made an appeal for a fund to purchase Darwin's home at Downe in Kent, where he did most of his work, so that it might be preserved for the nation. The appeal has met with a prompt response, we are informed by the London correspondent of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). We read:

"Mr. George Buckston Browne, a retired surgeon, on reading the appeal, at once telegraphed to Sir Arthur, offering to make himself wholly responsible for the gift. His motive was to allow future generations to see Darwin's home, which, with its estate, might otherwise pass into the hands of builders. The cost, with some endowment fund, is estimated at from $60,000 to $75,000. Mr. Browne has made it a condition that no other contributor is to be asked to share the cost with him. He was admitted to the membership of the College of Surgeons in 1874, and for fourteen years acted as assistant to Sir Henry Thompson. He is an antiquarian and an enthusiastic collector. In offering to buy Downe House and to establish a fund for its perpetual upkeep, he is giving expression to his profound admiration for the work of the great naturalist. He considers that the house in which evolution was cradled should be as reverently preserved as Shakespeare's birthplace. He desires that the house should be restored as nearly as possible to its condition when Darwin lived there. When the house and garden have been restored, he would wish them to be opened, without charge, to visitors, who could then be shown Darwin's study, laboratory and living-rooms much as when he left them. He also exprest the wish that some physician of slender means and good record should be appointed the custodian. Sir Arthur Keith has suggested that out of the endowment fund, money should be spared for a prize to be given every second year for the best contribution to biologic knowledge. Downe House is the property of Darwin's son, Prof. Francis Darwin, and is now used as a school for girls."

DARWIN'S HOME, "DOWNE HOUSE," IN KENT

Where the "Origin of Species" was written. The little window on the extreme left lights the corner of his study in front of his writing-desk.

NO MORE INCURABLES—The word "incurable" should be removed from the dictionary, asserts Dr. Ernst P. Boas, Director of the Montefiore Hospital of New York. Dr. Boas discust chronic diseases and convalescent work at one of the sessions of hospital executives in connection with the recent convention of the American Hospital Association at Minneapolis. He is thus quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"In the present state of medical knowledge the pronouncement of the sentence 'incurable' on a patient places a serious responsibility on the physician and implies a greater knowledge than he possesses. The acceptance of the verdict by the patient and the community not only cruelly quenches all hope, but checks every further effort at physical rehabilitation.

"Yes, how often such diagnosis is mistaken. Not infrequently an incurable can be restored to comparative health and economic usefulness, and in many instances properly directed efforts will serve to prolong life and relieve pain and discomfort.

"Another misconception that has retarded the awakening of the community conscience in regard to the chronic sick is the confusion of old age with chronic disease. Old age is a relative concept. To children all adults seem old. As we ourselves advance in years our ideas as to the particular time of life that marks the onset of senescence are constantly changing.

"The term 'senile,' just as the term 'incurable,' involves an assumption of inevitableness which leads these victims of disease to be regarded as hopeless derelicts who must be placed out of sight in a home for the remainder of their days, rather than as patients who need medical attention. It must not be thought, however, that the chronic sick are confined to these older age groups. At Montefiore Hospital fully one-half of the patients treated annually are under fifty years of age."

THE EARTH-SHAKING TRUCK

THE WAYSIDE INN, recently acquired by Henry Ford, stands on the main highway from Boston to New York and Albany, and over it passes one of the densest automobile traffics in the land. Trucks jarred the foundations of the Inn, wherefore Mr. Ford, with the sanction of the State of Massachusetts, is diverting the road, and building a new stretch of a mile and a half at an estimated cost of $280,000. Mr. Ford, remarks *The Iron Age* (New York), is fortunately able to do such things, but many other persons whose foundations are being shaken can not help themselves. This magazine goes on:

"This is a matter in connection with automobile transportation over the highways that has not yet come into general consideration. The public is convenienced by such transportation. There may be also economies for that part of the public which enjoys it directly; but whether there be real and general economy is not so certain. No doubt the railroad companies could offer much cheaper transportation if they were favored with roadbeds and rails constructed, laid and maintained at public expense.

"Granting that the public enjoys conveniences and in part economies by virtue of automobile transportation over the highways, it is questionable if such enjoyment be economically legitimate, and to what extent individual interest should be sacrificed, or it might be said robbed. Many taxpayers in country towns are required to maintain their gravel roads, with only a modicum of aid from the State, and see them rapidly worn out by the regular passage of 5-ton and 10-ton trucks, carrying brick and stone in the interest of persons in other towns, altho such roads were never designed for such heavy traffic.

"Some of these admitted evils may be corrected by limitation of freight traffic according to road types. There may be also a more general assumption by the State of road construction and maintenance, a much heavier taxation upon the trucks to provide the funds for these purposes, and a more comprehensive and severe policing. Policies and legislation of such nature may be instituted, altho as yet there has been but little headway in this direction. However, none of these things is going to help the person whose house is shaken by the passage of heavy trucks over the highway on which it fronts."

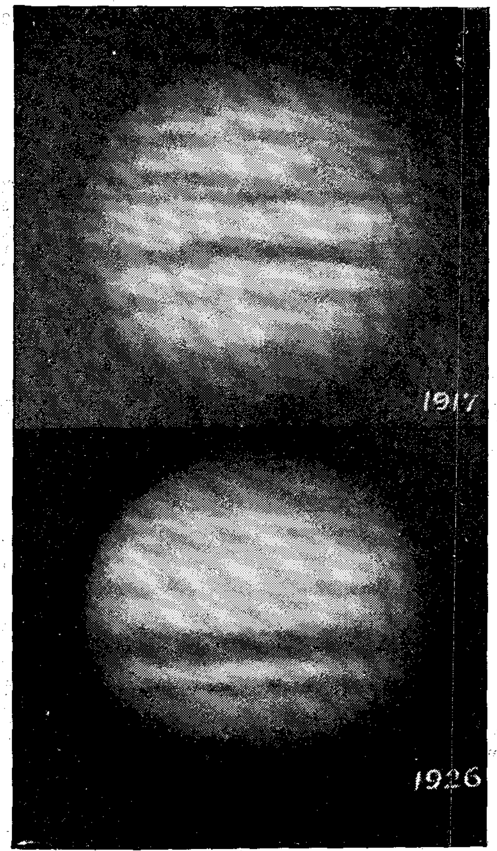
THE GIANT OF THE PLANETS

THE LATEST ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES and opinions regarding the great planet Jupiter are briefly gathered in a leaflet issued by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco). In it, E. C. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, tells us that Jupiter's claim on our interest is not so much because of his bodily form or great size, or because he forms the chief ornament of our night sky, but rather by reason of the conspicuous part he has played in the historical development of astronomy and the interesting example he presents in planetary evolution—a chaotic something between sun and world. Mr. Slipher writes:

"Long ago it was learned that he was the giant of the planets, standing fifth in order of distance from the sun; that his size is greater than that of all the other planets combined; that his diameter is so great that even at his tremendous distance he shows the largest disk of any of the planets, and shines with a brilliancy equaling that of any of the other planets except Venus; that his great circumference of 271,750 miles combined with his rapid rotation once every 9 hours and 50 minutes, causes particles on his equator to travel at the speed of 26,000 miles per hour, almost equaling his orbital speed of 28,800 miles per hour; that his density is only one-quarter that of the earth, but that his mass is such that objects on his surface weigh two and five-eighths times as much as they would on the earth.

"His satellite system of nine members has played a unique part in astronomical discovery. First, because the four largest ones were the first objects revealed by Galileo's crude telescope in 1610; second, because it was from the variability in the time of occurrence of their eclipses that Roemer discovered, in 1675, the finite velocity of light; third, because it was from a study of their motions that an early determination of the mass of Jupiter was deduced.

"It was not until 1892 that his tiny fifth satellite was discovered by Barnard at the Lick Observatory, while the still fainter sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth satellites were more recently detected only by the means of photography, three at the Lick Observatory, one at Greenwich.



Photographs by E. C. Slipher, Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona
Courtesy of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific

JUPITER'S MYSTERIOUS FRECKLE

Photographs of Jupiter showing two different views of the Great Red Spot which, since its discovery in 1878, has appeared as the only permanent marking on the disk. At discovery it was described as a brick-red spot, but more recently it has been gray, until 1926, when it appeared as a pinkish spot 19,500 by 6,300 miles.

"Jupiter, through the influence of his great mass, has become possest of a large family of comets whose orbits have been shaped by his influence. More than thirty comets circle round the sun with their aphelia closely hugging Jupiter's orbit. Some time in the past these comets must have passed close to him in such a manner that they were greatly disturbed by the influence of the planet and their previous orbits radically reduced to the present forms. They are then said to be captured and to belong to his family of comets, altho still revolving around the sun.

"When we look upon the planet in the telescope, we find that his disk is striated with belts of various tones and tints, conforming almost exactly to the parallels of latitude; while the disk darkens from center to edge. These cloud-like belts are long-lived, lasting generally for weeks, months, or even years. They do disappear at times, but usually reform again after an indefinite interval, assuming somewhat the same general form and position. The sun's action appears wholly inadequate to produce the wonderful changes observed on him. The high brilliancy of his disk indicates that his visible surface is one of dense clouds, and the fact that the planet does not rotate as a whole, but that different parts go round at different rates seems clearly to evidence this. From the character and behavior of the belts it appears that they must be clouds raised by Jovian energy, not by solar energy.

"Photographs of Jupiter taken in light of different colors, in recent years, show that his dark belts are recorded about as well in ultra-violet light as in yellow and red lights, whereas the limb is darkest in the red images and brightest in the violet ones. Further, the diameter of the ultra-violet images is much greater than that of the red. These facts indicate that the atmosphere of Jupiter is extensive and dense, and that the dark and bright belts lie relatively high in this atmosphere and at about the same level.

"Radiometric measures at Flagstaff and Mt. Wilson indicate that the temperature of Jupiter is much higher than can be explained on the basis of heating by solar radiation and is probably attributable to a warm interior.

"With these facts before us, it is still not easy to explain the colored belts on his surface. The colors seem to be the same at Jovian morning and evening as at his noonday. Such constancy is not what we should expect of ordinary water-vapor clouds, and the low temperature makes it even more difficult to explain them as such. It may be necessary to find some other substance to explain satisfactorily his variegated belts.

"We shall probably not be far from the truth if we infer that Jupiter is still in an early stage in his evolution, rather than far advanced like the Earth and Mars; that he possesses an enormous gaseous atmosphere which is in rapid circulation, and that possibly the energy of his internal fires give rise to violent motions which are reflected by changes in his belts. He appears as a body somewhat more than half-way in life's journey from sun to world. No life, as we know it, can now exist there."

WATER A CHEMICAL MYSTERY—Water, our very commonest material, is one of the great mysteries of modern chemistry, according to Dean James Kendall, of New York University, as quoted in *Chemicals* (New York). He says:

"Because water is so universal in our own small part of the universe, we take it for granted that we know all about it, and on this more or less casual assumption we have built up a vast structure of theory when we are completely ignorant of the basis of the assumption. At the present time we still allow our oxygen environment (the atmosphere) to influence our definitions. We call a body 'combustible' if it burns in the air, and 'non-combustible' if it does not. That such terms have no strict scientific meaning is evident if we imagine ourselves to be translated, for the moment, to a world in which hydrogen is the active constituent of the atmosphere instead of oxygen. In such a world, everything would be topsy-turvy. Fires would be extinguished by sprinkling gasoline on them, and fireproof buildings would consist of solid paraffin! The modern science of physical chemistry has been almost wholly developed through the study of materials dissolved in water, and a scrutiny of this water environment suffices to show us that our present view-point is considerably distorted and incomplete in many respects. Water itself is almost as much a mystery to the chemist of to-day as oxygen was to Priestley a hundred and fifty years ago. We call it H_2O, when we are perfectly sure that that is not what it is. What the actual complexity of the water molecule is, and how this is changed by dissolving something in it, are points on which we are entirely ignorant. Instead of being a substance which can be neglected, water is perhaps the most reactive, in a chemical sense, of all substances. When we cease to neglect and abuse water and begin to recognize its proper importance, a new and sounder chemistry will be born."

Pathe News Pathe News Keystone View Brown Bros. Fox Film

DOCTORS OUGHT TO PRESCRIBE IT

Spontaneous laughter "ventilates the lungs, stimulates the heart, sets the blood coursing through the body, and makes all the organs work better."

A "LOST ART" THAT WAS NEVER LOST

THE HARDENING OF COPPER, as practised by the ancients, often spoken of as a "lost art," and so treated by Wendell Philips in his celebrated lecture, was never so in reality, declares William G. Schneider, a New York mining engineer, in a research report to the Engineering Foundation. Says Mr. Schneider, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the Foundation:

"Many persons spend a lifetime trying to rediscover an art that never was lost. The tragedy occurs when they have evolved a hard copper. They next endeavor to find some use for it and then learn that, unless it has some special properties, no market exists.

"Copper wire, hard drawn, has a tensile strength of about 65,000 pounds per square inch and an elongation in ten inches of about 1 per cent., with a conductivity of about 97 per cent. This affords some basis on which to work when endeavoring to develop the hardening of copper.

"If, for example, it were possible to harden copper so that the tensile strength were materially increased above that just stated, without reducing the conductivity, a worth-while discovery would have been made.

"The fact is that our present-day metallurgists not only understand how the ancients hardened their copper and bronze, but also know how to produce copper and bronze products that are even harder than those left to us, and which represent the evidence of the so-called lost art of hardening copper.

"Cutting edges developed on swords, daggers, knives and other implements by the ancients were obtained by hammering the metal, or, in other words, cold-working. Those old metal-workers not only hand-hammered their copper implements but also used the same means to harden their bronze articles.

"The heating of many of these products in open fires resulted in the formation of considerable copper oxid, which alloyed with the copper and hardened it. One of the most common mistakes of persons claiming to have rediscovered 'the lost art of hardening copper' is to heat it in a forge, and in this way saturate it with copper oxid, which combines with the copper to form a much harder and much more brittle product.

"There are really two methods of hardening copper that are regularly practised nowadays, just as centuries ago. One consists in alloying the copper with some other metal or several other metals such as zinc, tin, nickel, cadmium, chromium, cobalt, silicon, aluminum, iron, beryllium, and arsenic.

"The second method consists in cold-working the metal or copper alloy. In fact, it is possible to work the metal to such a stage of hardness that a slight amount of additional work will cause it to break. The explanation of all copper hardening may be attributed to one of these methods or a combination of them.

"Microphotographs of an ancient copper spearhead indicate that it was extremely hard, and that apparently this hardness had been obtained by cold-working.

"Copper scissors, knives, and other cutting tools may be obtained. Unless, however, a special reason exists for their use, they offer no advantages over tools made from steel. Occasionally, however, it becomes necessary to use copper or bronze tools, such as knives. Around a powder plant, for instance, where all sparks must be avoided, bronze knives are almost essential.

"Some recent methods of hardening copper by alloying have, to a certain extent, come about as near to actually 'tempering' copper as would seem possible. In these methods the metal, silicon, plays a most important part because it forms silicides with other metals which in turn form eutectics with the copper.

"The deoxidizing effect that silicon by itself exerts plays no unimportant part in finally allowing the metal to be worked and by heat treatment to develop a high strength, with a relatively high conductivity. This latter, however, is considerably below that of pure copper and second only, speaking of alloys from the standpoint of both strength and conductivity, to those of copper and cadmium.

"Alloys of copper with cadmium give, for a stated conductivity, higher strengths than those with silicon."

THE BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER

GOOD EFFECTS PRODUCED BY LAUGHTER and cataloged in an article by Dr. Welsh in *Medical Life* are thus quoted in the "General Topics" section of *American Medicine* (New York). We read:

"It is one of the most natural things in the world. Yet how many physicians are there who insist that their patients must laugh heartily a number of times a day, even tho they may have to laugh without very much reason. Of course if there is a good joke that tempts to laughter, then the laughter is ever so much more spontaneous, is deeper, ventilates the lungs, stimulates the heart and sets the blood coursing through the body, and makes all the organs do their work better. To allow patients, who are suffering from depression of any kind or who are oversolicitous about themselves, to go away from the physician's office without urging them to try the effect of laughter, is to miss one of the most potent agents for good, so far as the physical being is concerned.

"Laughter, however, not only does the body good, but it does the mind good. It has been said that if you pull down the corners of your lips and keep them down, after a time you feel as glum inside as you look from the outside to those who may happen to be gazing at you. If on the other hand you turn the corners of your lips up and keep them there, it becomes impossible to feel glum inside after a while. The James-Lange theory of emotions was that the body is affected first by the emotions, and then the mind. They said we did not feel bad and then cry, but something tempted the tears to come from our tear glands, and then we felt bad. On the other hand, something titilated us to laugh with our bodies, and then we felt joyful and free-hearted interiorly.

"This theory has not been generally accepted by psychologists, but, undoubtedly, it has a germ of truth in it, and it is well to counsel patients to try to overcome the moodiness and introspection to which they are so prone by the deliberate cultivation of habits of laughter. There is a very old proverb which says, 'laugh and grow fat.' It is well known that people who laugh actually do grow fat rather readily. The obverse of the proposition is, however, probably as true as the converse. 'Grow fat and you will laugh.' It is surprizing how difficult it is for thin people to laugh often. They barely crack a smile. On the other hand, stout people laugh very readily."

HOW TO TREAT THE TIRED CHILD

CHRONIC FATIGUE IN CHILDREN is a disease. Every child is naturally active—a little bundle of motion and energy. A "lazy" child is abnormal; he should be treated not by trying to rouse him but by close investigation to find out and remove the cause of his "laziness"—which may be any one of a dozen or more things. Tiredness of this habitual or chronic kind is discust by Dr. Samuel McC. Hamill in a radio talk originally broadcast for the Mental Hygiene Committee of the Public Charities Association of Philadelphia, and now printed in *The Child Health Bulletin* of the American Child Health Association (New York). Says Dr. Hamill:

"Of course, we are not talking about the youngsters who are naturally fatigued after strenuous play, or even those who, after a more or less prolonged strain, may be weary for a few days at a stretch. We have in mind the chronically tired child—the one who has to be shaken and reshaken into wakefulness each morning and who drags himself wearily through each day, shunning the activities natural to child life, balking at his lessons and more or less constantly choosing the way of least physical and mental effort.

"He is by no means an uncommon object, but a very pathetic one. What is this dragging sense of tire? It is frequently the most striking symptom of a number of underlying conditions, some of which are very threatening from the standpoint of the child's future health and happiness.

"Sometimes this symptom of tire is purely physical. Again it may be chiefly mental, and frequently it is both. The important thing is that it is not a normal manifestation, but a serious symptom of some departure from health.

"This tired child is constantly neglected, misunderstood and maltreated. 'He is so lazy I don't know what to do with him.' No child is naturally or even habitually slothful. The universal characteristic of the normal child is action.

"The tired child is a sick child, and should be so treated. Failure to recognize his condition or to misinterpret it may drive the unfortunate subject into chronic invalidism and a wrecked life.

"As a rule, one of three wrong attitudes is assumed toward the tired child. Either he is considered lazy in his home, in his school and by his childhood associates, and the matter ends there, or, more often he is the victim of the basest kind of misunderstanding. The home and the school combine against him, the finger of scorn is directed toward him, he is compared with other children to his detriment, efforts are made to punish him out of his lethargy, and he is assured that if he doesn't brace up the future, which might have produced a genius, promises nothing but failure. Or, he may be pampered and indulged.

"The youngster that falls into the so-called lazy class and stimulates no further comment or interest represents the mildly sick. He may drift along, lagging a bit, but ultimately pulling through because he has ended a growth spurt or passed over some other factor in his life that has had a temporarily detrimental influence upon his health.

"Unfortunately, this favorable outcome is not constant. In the beginning, the symptom of tire may be only moderate, but if the condition that causes it is neglected we have the constantly weary youngster who will not react from his lethargy. This is the type that is most often misinterpreted and wrongly treated.

"To punish such a child in any form for being lazy is merely adding fuel to the flame. He sees the injustice of it and becomes morose and resentful, which still further complicates an already serious situation.

"These tired children are sometimes considered mentally deficient because the mind may give evidence of tire as well as the body. When a child has shown no interest in physical or mental effort for months, and every effort to stimulate him to action has failed, one naturally begins to wonder whether the whole picture may not be the product of some lack in his mental make-up.

"Never let a child's conduct lead you into the mistake of assuming that he is mentally deficient. Tire may be the symptom of various conditions due to many causes. Very rapid growth may use up all reserve energy and create a condition in which very limited mental or physical effort will produce fatigue of mind or body or both. Neglect of this condition often leads to chronic tire.

"Overeating, and partaking of the wrong kinds of food with their resultant overtaxing of the digestive and eliminative organs, and the consequent storing up of poisonous substances in the body, will cause this symptom of tire. Undereating, too rapid eating, insufficient sleep, overexercise, maladjustments in the family (such as constant bickering between parents, misunderstanding of the child, constant scolding, punishment of the wrong kind or inflicted at the wrong time)—these influences, with many others, will produce reactions in the child that lead to disturbances of body function of which tire may be an outstanding symptom. Occasionally this symptom may indicate some vague chronic infection, or some such disease as diabetes. When we gain more accurate knowledge of the ductless glands of the body, we shall doubtless find that chronic tire may be a symptom of altered function of these glands.

"Naturally, the question is, 'What are you going to do about it?' The answer is perfectly simple. Whenever a child begins to lag either mentally or physically, accept it as a danger signal. Study the routine of his day and the story of his life in recent months. Are his hours of sleep and rest sufficient? Is he overexercising? Is some older member of the family overstimulating him mentally or physically? Is he being unjustly or incorrectly punished? Is he overeating, eating at the wrong hours, getting the wrong kind of food, or rushing through his meals and not getting enough to eat? Is he growing too rapidly or is he suffering from some unrecognized disease?

"Ask yourselves these questions and, if you find any of the conditions listed, correct them instantly in so far as it is in your power to do and supervise the daily schedule carefully. The most important thing, however, is to have the child thoroughly gone over by your physician.

"We have traveled a long way in medical practise. For generations we sat idly waiting for people to become sick, and then we tried to cure them. A new era came, in which our interest in the cause of disease was stimulated and, having determined the source of many ailments, we began to realize that disease could be lessened if we could remove its cause. Out of this has grown a new science—preventive medicine. Now we know that the majority of diseases can be prevented, and we recognize the fact that the causes of diseases are numerous and often seemingly trivial.

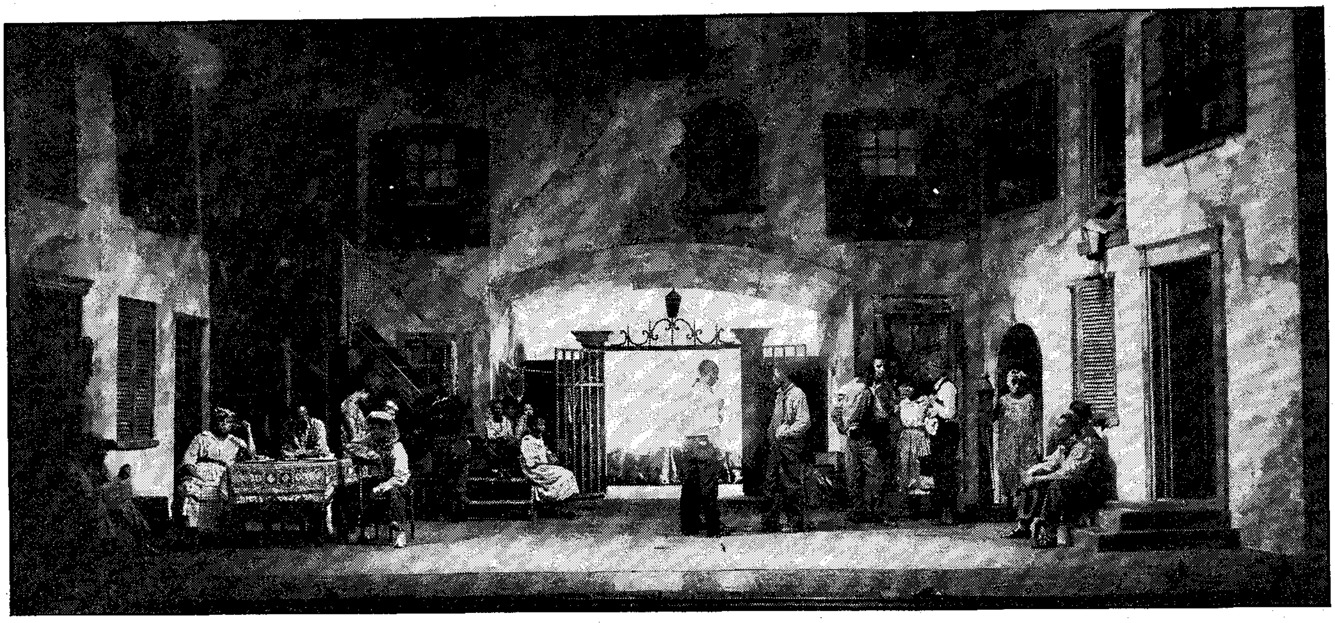
"The importance of periodic physical examination has been much strest of late. Adults are asked to seek an examination once each year, and parents are being urged to have their children examined with greater frequency. What parents really should do is to keep their children under the constant supervision of physicians throughout the period of childhood. When examinations are made, the physician should be told the routine of the child's life, and asked to advise the mother. This plan is being followed by many parents and, if it could become universal, the tired child would linger only as an unhappy memory."

OIL FROM SEA-SOIL—When the oil wells run dry, we may get our necessary supply from the bottom of the sea, predicts *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York). It says:

"To-day, off the coast of southern California and of North Carolina, samples of mud and sand are being taken and distilled to determine their oil-producing capacity. In charge of these remarkable experiments is Dr. Parker D. Trask, research associate of the American Petroleum Institute, carrying on his researches with the aid of the John D. Rockefeller Fund of the Institute. Geologists long have known that the source beds of most of our oil-fields are marine in origin, deposited millions of years ago. Through the ages oil of these sea deposits was concentrated into pools which are now being drained. This being the case, Dr. Trask argued, why may not the bed of the ocean be a source of future oil supply? And he set about answering his own question. His tests of the ocean material thus far have shown that all types of sediment, from clay to sand, produce oil in some quantities after distillation. The amount of oil obtained ranges from nearly three gallons from a ton of clay-silt, to almost nothing from sand. The greatest yield so far obtained is only 5 to 10 per cent. of the amount derived from high-grade oil-shale, which runs sometimes as high as fifty gallons a ton. That there are possibilities of profit, however, is indicated by the fact that Dr. Trask is continuing his unusual investigations. The problem with oil involves the cost of production and refining. If sea-soil can be found that yields a sufficiently high ratio of oil, and if the expense of extracting it is sufficiently low, a situation may develop that will revolutionize the industry."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



THE DENIZENS OF CATFISH ROW IN THE SCENE DEVISED BY CLEON THROCKMORTON FOR "PORGY"

Gossiping groups gather below, heads hang from the windows as tragic and comic scenes of negro life alternate.

TRAGEDY AND SPIRITUALS IN THE BLACK BELT

THE DEEPEST IMPRESSION so far this season on New York's theater-going public, by all accounts, is made by the play called "Porgy," a story of colored life. It is not a discussion of the race question, and so begs no support on that ground. It is a dramatization of a novel, and is therefore a bid for failure in the view of most critics. Its cast is almost entirely manned by colored people, and they win laurels for a dramatic instinct not often displayed by players of the white race. Perhaps the secret of it all lies in the director, Mr. Rouben Mamoulian, described as an Americanized Armenian, who received his training at the Moscow Art Theater. Mr. Woollcott of the New York *World* asserts that "except for the isolated masterpiece 'The Emperor Jones,' this 'Porgy' is the first good job the American theater has done with the negro, and certainly it is the first fine performance I have seen given by a negro troupe." Mr. Woollcott has stuck to this statement in the face of protests in behalf of the prize-winning play of last year, "In Abraham's Bosom." "Porgy," being a dramatization of the novel by Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward, has to run the gantlet of all readers of the original story; and some of the stanchest of those who discount a dramatization are the professional critics. "Only once in a blue moon," says Alan Dale in the New York *American*, "is the dramatization of a book such as to vivify and illumine that book so that what you have visualized in the reading emerges positively glorified." "For years we have stood by and watched the dramatists maltreat our pet works of fiction," says *The Herald Tribune's* Mr. Hammond, "and we were beginning to suspect that their differences would never be justly litigated." As the Heywards are their own dramatists they have reason to rejoice over a double acclaim. Mr. Hammond in ventilating his thesis revives the story for the novel's readers, and makes it known to those who haven't read the book:

"Before 'Porgy' became a play, doubts were exprest in bookworm circles that the story could be translated into the terms of the theater. Its principal character is a lame negro, who crawls through the streets of Charleston, South Carolina, beseeching alms from the philanthropists of that charitable metropolis. His legs are shriveled and he is drawn to and from his business by a goat hitched to a little cart. So odorous is his engine of locomotion that complaints are made and he is frequently asked to move on. This figure, it was feared, was not sufficiently heroic for exhibition upon the stage—interest in crippled negroes being at a low ebb. Readers of the book knew that *Porgy*, tho black, crippled and a mendicant, was as soulful as many white men, and that he was apt at gambling, romance and murder in their most human aspects. But in spite of these qualifications it was regarded as improbable that the theater-goers would sanctify his lowly career with their attentions. What excitement, it was inquired, could there be in the activities of a legless Afro-American beggar, living, loving and killing in a city so distant from New York?

"Well, the life of *Porgy* and his associates in Catfish Row, as depicted by Mr. and Mrs. Du Bose Heyward, the Theater Guild and a company of excellent black and tan actors turns out to be a thrilling bit of mysterious actuality. In it you may see the primitive negroes of Charleston touched up by the friendly Drama's magic rouge until they become a satisfactory evening's entertainment. Oddly enough, this miracle is wrought by a new stage director, Rouben Mamoulian by name, an importation from the Balkans, they say, a quarter from which you would not expect an understanding of the nature and habits of the South Carolina colored folks. A showman and an esthete, Mr. Mamoulian waves his wand over the proceedings at the Guild Theater and fools you into believing that the characters and occurrences in 'Porgy' are real and significant. He knows the value of little tricks in stage direction, and when among the details of the eerie obsequies over the corpse of the murdered *Robbins*, he causes theatrical shadows to dance upon the walls, he is that most successful of combinations—artist and mountebank.

"Altho it is not in the book, you will not object to that scene wherein, while the hurricane rages and the negroes are huddled in terror, *Crown*, the sardonic assassin, appears and laughingly blasphemes heaven. Nor will you, I think, complain because Mr. and Mrs. Heyward have changed the ending of the novel so that the curtain falls upon poor *Porgy* as he directs his goat to

AN ALLEY CRAP GAME, WHERE TROUBLE STARTED

Serena bends over *Robbins* (left) and urges him to leave the game; *Crown's Bess* in center; *Crown* the murderer, next; *Sporting Life* in white derby, and *Porgy*, the cripple, extreme right.

take him to New York in pursuit of his *Bess*, who has been enticed thither by a yaller bootlegger and vender of 'happy dust.' Altogether the play is more moving than the printed story, even if it isn't as literary. 'Porgy' should congratulate itself that it has fallen upon the stage under careful and tender auspices and that its hazardous experiences have improved rather than hurt it."

What made the play come so alive was perhaps the introduction of the "spirituals" to convey the emotional reactions of the people to the tragic episodes of the story, like the murder committed by *Crown*, or the storm that sunk some of the men who had gone out to fish. Alan Dale writes:

"To hear the 'spirituals' sung as they were sung last night is worth twice the price of a seat at the Guild Theater.

"At the close of one of the scenes this singing of one particular spiritual aroused the effervescent enthusiasm of the audience. It was marvelously well done. There were the fervor, the hysteria, the emotionalism and the curious abandon that must accompany such outbursts. All the colored 'folks' raised their voices, gesticulated, gyrated, and seemed to be 'plum crazy' as they joined in the volcanic choruses. And this was more specially noted during the scene before the funeral of the murdered man.

"Certainly a more unusual and characteristic scene has rarely been staged. It was something new to most of us—may I say, to all of us. And it lived so completely that one forgot that this was a mere theater, just 'off Broadway,' It was Charleston. It was Catfish Row. It was the colored quarter, seen intimately, graphically, photographically."

Mr. Atkinson of *The Times*, convinced perhaps against his will' remarks that "those latitudinarians who are tiresome enough to be interested enough in such fine points as novel and dramatic construction will discover in 'Porgy' a good many provocative details." Going on:

"On the stage 'Porgy' is ruder, deeper, franker, coarser than it is between book-covers. For the acting of negroes generally expresses those qualities of elemental human nature. The play does not set off individual acting in high perspective, as 'In Abraham's Bosom' did. It runs more to an exposition of group psychology with its weird melody singing over the body of a murdered crapshooter, its breath-taking screams at a vulture hovering near, its incantations, its comic interludes and its heavy mass rhythms. One may fairly wish that the performance revealed a finer sense of rhythmic movement, with better modulated transitions between the passive and the active scenes, or that the waits between scenes were less disenchanting. Most of the more pretentious Theater Guild productions are played much too slowly. But there is strength and substance in 'Porgy.' It is an illuminating chronicle of American folk-lore. In producing it the Guild keeps the faith with its subscribers and friends who look to it for leadership, even for pioneering, in modern drama."

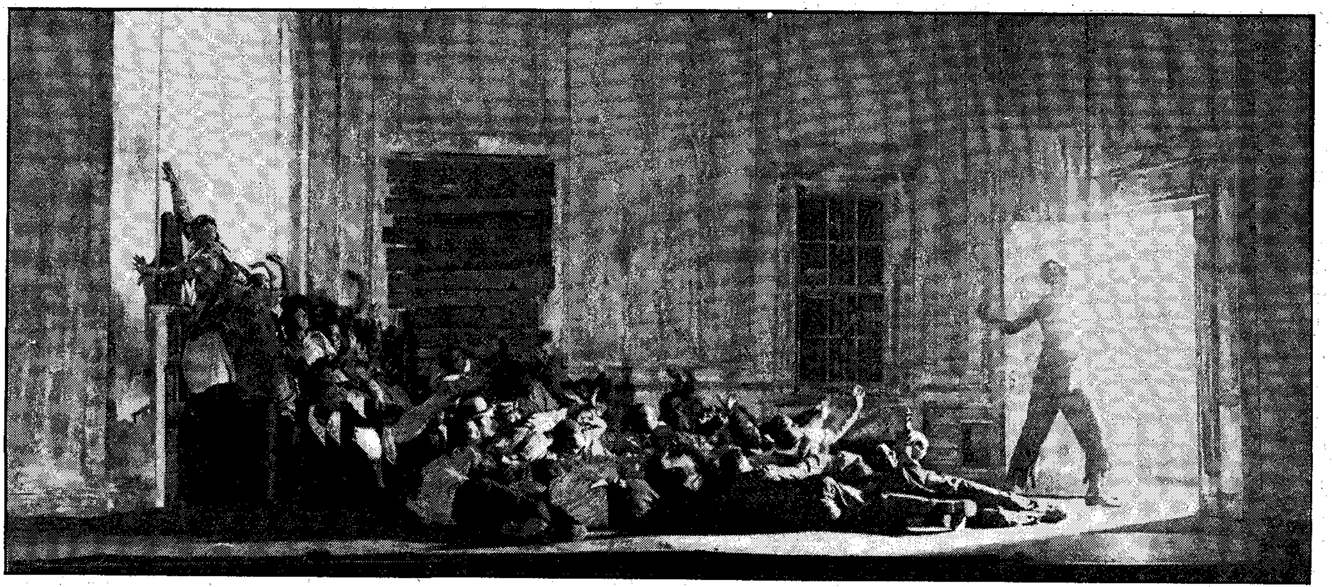
Mr. Mamoulian, so he told Harriet Underhill of *The Herald Tribune*, went down to Charleston to study the Southern negroes. He found them "quite different in speech, temperament and appearance from our negroes." The actors had great difficulty with the dialect of "Porgy." Then he tells her how he got his company to "act":

"My pet theory is that in a play, in the timing of the action and the speeches, there is the same rhythm one finds in music. So I directed 'Porgy' that way.

"Do you remember the last scene? The curtain rises on a still stage wrapt in early morning mists. It is the dawn. And one by one the characters appear and set about their usual tasks. Soon there is a terrific din, but all the activity, the pounding, tooting, shouting, laughing is really done to count. First I use one-two time, then faster and faster, until the whole scene is swinging. And then I bring in *Porgy*. I like that scene."

AFTER THE CRAP GAME

Robbins's body lying on the bed, the mourning crowd sing spirituals while money is contributed for the funeral.



ALL GOD'S CHILLUNS GOT TERROR

In *Serena's* room the denizens of the Row gather while a great storm rages which takes the lives of some of their husbands, gone out to fish. *Crown*, the fugitive murderer, returns and mocks the storm, and blasphemes heaven, while the timorous crowd shrink back in fear.

LESS ENGLISH TEACHING WANTED IN JAPAN

THE MAGNITUDE AND EXTENT of the teaching of English in the Japanese schools of more or less elementary grade must strike American readers as nothing short of amazing and sensational. "Throughout the country there are some 3,000 men and women teaching English in our 500 Middle Schools," points out Professor Sasazaki, head of the Ashikaga Middle School, in his article in the latest number of the *Gendai* of Tokyo. And this has been going on not only for years but for generations—ever since, in fact, the educational reform of the Meiji Era (1868-1912) came into play. The method of teaching English now in practise in Japan, especially in her Middle Schools, has been a target of bitter criticisms as early as 1923, as we learn from the "Japan Year Book" of that year:

> "The question of reform in the teaching of English in Japan is now being very seriously considered and there is a general feeling that the system now in force might be improved. Mr. H. E. Palmer, Lecturer in Spoken English, University College, London, and in Methods in Language Study, School of Oriental Studies, London, arrived in Japan in April, 1922 and is attached to the Department of Education as Linguistic Adviser."

Since then the discussion has gained momentum more and more, so that to-day, Japan is excited over the question: "What shall we do with the study of English in our Middle Schools?" quite as much as America is over Prohibition, we learn from the editorial announcement of the *Gendai*, which may easily claim the distinction of being the most important of the popular magazines in Japan to-day. In its latest issue it devotes twenty-seven pages to the symposium on the question by some of the leading educators, business men, and statesmen of the Empire, including brief expressions of opinions from no less than fifty-seven principals of her Middle Schools. And with this, the *Gendai* brings to the close the discussion to which it has devoted considerable space in every issue for half a year past. Of more than 1,670 contributions it has received, slightly over 20 per cent. favor the total abolition of the study of English in the Middle Schools—which correspond to high schools in the United States—and more than 70 per cent. favor retaining it as an elective course and at the same time reducing the number of hours devoted to it at present. Not more than a bare 1 per cent. advocate the continuance of the study of English as it is taught at present.

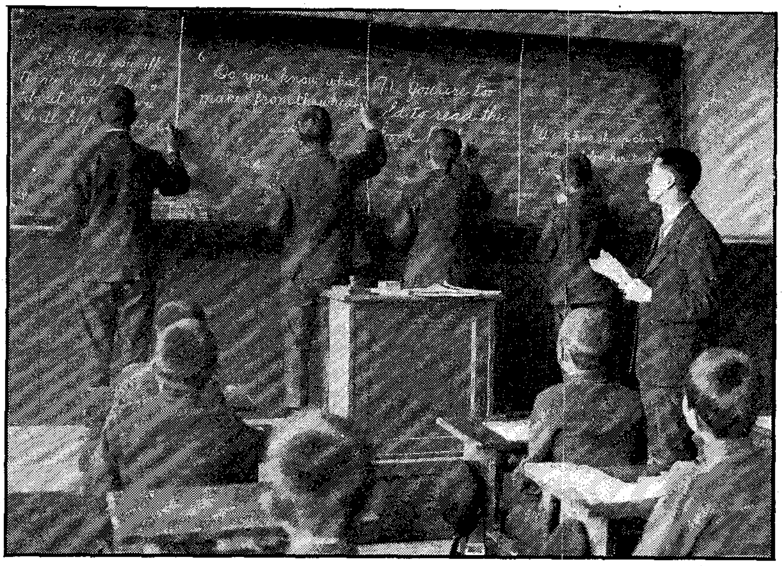
In reviewing hundreds of articles which have been published in the *Gendai* on the question, Professor Fujimura of the Imperial University of Tokyo divides them into two major camps: "One advocating the total abolition of the study of English in the Middle Schools on the two grounds, namely: First, that the study of English is not such a vital necessity to the life of the present-day Nippon as to compel millions of her school children to devote to it something like five school-room hours a week; that the study of English should be confined to a comparatively small number of the children who intend to follow certain professions or business which require it; that it is worse than folly to force millions of Middle School pupils to waste tremendous amount of time and energy over the study of a foreign language for which they have but rare use. Second: that the nation has passed through what might be called an imitative period of the Meiji Era; that it has now reached its creative epoch. And at this time to continue the same educational program which was thought essential in the days of Meiji is not only useless but is positively injurious to the encouragement of creative efforts.

> "The other camp favors the retention of the English course also on two grounds: First, that even if the elementary knowledge of English the pupils get at the Middle Schools be of little practical benefit to them, they receive valuable mental training through the study of English. And, second, that the knowledge of English, far from 'robbing' the school children of their creative impulses, does much in widening their mental horizon through their contact with foreign ideas and brings about the awakening of their own."

Professor Fujimura, one of the original prophets who cried out for the abolition of the study of English in the Middle Schools, admits freely that there is a great deal of sense and wisdom on both sides of the controversy. Yet he is strongly for the abolition of the English course, because he thinks that the one imperative need of his people at the present hour is to free themselves from the idolatory of imported occidental ideas. And as long as the study of English holds such a prominent and high place in the curriculum this great end can never be achieved.

Dr. Sakurane agrees with Professor Fujimura in his contention that too much emphasis has been placed on the study of English. "As a matter of fact, too much time of our Middle School pupils has been devoted to their English lessons. And the result of it all has been anything but satisfactory. This is an outstanding fact, beyond all debate. In

Europe, everywhere, we Japanese have the reputation of being a race who can not say much more than 'yes' or 'no' whenever we are forced to express ourselves in English." But he is not at all sure that the very extensive instruction of English in Japan is the result of her idolatory of the Occident or of the idle and silly efforts of imitating foreigners. He is in favor of reducing the number of hours now being given to the study of English in the Middle Schools, but decidedly opposed to the total abolition of the course.



TEACHING ENGLISH IN JAPAN

And the handwriting, at least, holds its own with the efforts of Western scholars.

The mastery of English or any other foreign language is an achievement which, in the nature of the thing, can hardly be expected of any considerable number of people in any country, and therefore, the method now in vogue in the Middle Schools of Japan, in forcing the study of the English language down the throats of her children, is foolish and absurd. Such is the conclusion of Mr. Fukai, a director of the Bank of Nippon:

"There is no need for it, even if we make our children waste many hours of their study time, even if we could improve the teaching methods in many ways, it would be impossible to bring about a really practical and useful result on an extensive scale with the millions of our Middle School children as a whole. To insist on forcing a difficult task is a thankless job. Leave the mastery of a foreign language to those who have natural talent and leisure for the work and to those whose profession or business makes it imperative for them to learn it. It will result in the economy of time and energy of our younger generation."

In these critical days of her financial affairs, when Japan looks to international trade as one of the most effective means to bring about her national salvation, it looks a bit odd to find her leading business men crying down the study of English in her Middle Schools. But Mr. Fukai is by no means alone in his opposition to it. Mr. Okawa, the president of the famous Fuji Paper Mills—the largest of the kind in Japan—is practically of the same opinion.

Again, Mr. Fujita, President of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, who enjoys a nation-wide reputation for his enthusiasm and interest in the educational work of the country, thinks the method of teaching English now in practise in Japan's Middle Schools is of no earthly benefit to anybody—outrageously expensive in time and energy of young Nippon. He attacks a vague, yet a widely prevailing idea in the commercial circles of Japan to-day, that the knowledge of English is essential to any young aspirants for business success; that without it no young man or woman can hardly get a position in a large trading or manufacturing concern. He denounces it as a silly superstition:

"The companies I am connected with do not make the knowledge of English one of the essential qualifications of the men they employ. Whether an applicant has the working knowledge of English or not, does not make the least difference in employing him. Men who are employed to do some special line of work may find it essential to have the command of a foreign language. With the general run of employees, there is no such need. I often say to young people: 'You put on a great air of handling English. And you can not talk with foreigners with ease. Among yourselves you garnish your conversation with English words, but to the outsiders your talk is utterly unintelligible. Then what's the use? Better that you know nothing of English at all.' Among the graduates of our universities there are many who can not read, in a satisfactory manner, even a simple letter written by a foreigner. One can readily see what little practical benefit our young people could get out of the English lessons in the Middle Schools."

The majority of the fifty-seven educators at the head of the Middle Schools and similar institutions throughout Japan favor in their statements published in the *Gendai*, the reduction of the number of hours devoted to the English course in the Middle Schools to three to four hours a week, instead of devoting six to seven hours as the children are required to do now. Most of them favor making English an elective course, at least after the third year, instead of making it compulsory, as is the case at present. All of the fifty-seven authorities recognize an almost impossible tax that the English course imposes on the study hours of the students. But it is highly significant that none of them advocates its total abolition.

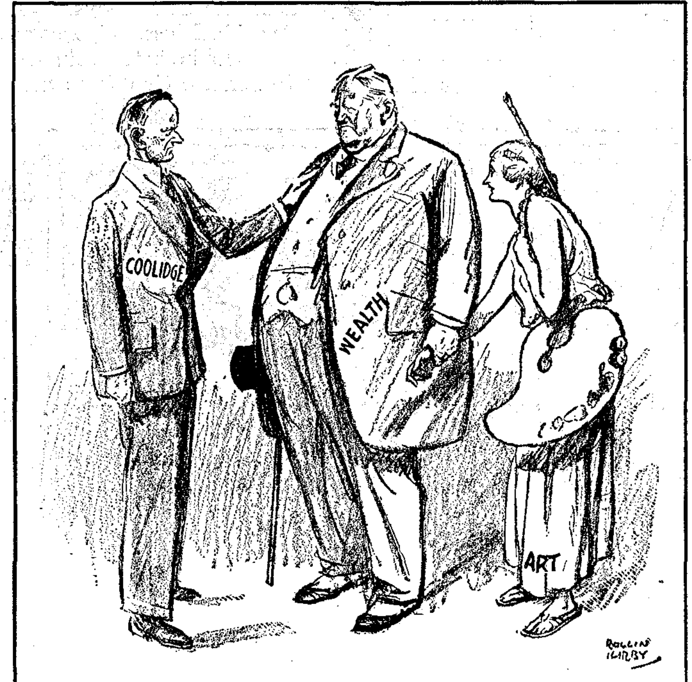
THE COVER—Our portrait gallery is increased this week by another notable canvas by Frans Hals, the Dutch painter (1580-1666). On March 22, 1924, it may be remembered that this artist was represented on our cover by "The Jester"—a jolly fellow apparently singing to a lute or mandolin. The two taken together represent fairly well two sides of Hals's character and his interests in art. He loved to picture figures in high life such as "The Laughing Cavalier," that our present cover reproduces, tho we find an English critic observing that the picture is "curiously misnamed"; on the other hand, he loved perhaps more to picture scenes or characters in low life, and his manner of living no doubt brought him models aplenty. Mr. P. G. Konody, who writes the article for the Encyclopædia Britannica, dwells on some rather sordid facts in Hals's life; his addiction to drink, which led him into low company, his struggles with poverty, tho he brought up ten children, and his not altogether kindly treatment of his wives, of whom he had two. When the forced sale of his pictures and furniture was brought about by a baker to whom he was indebted for bread and money, he was reduced to absolute penury, and the inventory of the property seized on this occasion only mentions three mattresses and bolsters, an armoire, a table, and five pictures. If any worse straits could be imagined he seems to have experienced them until the municipality of Haarlem came to his aid with an annuity of two hundred florins. Yet under these unhappy circumstances he seems to have produced his most striking works. Mr. Konody writes:

"Hals's pictures illustrate the various strata of society into which his misfortunes led him. His banquets or meetings of officers, of sharpshooters, and gildsmen are the most interesting of his works. But they are not more characteristic than his low-life pictures of itinerant players and singers. His portraits of gentlefolk are true and noble, but hardly so expressive as those of fishwives and tavern heroes."

THE PRESIDENT TALKS OF ART

WITH ITS BELCHING CHIMNEYS Pittsburgh was once described by Sir Henry Irving as "hell with the lid off." Now modern methods of smoke consumption are clearing its air. Yet it is in this center of material activity that has grown up a great institution, fostering the arts and sciences, which has drawn from President Coolidge his first tribute, perhaps, to these subjects supposedly outside the purview of the statesman. Speaking recently at the annual observance there of Founders' Day of the Carnegie Institute, he emphasized the fact that American prosperity is not merely a material phenomenon. The closing words of his speech may come to stand as a permanent answer to our foreign critics from whom this charge slips so glibly. Thus:

> "There are still some who sit apart, who do not see, who can not understand. To them our industrial life is the apotheosis of selfishness. They can not realize that the rattle of the reaper, the buzz of the saw, the clang of the anvil, the roar of traffic are all part of a mighty symphony, not only of *material* but of *spiritual* progress. Out of them the nation is supporting its religious institutions, endowing its colleges, providing its charities, furnishing adornments of architecture, rearing its monuments, organizing its orchestras, and encouraging its painting. But the American people see and understand. Unperturbed, they move majestically forward in the consciousness that they are making their contribution in common with our sister nations to the progress of humanity."



"THANK YOU FOR HELPING THIS LITTLE GIRL"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

The nearest parallel to this occasion is the annual dinner of the Royal Academy of Great Britain, when from the Crown downward representatives of the Government pay their tribute to the Fine Arts. But that is an annual affair, and the tradition is well-established. The New York *Evening Post* intimates that the situation was almost a plight for Mr. Coolidge:

> "The President, we would be willing to wager, did not greet with entire delight the first suggestion that he should go to Pittsburgh and speak at the twenty-sixth international exhibition of paintings at the Carnegie Institute. Where in his austere boyhood and years of public service has he had time to learn of those mysteries called art and beauty? They are not at all in the Puritan complex, and they are but beginning to come into the soul of America.
>
> "Knowing this, Mr. Coolidge must have hesitated to be the first of modern Presidents to celebrate formally an exposition of paintings. But the very unusuality of the occasion may have borne its significance in upon him. Certainly he made no pretenses, struck no esthetic attitudes, but spoke with the candor and simplicity which are the most appealing qualities of his mind. And he spoke as the great majority of his countrymen would have him speak—in terms and correlations which they could understand."

After he had paid tribute to those great industrial masters whose wealth had been transformed into objects for esthetic appreciation his thoughts naturally turned upon the need for cultivating that appreciation in the "average citizen":

> "While it will always be desirable to stimulate and encourage the production of fine paintings, it is even more desirable to stimulate and encourage their wide appreciation by the people. It is a fundamental principle of our institutions that freedom, education, and wealth are not to be reserved for the few, but are to be reached through equal opportunity which is open to all. We have staked America on the potential capacity of the average citizen. Truth and beauty are inseparably related. A general contemplation of fine paintings can not fail to provide an inspiration which will result in the improvement of the character of the people. It is for this reason that the painter and the founder of art galleries rank high as public benefactors. They raise people to a spiritual level which they could not otherwise attain."

The Minneapolis *Tribune* sounds an "American" note in picking out the phrase "average citizen":

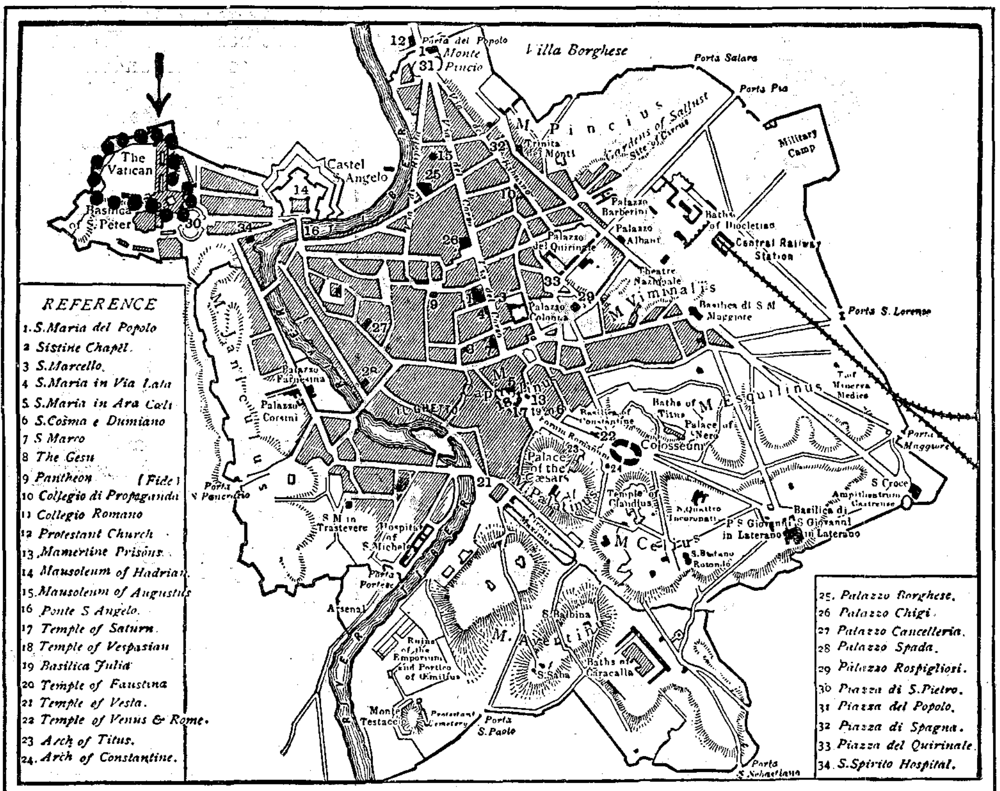
> "The President might find it difficult to put into words what he means by the phrase 'the average citizen,' but that is not necessary. We have a rather common understanding of what the phrase is intended to signify, whether or not we can communicate that understanding to others. After all, the words 'potential capacity' are the more important ones. They have reference to what a man may become in this country by making the best possible use of his own mental, moral and spiritual resources. The United States differs from most other countries in that there is no recognized caste, no drawing of hard-and-fast lines between so-called classes. We may have our social strata, one above another, but there is no tradition, and there is no arbitrary dictum binding any individual for his life to the stratum in which he was born."

A constructive comment on this paragraph of the President's address appears in *The Evening Star* (Washington):

> "In Pittsburgh great galleries of art have been founded and are open to the public. New York, Chicago, Boston, and other American cities have their art collections. In Washington the Corcoran Gallery of Art and the National Gallery offer wonderful opportunities to the people who visit the Capital City. But the National Gallery of Art remains without a home of its own. Tucked away in the National Museum, this collection of paintings, including works of the greatest artists of Europe and America, valued at millions of dollars, is not properly housed nor given proper opportunity to exert its beneficial influence.
>
> "In Washington, the capital of the nation, visited by millions of Americans and men and women from overseas each year, is the fitting place for a great National Gallery of Art, comparable to the National Gallery in London and to the great galleries in Paris, Berlin, and Rome. At present the National Gallery is under the supervision of the Smithsonian Institution, and with entire propriety. It is not the fault of the Smithsonian Institution that the gallery is not properly housed in a *building of its own*, but must be squeezed into a few rooms in the National Museum, with some of the paintings in dark halls. The fault lies with Congress, which has failed to provide the building needed for the proper display of these treasures of art. For several years a site for the gallery building has been authorized. But Congress has so far not made provision for the erection of the gallery, altho the project has had many warm friends among members of Senate and House. At the coming session of Congress it is probable that a new site will be provided, to meet the change in the plans for the development of the Mall.
>
> "Estimates have been prepared, showing an expenditure of $10,000,000 needed for the construction of the National Gallery, and for a large endowment fund for its upkeep. If the money needed for the erection and upkeep of the National Gallery is not forthcoming from private sources, the Government should no longer delay."

THE VATICAN DEMAND FOR A NEW PAPAL STATE

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the rupture of relations between the Holy See and the Government of Italy in 1870, when the entry of the Italian troops into Rome signalized the passing of the temporal power of the Papacy, the Catholic Church has intimated the terms on which it would be willing to compose the quarrel. The way to the solution of the "Roman Question," as it is termed in Italy, is pointed out in an inspired article in the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican. It consists essentially in the cession to the Papacy by the Italian Government of enough territory to form an independent Papal State, however tiny. The alternative to this, we are told, must be the continued refusal of the Holy See to have any dealings with the Government presided over by Signor Mussolini.


REFERENCE
1. S. Maria del Popolo
2 Sistine Chapel.
3 S. Marcello.
4 S. Maria in Via Lata
5 S. Maria in Ara Cœli
6 S. Cosma e Damiano
7 S Marco
8 The Gesu
9 Pantheon (Fide)
10 Collegio di Propaganda
11 Collegio Romano
12 Protestant Church
13 Mamertine Prisons.
14 Mausoleum of Hadrian.
15. Mausoleum of Augustus
16 Ponte S Angelo.
17 Temple of Saturn.
18 Temple of Vespasian
19 Basilica Julia
20 Temple of Faustina
21 Temple of Vesta.
22 Temple of Venus & Rome.
23 Arch of Titus.
24. Arch of Constantine.
25. Palazzo Borghese.
26 Palazzo Chigi.
27 Palazzo Cancelleria.
28 Palazzo Spada.
29 Palazzo Rospigliosi.
30 Piazza di S. Pietro.
31 Piazza del Popolo.
32 Piazza di Spagna.
33 Piazza del Quirinale.
34. S. Spirito Hospital.
The Vatican
Basilica of S. Peter
Castel S. Angelo
Villa Borghese
Porta Salara
Porta Pia
Military Camp
Porta del Popolo
Monte Pincio
Palazzo Barberini
Palazzo Albani
Palazzo el Quirinale
Baths of Diocletian
Central Railway Station
Porta S. Lorenzo
Capitolinus
Colosseum
Palace of the Cæsars
Palatinus
Porta Maggiore
S Croce
Amphitheatrum Castrense
Basilica di S Giovanni in Laterano
Porta Portese
Arsenal
Monte Testaccio
Protestant Cemetery
Porta S. Paolo
Baths of Caracalla
Porta S. Sebastiano
Palazzo Farnese
Palazzo Corsini
Porta S. Pancrazio
S. M. in Trastevere

From Cassell's Encyclopædia

THE MODERN PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER

Shown within the dotted line on the map of Rome and consisting of the Vatican and its gardens, represents to-day the once extensive States of the Church

"The *Osservatore's* suggestion caused a deep sensation in official circles," a New York *Times* dispatch from Rome informs us, "and the impression among Premier Mussolini's entourage is that we are really on the eve of one of the most sensational developments in modern history. It is freely conceded that the ground is now prepared for negotiations which, with good-will on both sides, may easily lead to a successful compromise." The dispatch continues:

"The suggestion for a restoration of the Papal State is contained in an editorial published by the *Osservatore* in answer to two articles which recently appeared in two newspapers of Milan. The first was by Senator Giovanni Gentile, formerly Minister of Public Instruction in Signor Mussolini's Cabinet, printed by the *Corriere della Sera*. The second was by Arnaldo Mussolini, the Premier's brother, printed by the *Popolo d'Italia*, the Premier's personal newspaper.

"Senator Gentile holds that no better solution of the Roman question can be found than in the 'Law of Guarantees,' passed by Parliament in 1871, which regulates relations between the Church and State and allows the Pope that measure of independence he now enjoys.

"Arnaldo Mussolini, however, asserts that Fascist Italy can and must find a better solution of this serious problem.

"In Senator Gentile's article the following passage occurred: 'The Church, owing to its spiritual functions in the whole world, undoubtedly requires some sort of judicial independence analogous to that enjoyed by every State. The Church should have the essential elements of a State, beginning with territory, however tiny.'"

To this the *Osservatore* replied as follows:

"We don't see why Italy can not create a State whereof the Church, as Senator Gentile himself admits, has need in order to perform its spiritual functions in the world.

"Italy violently destroyed the state of things which had been built up through centuries. Therefore she alone can restore it.

"She can restore it, if not in its former proportions, at least in a measure necessary to guarantee the visible independence of our government of souls. Italy can restore it without committing suicide, because we do not see how our tiny State could ever destroy Italy.

"This is Italy's duty. Reparation, which, according to the moral law, is binding not only on individuals but also on States, must be made by him who caused the damage. Restitution must be made by him who took away."

Later, the *Osservatore*, in a second article, strest the point that no action on the part of Italy alone, no mere legislation for the comfort and convenience of the Papacy, can settle this difficulty of fifty-seven years' standing. The recognition of the need for Papal independence must be "universal," and it must, as to its method, be absolutely satisfactory to the Holy Father. As the New York *Herald Tribune* puts it:

"The *Osservatore* says plainly that if the Vatican came to any agreement whatever, no matter how just, with the Italian Government at once, it would run a grave risk of arousing feelings among millions of Roman Catholics in other countries that the Pope had become 'an Italian chaplain,' and that 'if that should happen, the faithful within the Catholic orbit would look upon the Pope with diffidence and suspicion, interpreting in a political sense all his actions. There would be opened the way for painful defections, causing the loss of an incalculable number of souls and—God forbid!—the formation of national churches, in other words, schisms.'

"'Until the Italian Government is willing to take a universal view-point in attempting to settle the Roman question,' says the *Osservatore*, 'the Pope must continue to take the stand that there has been no progress toward a settlement of the main issues if he would avoid accusations from Catholics in other parts of the world that the Vatican is an Italian-dominated institution.'"

The writer of the *Osservatore* article then goes on to state the Pope's position with regard to the faithful of all countries, a

DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri

position to which Italy must afford full consideration if any practical results are to be expected from the negotiations:

> "The solution of the Roman question must, therefore, be such that the independence of the Pope appears evident to Catholics of the whole world. This does not mean that the Catholics of the whole world must be the judges of the solution. No. The Pope is the only judge. He alone, by Divine wish, is head of the Church and supreme master of the faithful. Therefore, he alone must decide about the conditions of liberty and independence, and also about the guaranties necessary to satisfy Catholics of the whole world.
>
> "For the present, only one method exists for avoiding such suspicions and dangers of schisms. As long as the Pope resides in territory which does not belong to him in the territory of another Power, the only possible remedy is open, clear, and universally known hostility."

An article appearing some days after this in the *Foglio d'Ordini*, a prominent Fascist organ, throws doubt upon the willingness of the Italian Government to make any territorial concessions to the Papacy. This article, as quoted by the New York *Times*, says in part:

> "It seems legitimate to deduce from the context of the *Osservatore's* articles that the question of real judicial independence of the Holy See is not necessarily allied with conditions of a territorial nature.
>
> "It is evident that for Fascist Italy a restoration, even in the most reduced form, of the temporal power which ceased in 1870, with incommensurable advantage, in our opinion, to the moral prestige of the Roman Church, should be out of the question."

The writer, however, still holds out hope of ultimate success for the negotiations when he adds:

> "We must avoid two antithetic positions, both of which are equally far removed from the truth: the position of those who dogmatically affirm the impossibility of solving the Roman question and the position of those who believe the question soluble easily and speedily.
>
> "There never has existed a knot in the whole of history which was not untied by force or patience or sagacity. This applies also to the Roman question."

In discussing the possible termination of the ancient feud between Church and State in Italy, the New York *Sun* points out editorially that relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal have been decidedly more friendly since Mussolini came into power. It is said, continues the article, that

> "The Premier does not take the view of many Catholics that the Church, as a purely spiritual organization, is stronger than it would be if encumbered even by a little slice of secular territory in Italy. At the same time is pointed out the inconvenience of the existing situation, under which, following the precedent set by Pius IX, a new Pope locks himself up in the Vatican from the moment of his election by the Conclave until he is laid away in his temporary tomb."

The Sun then hints at the personality of the Pope as a possible factor in the settlement, if one is to be achieved. It recalls the innovation introduced by Pius XI, after his elevation, when, instead of descending into St. Peter's to bless the world in the customary manner, he caused a bricked-up window of the Vatican to be broken open and gave the vast crowd on the piazza without the apostolic benediction, and adds:

> "It was this dramatic scene that led many to believe that the new Pope, a lover of the open air and a former Alpinist, would find a way to move among his people like any other bishop, instead of having to gaze at the world from the narrow confines of the Vatican Gardens."

Comment on this topic in the Italian press is reticent, according to the Baltimore *Sun*, "the majority of newspapers merely reproducing the *Osservatore's* editorials without expressing an opinion, as if not wishing to handicap the good intentions existing on both sides." The Fascist organs, however, according to *The Sun*, express the opinion that the move on the part of the Vatican "is the greatest triumph for Mussolini and his régime." The *Popolo Romano*, the leading Fascist journal, as quoted by the New York *Times*, sums up the matter thus:

> "The corner-stones of a possible accord between Church and State are substantially there; namely, no concession from the Italian State to the Holy See without a mutual agreement; no solution without taking as its basis the territorial sovereignty of the Pope, even tho very small; no foreign interference in the solution."

Among American periodicals the New York *Herald Tribune* feels that "Italy has never been in a more favorable position than now to solve the 'Roman Question,'" and the Baltimore *Sun* agrees that "the elements for a successful compromise solution of an old problem are at hand." The New York *Times* concedes that "now, at least, there is a basis on which negotiations can be started," while the New York *World* argues that the mere fact that the *Osservatore* articles have appeared at all "is a sign that the Vatican intends to keep ajar the door to further expressions of opinion."

A timely article in *The Commonweal*, a New York literary weekly with Catholic sympathies, by Monsignor Enrico Pucci, liaison officer between the Holy See and the press of the world, has this to say anent the "Roman Question":

> "The hostility toward the Catholic Church which caused the Pope to be considered as an enemy of Italy, and the Papacy to be regarded as the element which should be compelled to adapt itself to the new state of things, is now a matter of the past. To-day the Pope is considered as representing a religious and moral power which Italy venerates and respects, and with which she must settle differences in a spirit of careful justice.
>
> "This sentiment may be said to have reached its maturity during the Fascist régime, as the Duce has let no occasion escape of showing, by both words and deeds, that he ardently desires that his great work for the reconstitution of the fortunes of Italy should find its climax in the solution of the Roman question."

"PICKLE-SELLING METHODS" NOT FOR THE CHURCH—

That there is altogether too strong a flavor of modern efficiency about some of the methods adopted by the more strenuous boosters of religion, both cleric and lay, is the frankly exprest opinion of the Rev. Dr. William T. Hanzsche, chairman of the program and field activities committee of the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey, according to his recent remarks at the 105th annual meeting of that body, as reported by the New York *Herald Tribune*. Dr. Hanzsche, whose own vigorous language smacks somewhat of the methods he deprecates, perhaps, went so far as to assert that we are advertising religion to-day "as we advertise pickles and underwear."

"Dr. Hanzsche," *The Herald Tribune* tells us, "declared that the Church should stick to its field of evangelism and religious education." As quoted, he said in part:

> "We must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. At this time, whether it is the athletic contest, the beauty show or chamber of commerce, we make gods of the Cæsars of sport and industry, and particularly the Cæsars of business.
>
> "We churchmen point with pride to some church and call it great because some captain of industry or multimillionaire is a member of it. We tell every one to be good because it pays. We try the methods of business Cæsars in the Church, so that preachers become salesmen, Christ a big business man, and we advertise religion as we advertise pickles and underwear.
>
> "We have made a Cæsar out of God. We have thought of Him in terms of force, and striven to use the mailed fist and the power of organized might, the wiles of ward politics, heresy hunts and legislation to forward the Kingdom of God, and we have succeeded merely in turning the world into debating societies, parties, and divisions.
>
> "It is high time the Church ceased making a god out of Cæsar and a Cæsar out of God. We must not ape the things of Cæsar. There is only one way the Kingdom of God can be advanced and that is by winning others to us by our own kindly, Christian lives, and by educating boys and girls."

THE HARDEST WORKED MAN

THE PASTOR OF THE AVERAGE CITY CHURCH is the hardest-worked man in the community, and the young man who enters the ministry and tries to follow the line of least resistance, says Dean Charles R. Brown, of the Yale Divinity School, "is as much out of place as some dear old lady would be in a football game." Dean Brown was speaking at the opening of his department when he warned his hearers of what to expect of life in the ministry. He told them, as quoted in the press, that "the man who thinks of the ministry as a pious, respectable but withal rather an easy job had best stop, look and listen. As a city pastor for many years," he declared, "I would say without a moment's hesitation, and stand ready to defend my claim against all comers, that comparing averages with averages and exceptions with exceptions, the faithful, efficient minister in charge of a church works harder than any other man in the community." Every city pastor who works faithfully and efficiently, remarks the Utica *Press*, will confirm what Dean Brown says, and those who are familiar with the work of pastors and churches in these stirring days will do likewise. For, points out *The Press:*

"There is no eight-hour day for the minister. He is on duty twenty-four hours a day. He must be ready to respond to a midnight call, if required, and, being a minister of the Gospel, must be gracious about it. Then the Church has a meeting every night in the week, and he is expected to attend. There are a score or more of organizations, the oversight of which falls upon the pastor.

"Then there is next Sunday's sermon, which is ever on his mind. On this point Dean Brown remarked: 'You will be busy for the next forty years getting ready for next Sunday. No man in the active ministry ever escapes from that sense of responsibility. It is always there, like the power of gravitation.'"

It is a matter of common observation and comment that there are a good many inefficient clergymen, says the Providence *Journal;* but, on the other hand, is the fact that a markedly efficient man in pulpit and parish work will be in constant demand.

"In other words, a minister of exceptional ability can still find material as well as intellectual and spiritual satisfaction in his labors, tho he will, of course, fall short of the immense financial rewards that the most competent and fortunate of his contemporaries secure in other fields.

"No doubt there are young men of talent who, on the other hand, feel that they could 'make a good living' in the ministry, but are repelled by its seeming futilities. Here again they may be reassured. Old doctrines vanish or are modified, antique creeds lose their power, outworn forms of words no longer appeal to enlightened congregations. But the eternal fact of man's spiritual need endures. He must still be ministered to; indeed, in an Age of Doubt he especially requires help and inspiration. Dean Brown says: 'The man who thinks of the ministry as a pious, respectable but withal easy job, had better stop, look and listen.' But the man who visualizes it as a call to that finest of all services, the uplifting of the hearts and minds and souls of his fellows, may enter it without derogation or misgiving."

THE LOST CHRIST

By Thomas Curtis Clark

YOUR skill has fashioned stately creeds,
But where is He, we pray—
The friendly Christ of loving deeds?
He is not here to-day.

With sentences that twist and tease,
Confusing mind and heart,
You forge your wordy homilies
And bid us heed your art.

But where is He—or can you tell?—
Who stilled the brothers' strife,
Who urged the woman at the well
To live a better life?

Where is the saint of Galilee,
Crude Peter's faithful guide;
The man who wept at Bethany
Because his friend had died?

We weary of your musty lore
Behind dead walls of gray;
We want his loving words once more
By some Emmaus way.

Give us the Christ who can bestow
Some comfort-thought of death.
Give us a Christ our hearts can know—
The Man of Nazareth.

—*The Christian Century* (*Chicago*).

OUR "BADLY MUDDLED" RELIGION

"RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES is in a badly muddled state and will have a difficult time getting out." So writes Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick in an article on "Recent Gains in Religion" in the October issue of *The World To-morrow.* He feels that the rapid and sweeping changes that have taken place in Western civilization have practically junked our ancient authoritative codes and that we are faced with the disconcerting task of "recutting the conventions." He indicates that science, by handing us a multitude of new ideas and new powers, has, so to speak, upset the theological apple-cart and that "religion in consequence is ethically confused." Yet, tho the religious situation to-day appears chaotic and filled with dissension, he still sees in it many elements that hold out promise for the future.

He contends that "the readjustments of religion's thought to the modern world-view" are progressing with much greater rapidity than is suspected by the world in general. "Liberalism," in his view, "has not been ejected from the churches," but is quietly consolidating its foothold within their gates. The real nature of religion, moreover, is becoming clearer to us day by day. "Reduce it even to its simplest terms," he maintains, "and it still means devotion to those concrete spiritual values, goodness, truth, beauty, love, which the human soul recognizes as supra-personal, and in consecration to which life finds its true meaning. To serve these values is to live a religious life, and to believe that these values reveal the creative reality, God."

The minister of to-day has no call, as he sees it, "to inoculate men with religion." If he be wise, "he knows that men are religious; that a completely irreligious man, if such exists, is an insane anomaly; that human life is meaningless animal existence except as it serves spiritual values; and that the human mind will never permanently consent to think that spiritual values are a fortuitous accident born of atoms going it blind in a godless universe." He asserts that "freedom from the obsession that any creed, cult, church, or canon law constitutes religion is a great gain." Speaking of the Christian social movement whose slogan is "Back to Jesus," he points out that it has brought home to us "the towering fact that the religion of Jesus was not primarily something to be believed" but "something to be done, a program of action, and a way of life." "Faith in God" and "the application of Jesus' principles to personal and social life" are, he feels, the two vital issues for Christians.

Dr. Fosdick ends his article by making the point that religion—the living essential fact, not a mere lifeless system of crystallized belief—"is too deep and elusive to have its gains and losses cataloged," for "religion is mysticism—being strengthened with power through God's spirit in the inward man; it is ethics—the wrestling of man's ideal with man's actual; it is metaphysics—the assurance that not dirt but personality is the final interpreter of the Eternal."

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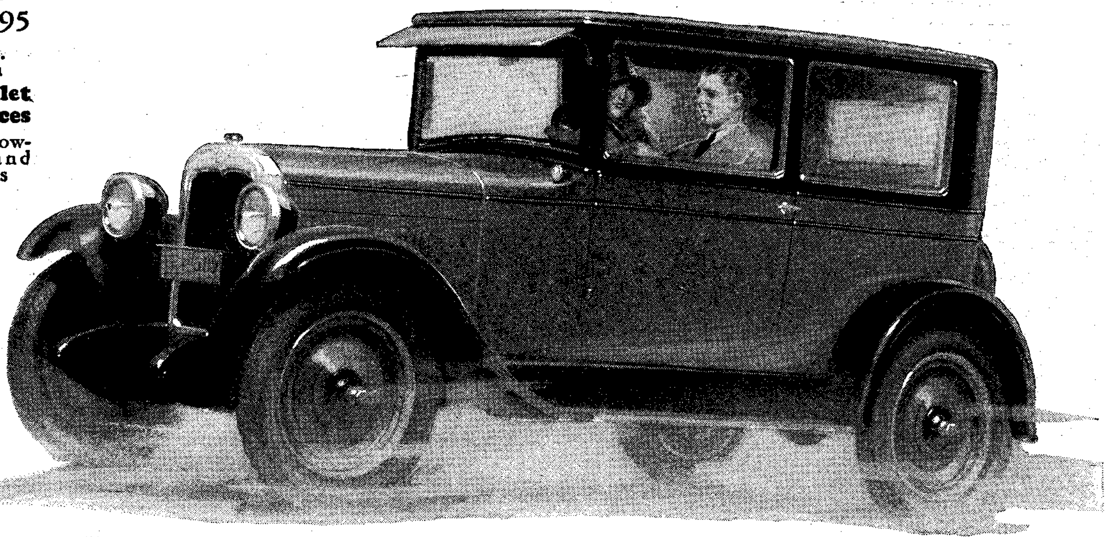
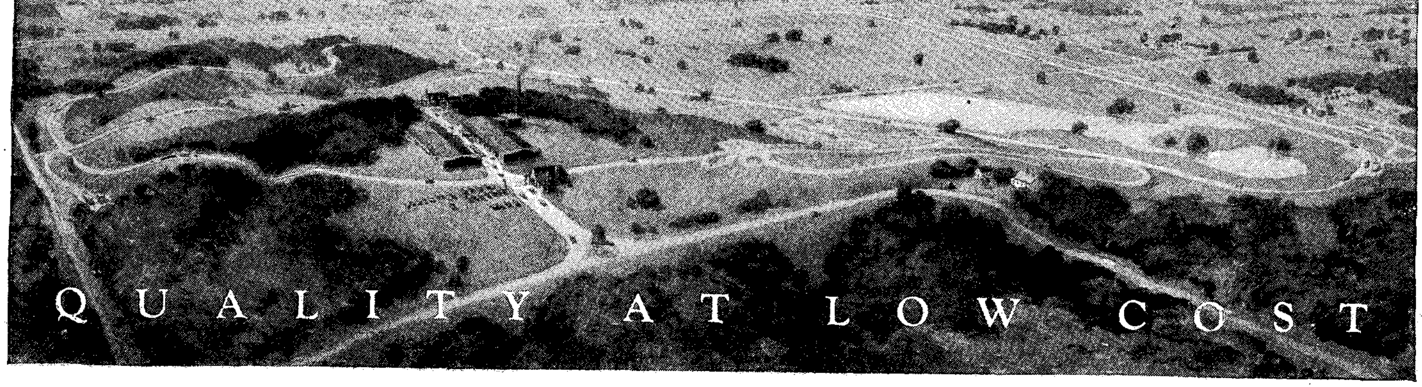


The illustration below shows a birds-eye view of the General Motors Proving Ground at Milford, Michigan.



CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

Something poetical in the same genre as Mr. Erskine's novel, "Helen of Troy," appears in *The Century:*

ATALANTA

After the Race

By Roselle Mercier Montgomery

These golden apples! And Hippomenes
Still thinks he stayed my flying feet with these!

True, in the race that other men had run
Only to death, his strength and swiftness won;
Or was it strategy? He tossed, indeed,
The gold before me and I lost my lead—
My pausing, if for but a moment's space,
To pick the apples up, gave him the race . . .
So much as this he and the world know well—
But there is somewhat more I do not tell . . .

Each time he folds me to his heart again,
I think, I almost think, I will explain—
And then I muse on men . . . and I refrain!

Oh, yes! he might be glad to know—but then
The rôle of conqueror is dear to men;
Now I am symbol of his victory,
And he, he values me accordingly . . .
What if he knew the victory was won
Before the goal was set, the race begun?

So long, so long I had been known to fame
As unattainable—until he came!
Too long, perhaps. But who was there to guess
An Atalanta—touched by loneliness?
And who could dream that thoughts came to my mind,
Of prisoned Daphne sighing on the wind?
Of Syrinx, by the river, safe, indeed,
But moaning at her fate—to be a reed?
And who could know it sometimes came to me
That gods take maidens' prayers too seriously?

And yet—and yet—I could not seem to bear
The satyr-look my suitors' eyes would wear;
A look that summed me up—appraisingly,
That seemed to strip my draperies from me.
I would not stay—to stand before them, shamed;
I fled from them in some dark fear unnamed.
And oh, the swift, sick dread, the wild alarms
When they outstretched to me their hairy arms!
And when they drew on me with panting breath,
I whispered to my heart, "Oh, better, death!"

And then one day—he came! I marked him there
Among the suitors. I seemed unaware . . .
I turned away indifferently from him . . .
Coolly I let my maidens oil each limb,
Lace on my sandals, calmly took my place—
But well I knew I would not win this race!

I had a maiden's and a runner's pride—
Both must be saved, but if he failed, he died!
I knew I was the fleeter, if I tried . . .

These golden apples? They served well indeed
As subterfuge—excuse to slack my speed!
But he goes proudly, my Hippomenes,
Believing that he won the race—with these;
And somewhat boastful of the strategy
By which he gained the victory—and me!

Sometimes I almost think I will explain—
And then I muse on men—and I refrain!
Women are wise who think—and think again!

Tho the London *Sunday Times* didn't say so, perhaps it offered this to test one's familiarity with Fitzgerald, and identify these with his quatrains:

AUTUMN AFTER OMAR KHAYYAM

By "M. D."

Beloved, though the petals of the Rose
Are scattered, and the Winter darkness grows,
No cold can touch the heart that for its heat
In pain and shadow but more warmly glows.

To-day is full of doubts, To-morrow more;
But Yesterday is ours with all its store.
Seek not to gaze too far; our Sentinel
Perhaps still watches by the open Door.

This is from the London *Spectator*—and needs some thinking over:

THE PIRATE TO THE CAPTIVE SLAVE

By K. M. Carroll

If the wild, wild thoughts are in your heart,
And the wild blood in each vein,
O, you'll find the way to a wilder deed,
And you'll do it, o'er and again:
But beyond the deed, and beyond the blood,
And beyond the thought of the heart,
There's a soul you yet may find by love,
A soul you yet may bind by love,
A soul that still is kind, if love
But teach it her gentle art.

O, you've never felt when the night is dark
And sultry skies hang low
And the raindrops hiss on the burning deck,
Wicked and hot and slow,
And you strain your eyes that can scarcely see—
And the naked sword in your hand—
That the hour the Fates thus send to you
Is the hour when Fortune may bend to you,
Or that, or the world may end for you—
But the joy few understand.

If another fall in the dim midnight,
When swords flash breast to breast,
He dies, while the world is free and young
And, strong, sinks into rest:
And all is Fortune, and all is fair,
And he or I may fall:
We but forestall the hour of death,
We mock the paltry power of death,
We pluck the purple flower of death,
And the fight's fierce joy is all!

This is Eastern doctrine, but perhaps its conviction in some Western mind is an added evidence of truth. We find it in the New York *Sun:*

PILGRIMS

By Stanton A. Coblentz

The thought pursues me that we lived before
And pass like pilgrims through eternal time.
We pitched our tents by many a storm-blown shore
And reared our fanes in many a perished clime.
Our hands were reddened with calamitous crime
Or seared with prison fagots; we have known
The nomad's tatters and the despot's throne.
Like firefly glimmers we have flashed to being
And flickered in the myriad-candled night.
Like firefly glimmers, viewed and swiftly flee'ng,
We vanished from the fragrance and the light.
Like firefly glimmers, in a tremulous flight,
Again we shone, and passed—again to rise
In other seasons, under other skies.
Life after life, in the dark lapse of ages,
May blaze to brilliance, then be lost in air,
And we must mount, by slow, laborious stages,
Up the long reaches of some unseen stair
That leads us surely—who can answer where?—
Always to toil and toil, to climb and climb
Toward some far summit in the clouds of time.

October has left us, but its healing winds sometimes linger on through its successor's days. This is reprinted from the "Conning Tower" of the New York *World:*

OCTOBER WIND

By David M'Cord

Over the hills October winds are blowing,
The glad wide winds of heaven and earth, and here
The flaming wind, the leaf by legion flowing
Across the scarlet quarter of the year.

For leaf and wind and wave the autumns squander
In a mad, wild ecstasy of days:
Blue with the blue smoke of the field-fires yonder,
Red with its smell, and cleaner than the blaze.

Now there is wind and water and the rattle
Of sober wings above the bitter grain;
The whistling brant, the dry cicada prattle,
The loud arterial benison of rain.

From sun to shadow and from brim to hollow
The journeying wind shall spend his marvelous breath;
And heart gone winging with the birds I follow
The deathless pilgrim on his round of death.

Over the hills the clamorous rook is flying:
The black wing and the red leaf and the dun;
And all the air distilled with a great crying,
And all October clarion in the sun.

Here is a deft presentation of the climactic scene in Bizet's "Carmen." It is taken from the recently published "Wandering Fires" (Harold Vinal, Ltd.)

CARMEN

By Helenjoy Kimball

What is fate holding for you, proud Gypsy?
Look in the cards and see—
Love is a wood-bird that flies here and yonder—
Is it intended for thee?
Come, deal the cards—do you fear 'tis disaster
Lies in that soiled yellow pack?
Ah, here they come—Spades is your master!
Destiny whispers—
"Toujours la Mort!"

See, there your friends are telling the cards too—
What do they find in them?
Laughing and singing they turn up the faces
Showing their loves are true.
Deal them again,—Just hear how they chatter—
Love is in every card!
Can you not join them in their happy banter?—
"Toujours l'amour,"—No,
"Toujours la Mort!"

The theme of Henley's "Invictus" is treated with present-day nonchalance in *The Harp* (Larned, Kan.). The free rimes open up new possibilities to poets who have difficulty in this direction:

AND OVER THE MOON

By Clement Wood

I won't be blown like a leaf in a gale
With a tumbling mast and a shredded sail;

I'll knot my hands in the mane of the wind,
And link my legs for a bellyband;

Nose to his shoulder, haunched on his rump,
Set for the jerkiest stumble or jump,

A part of him—No, that's not it:
With arms for reins and my will for a bit,

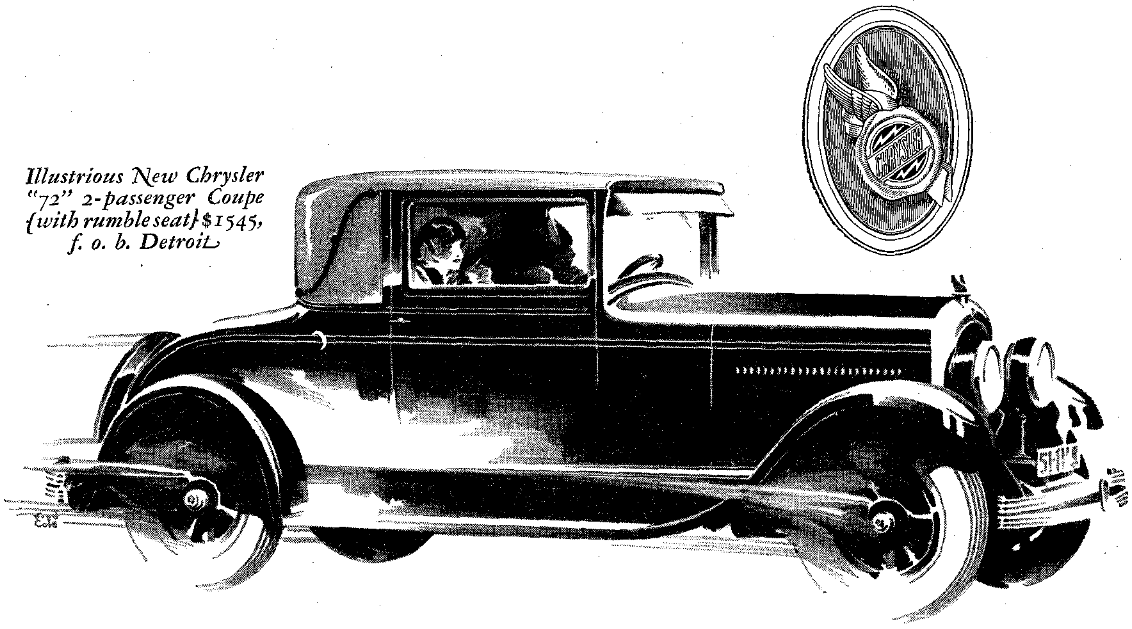
I'll be the brain that he must obey;
I'll hold him taut to the sky-blown way

I choose—trampling the loose sea,
Storming through city and low valley,

Foot off the last rock above the green,
And over the moon, and over the sun.

Back, you ask, once we've trod sky?
Could you tell me a single reason why?

CHRYSLER-EVER AHEAD EVER MORE DESIRABLE



Illustrious New Chrysler "72" 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat) $1545, f. o. b. Detroit

THE country today, even more than in the beginning, is Chrysler-wild. The first response to the thrill of Chrysler appearance and Chrysler performance has never for a moment diminished.

For Chrysler engineering, taking full advantage of the fact that it was years ahead when its first car was put upon the market nearly four years ago, has seen to it that every day since then new developments, new improvements and new ideas have kept Chrysler ever fresh, ever more desirable.

From the start Chrysler captured the public preference through new ideas of appearance and design. Chrysler performance, dependability and long life have held that preference fast among growing thousands upon thousands of enthusiastic owners.

Today, everywhere that automobiles are spoken of, you will hear—first of all—Chrysler.

Good reason, too. Because Chrysler cars—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80," supreme value in each price class from $725 to $3595—embodying developments and pioneer improvements, are always ahead, far ahead of all others. Only a thorough test, with you at the wheel, if you wish, can show you just how far ahead.

* * *

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, produces extra speed, still faster acceleration and even greater hill-climbing ability than the standards announced. This remarkable development is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72" and sport roadster of the Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types. For a reasonable charge it can be applied to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.*

CHRYSLER

"52 · 62 · 72 · IMPERIAL 80"
PRICED FROM $725 TO $3595
F.O.B. DETROIT

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

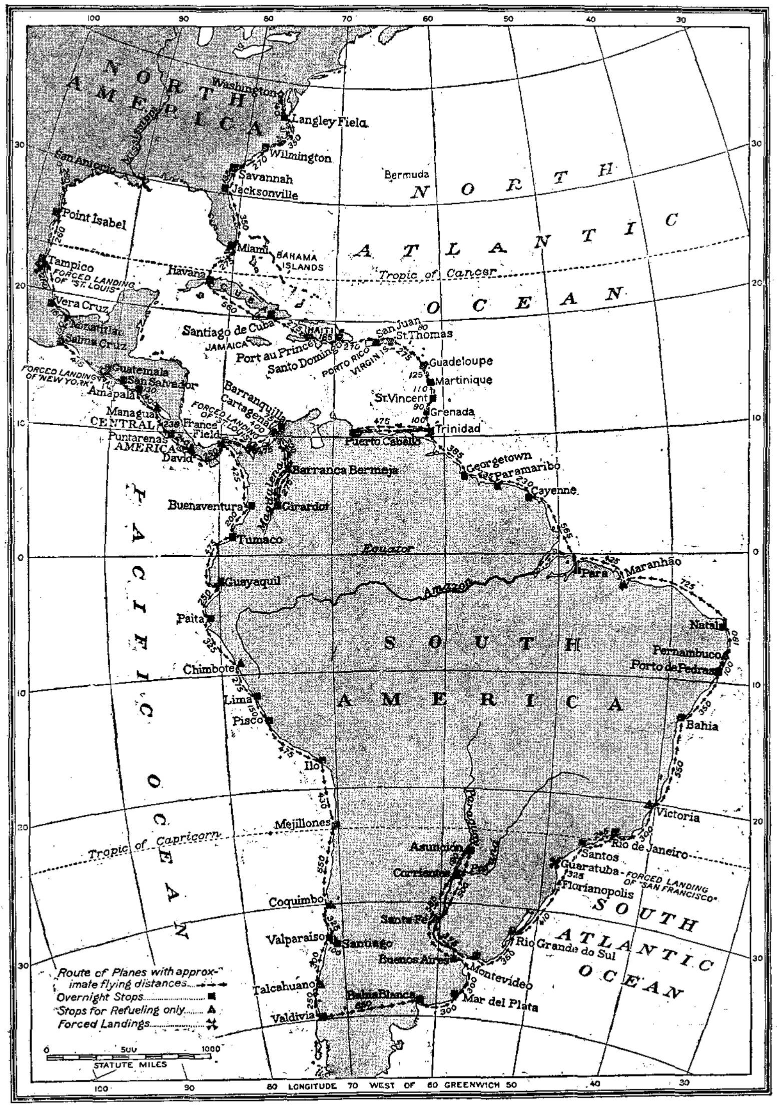
BUMPING INTO NEW AIR THRILLS IN SOUTH AMERICA

"I CAUGHT A FLASH OF BLACK AND YELLOW slightly higher and just off the rear of my left wing. Then we crashed. Too much happened within the next few seconds for any brain to grasp it all. The two planes fell as one in a violent spin. Wreckage was flying all about."

We are witnessing the most terrible adventure of the 22,000-mile Pan-American Good-Will Flight from Texas to Patagonia and back, as recalled by the expedition's commander, Major Herbert A. Dargue, of the United States Army Air Corps, in the October *National Geographic Magazine*. The planes had weathered storms, looked down into volcanoes, successfully hurdled over the Andes, and were alighting at Buenos Aires under ideal conditions, when disaster came so swiftly that no one has ever been able fully to explain it.

Never had they flown in more perfect formation, says the commander. He was in the lead, piloting the *New York*, with the *San Francisco* at his right rear and the *Detroit* in a similar position on the left. Behind, the *St. Louis* closed the diamond. Three Argentine planes were flying with them as an escort. "I gave the signal to break formation," writes Major Dargue. "After seeing the *Detroit* turn up and away and going apparently far to my left rear, I glided gently downward and started a very slight turn to get in a position to make a landing. My attention was given to locating, over the right side of my plane, an Argentine flyer who had passed diagonally beneath me." It was only a matter of seconds, he adds, when he glanced up to the left—and saw that it was already too late to avoid a collision with the *Detroit!* His own thrilling escape he relates as follows:

> I loosened my safety-belt, and my effort to get free was aided by the centrifugal force of the spin. I was literally thrown out. The spinning mass hit me a terrible thud in my left side just as I pulled my parachute.
>
> Now my chute was fouled, entangled in the falling wrecks. As we neared earth at terrific speed, I concluded this was the end.
>
> But the planes suddenly broke apart. My silken cord commenced to tug at my shoulders. I was out in the air.
>
> Two great pieces had been torn from my chute; a rip extended from skirt nearly to crown and broken shroud lines dangled loosely.
>
> In falling I had only time to glance upward and see another parachute and several pieces of wreckage far above. Then a double crash occurred right beneath me. The *New York* and the *Detroit* had made their last descent, and the cause of international amity had martyred two of our cherished comrades.
>
> I hit the ground hard and Lieutenant Whitehead landed a couple of hundred yards from me.


NORTH AMERICA
Washington
Langley Field
Wilmington
Savannah
Jacksonville
San Antonio
Point Isabel
Miami
BAHAMA ISLANDS
Havana
Tampico
FORCED LANDING OF "ST. LOUIS"
Vera Cruz
Salina Cruz
Santiago de Cuba
JAMAICA
HAITI
Port au Prince
Santo Domingo
PORTO RICO
San Juan
St. Thomas
VIRGIN IS.
Guadeloupe
Martinique
St. Vincent
Grenada
Trinidad
FORCED LANDING OF "NEW YORK"
Guatemala
San Salvador
Amapala
Managua
CENTRAL AMERICA
Puntarenas
France Field
David
Barranquilla
Cartagena
FORCED LANDING
Puerto Cabello
Barranca Bermeja
Girardot
Buenaventura
Tumaco
Georgetown
Paramaribo
Cayenne
Equator
Amazon
Para
Maranhão
Guayaquil
Paita
Natal
Pernambuco
Porto de Pedras
Chimbote
Lima
Pisco
Bahia
Ilo
Mejillones
Victoria
Rio de Janeiro
Santos
Guaratuba
FORCED LANDING OF "SAN FRANCISCO"
Florianopolis
Asuncion
Corrientes
Coquimbo
Santa Fé
Valparaiso
Santiago
Buenos Aires
Montevideo
Rio Grande do Sul
Talcahuano
Bahia Blanca
Mar del Plata
Valdivia
Bermuda
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Tropic of Cancer
PACIFIC OCEAN
Tropic of Capricorn
SOUTH AMERICA
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
Route of Planes with approximate flying distances
Overnight Stops
Stops for Refueling only
Forced Landings
STATUTE MILES
0
500
1000
LONGITUDE WEST OF GREENWICH
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0

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THE ROUTE OF UNCLE SAM'S "GOOD-WILL" HOPS

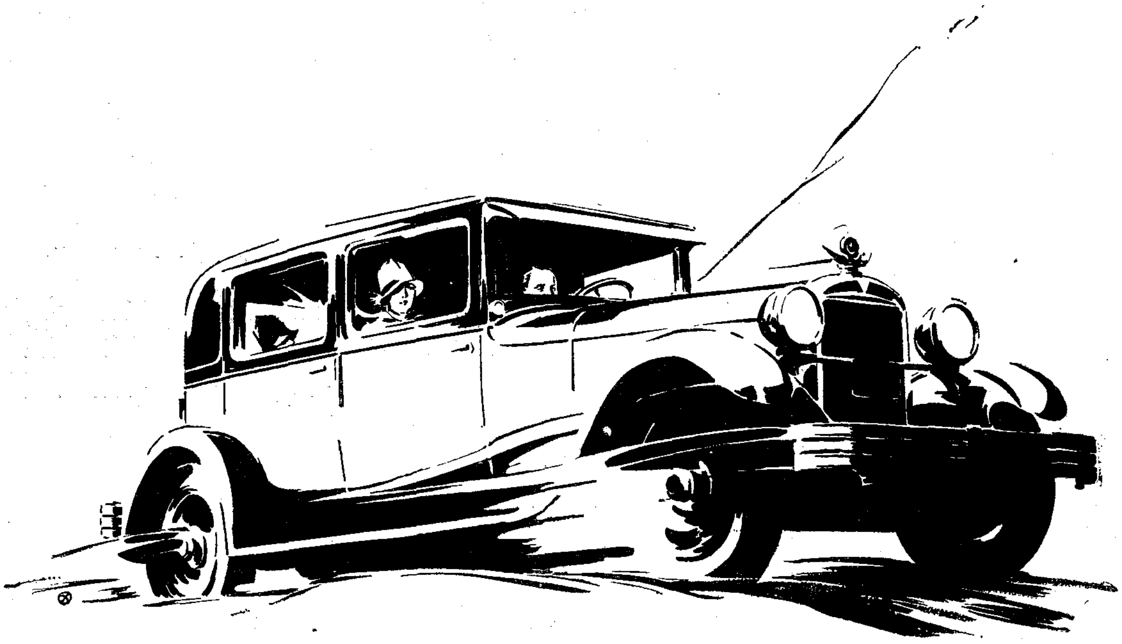
Twenty countries of Latin America were covered in this "trail-blazing flight of United States army airplanes," of which the stirring story is here told.

This successful jump for life is described also by Lieutenant Whitehead, who remarks that in his descent to earth he calmly took off his shoes to keep from turning his ankles when he hit the ground. But Captain Woolsey and Lieutenant Benton of the *Detroit* had gone to death with their plane. The President of Argentina and all his Cabinet later marched in the funeral procession. It was a hot day and the Minister of Marine fell in the street with a heart attack and died. Major Dargue continues:

> Woolsey and Benton had left us. They had gone on an eternal mission of good-will. How we missed them, none will ever know. No two men could have contributed more to the success of our great undertaking.
>
> President Coolidge, in his message of good-will, which we carried to Dr. Marcelo T. de Alvear, President of the Argentine Republic, stated:
>
> "I trust that Your Excellency will see in the visit of these American flyers another evidence of the ardent desire of the Government and people of the United States to promote good understanding and better acquaintance between the two Governments and peoples—an object which was the chief motive inspiring the undertaking of the voyage."

A fleet of five United States army planes had been sent to carry friendly greetings from Uncle Sam to twenty nations of Latin America, stretching from Mexico down to Argentina; and Major Dargue admits that it was a happy moment for him when he was placed in command of this unique expedition, and ordered to go—

> From Texas, by air, over the pagan Toltec Trail, past smoking Central American volcanoes; over the tombs and ruined cities of the Anahuacs and Incas; down the far-away coast of Chile;



High Compression Performance *that thrills the most Veteran Experts*

By the Automobile Expert of "Automobile Topics"

"*It has . . . . all the 'punch' in the world* . . . . a smart push in the back every time the accelerator pedal is trod upon. Throughout its whole range, the response to throttle seems to be precisely the same. 'Soft spots' are simply not to be found.

"*. . . . it will walk away from the traffic signal* faster than anything Hudson has ever built . . . . It will step out of line and jump into the lead from any speed without the slightest hesitation.

"But further, all this is accomplished without a vestige of that tinkle-tinkle business under the hood that Englishmen know as 'pinking' and American engineers as the gas knock, or detonation. Apparently this present Hudson engine *just isn't going to 'ping' when the throttle is quickly opened,* or when the car is driven hard against a hill.

"Under precisely similar conditions most any modern engine will detonate when running on ordinary fuel . . . . .

"*The Hudson motor does what it does on any old fuel at all,* it is said, and assuredly does it on the run of the pump fuel that is sold at base prices everywhere."

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Models (*118 inch wheelbase*)	
Coach	$1175
Sedan	1285
(*127 inch wheelbase*)	
Coach	$1285
Sedan	1385
Custom-Built Models (*127 inch wheelbase*)	
Brougham	$1575
7-Pass. Phaeton	1600
7-Pass. Sedan	1850

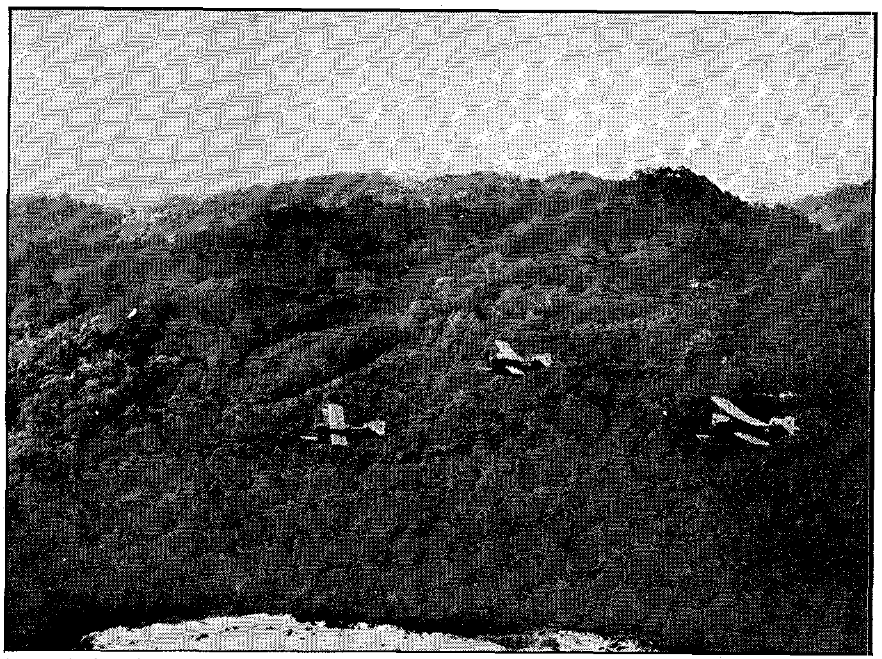
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Quality Leadership the Backbone of its *Supremacy*

Hudson design attains its greatest margins of supremacy in performance and reliability, only because it is accompanied by an equally pre-eminent leadership of quality in materials and workmanship. The great suppliers will tell you that its material standards are more exacting than many of the costliest cars. Its precision manufacture is carried to limits as fine as automobile practice has ever achieved. And its standards are guarded by inspection as careful, and watchful, as these rigid principles of quality themselves.

HUDSON *Super-Six*

"Use Any Gasoline"



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WHERE SLAVE SHIPS ONCE ANCHORED TO SELL THEIR MERCHANDISE

Pirates, too, infested this northern coast of Panama, where an old highway across the Isthmus formerly had its Atlantic terminus. Here the "good-will" airmen flew low.

up among the clouds and giant condors of the high Andes; out across the wide, flat pampas; up the long, lonely, jungle-lined shores of Brazil, and then home across the friendly blue waters and green isles of the Caribbean, blazing a new trail in the conquest of the air.

Roaring up from Kelly Field on the morning of December 21, 1926, circling over San Antonio and the old Alamo in the clear, bright air of Texas, we pointed our amphibian noses boldly toward Cape Horn, waved adieu to cheering friends, and were off on the first aerial circumnavigation of the Southern Continent ever attempted.

In each of our five planes there were two officers. In the flagship *New York* I had as my associate First Lieut. E. C. Whitehead; in the *San Antonio* were Capt. A. B. McDaniel and First Lieut. Charles McK. Robinson; in the *San Francisco* were Capt. Ira C. Eaker and First Lieut. M. S. Fairchild; in the *Detroit*, Capt. C. F. Woolsey and First Lieut. John W. Benton; in the *St. Louis;* First Lieut. B. S. Thompson and First Lieut. L. D. Weddington. Two of these were never to return.

With Mexico unrolling like a giant map beneath them, in four hours the flyers raised the twinkling beacons of Tampico above the horizon at dusk, and the next day they landed on the buzzard-infested beach at Vera Cruz. At almost the same moment a seventy-five-mile-an-hour "norther" blew up and forced them to bury railroad ties as anchors to keep their planes from being wrecked or blown completely away. From that time until they had passed the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and its eternal wind-flume, the army planes had their work cut out for them. The Commander writes:

It was with thankful hearts that, on the last day of the old year 1926, we finally got into the air and sped southeast along the coast to Minatitlán. A bumpy New Year's Day ride in the skies carried us across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec from Minatitlán to Salina Cruz on the Pacific coast. Borne by a howling gale, we made that 150-mile hop in seventy-five minutes flat, including the climb south of Mount Zempoaltepec, more than 11,000 feet high!

With the wind twisting our tails, we raced over swamps, jungles and mountains. As we approached the heights, the velocity of the wind became terrific. As it swept around mountain peaks, we had to fight our controls every second. One moment an air wave would strike one wing and almost capsize the plane; the next moment another would strike the entire machine and it would skyrocket for several hundred feet; then a descending current would grab us and hurl us earthward.

With these angry wind gods we struggled all the way to Salina Cruz. Here, with rare luck, we managed to land behind a breakwater and get upon the wind-swept beach, where we made anchors for our tugging planes by burying railroad ties in the sand.

For years American and European engineers talked of Salina Cruz as the possible terminus of a ship railway across Tehuantepec. The Panama Canal, of course, marked the end of any such plan. Now, to me, the busiest thing thereabout is the whirlwind. It seems to twist forever around those bare, empty hills. The sand it carries stung our faces like fine shot. Powdered sand got into our planes, our fountain-pens, our watch-cases.

With eyes and mouths full of Salina Cruz sand, we were glad to get into the air next morning. But we don't know yet how we did it, for a fifty-mile offshore gale was blowing, and the only possible way to start was by taking off from the rough, open sea. Tossed like corks from wave to wave, we finally jumped off, one after another, and headed for Guatemala.

With the long white beach of Chiapas as a guide past jungles and lagoons, the adventurers soon were circling over San José,

(*Continued on page 45*)

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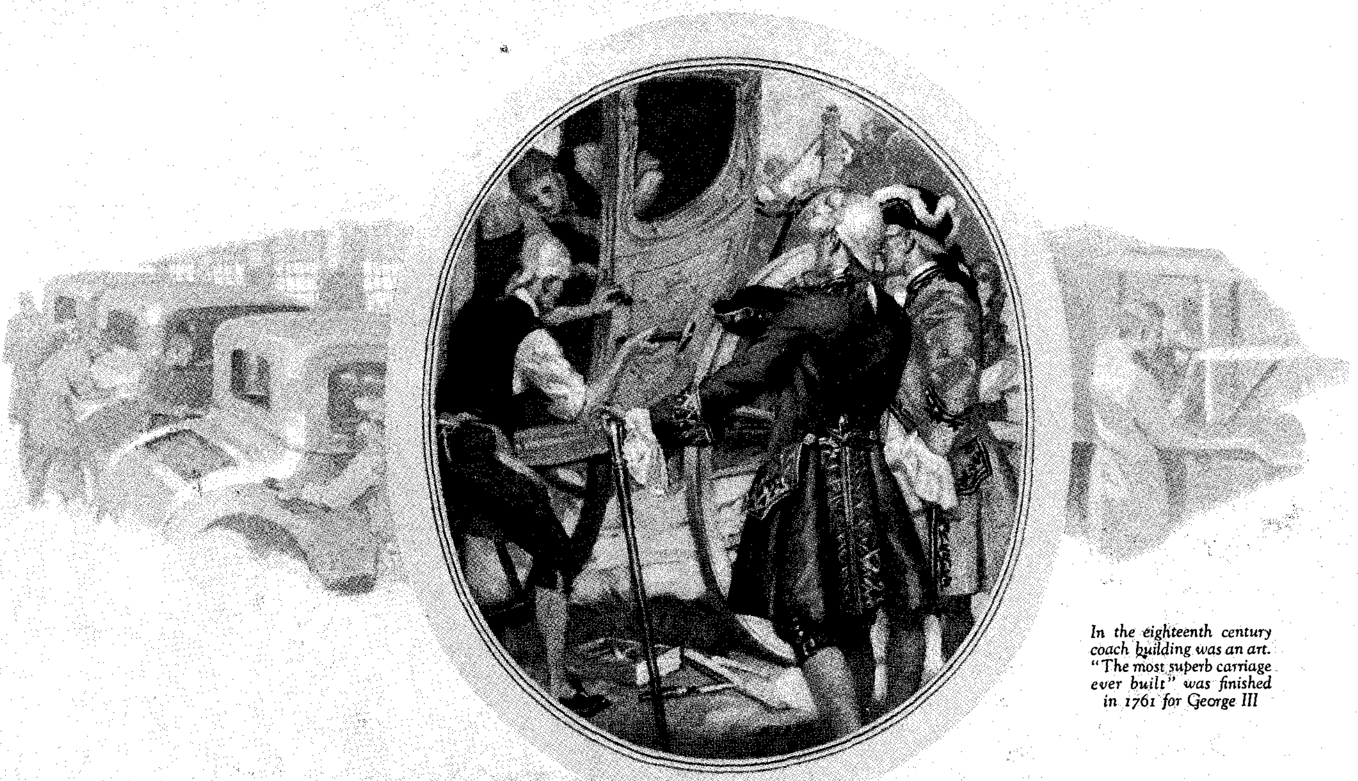
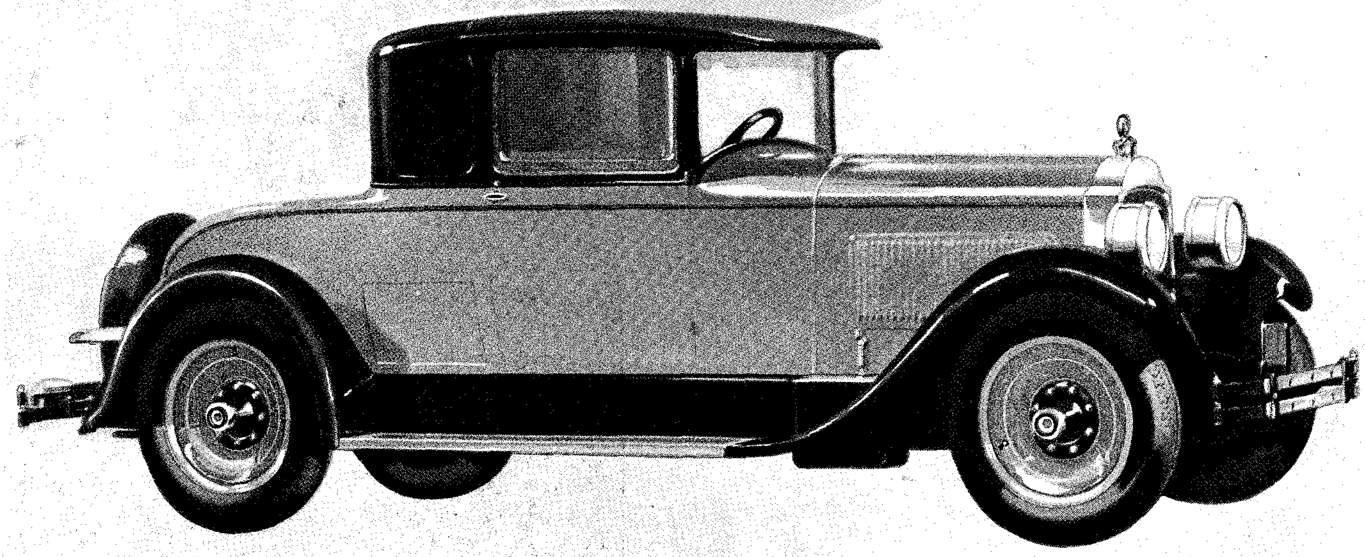
GUATEMALA CITY, WHERE TWO OF THE FLYERS ALMOST CAME TO GRIEF

This mountain capital, where our aviators were greeted by the President of Guatemala, is said to have been "old and cultured when Boston was a village."



In the eighteenth century coach building was an art. "The most superb carriage ever built" was finished in 1761 for George III



THOSE who design and build Packard bodies add to the accumulated skill of centuries the benefits of modern tools and processes.

The new Packard Six cars include every desirable body type, each offered in a wide selection of tasteful color combinations.

Among the most striking of these is the two passenger Coupe, an entirely new model, designed and built in Packard's own body shops.

This is the lowest priced truly fine and powerful car of its type and will find great favor with business and professional men as well as for family use.

A folding and most comfortable seat, fitting flush within the rear deck when not in use, provides capacity for two additional passengers when desired.

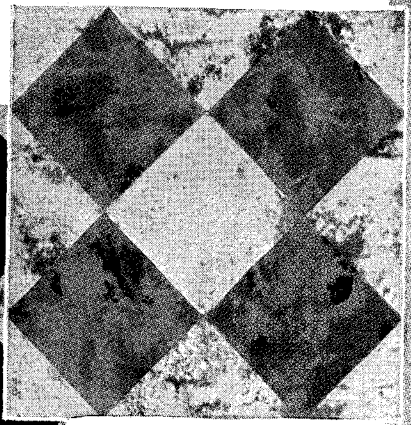
Each Packard Six has been refined and improved in motor, in chassis and in body and each stands as the most outstanding value in its price class.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

At Last—the beauty of rare marbles an absolutely soil-proof surface are co

The "Imperial" Pattern (3032) Karnean Marbled Inlaid



The "Greycloud" Pattern (3035) Karnean Marbled Inlaid

COLORINGS soft and mellow . . . colorings rich and magnificent . . . lovely and distinctive as the marbles quarried from Italian hillsides. *Karnean Marbled Inlaid*—the new inlaid linoleum, achieves for the first time the luxurious effect of marble in modern, reasonably-priced flooring.

In the *Imperial* pattern (shown in the picture) ebony enriches the tones of copper and cream. Other designs feature the changing greens of the sea, the rich bronze of Fall foliage, the long purple shadows at twilight. Designs such as these will bring new beauty and distinction to every room in the house.

These gloriously decorative patterns are the newest thing in Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS—and a startling innovation among all inlaid linoleums. They also introduce a sensational feature entirely new to linoleum manufacture—the Nairn *Super Finish.*

This recently-discovered process makes this inlaid linoleum virtually soil-proof and adds years of extra service. As a result, *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* is impervious to dirt and stains. It is as easy to clean as glazed tile.

And when cemented down over felt, this comfortable, sound-deadening flooring will last as long as the house it beautifies.

You really *must* see these patterns! A special folder just off the press shows them in full color in all the richness of their marble veinings. May we send you a copy?

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, San Francisco, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Dallas, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Rio de Janeiro.

The "Imperial" Pattern (No. 3032) in Karnean Mar

ALL the charm, color, life, beauty, comfort, and permanence of the finest floors in the worl to choose from in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS.

Here are shown the beautiful new *Karnean Ma* patterns—perfect replicas of the colorings and rare marbles. Other types of patterns, too—do ferent effects by master designers. All inexp beautiful—all *inlaid.* Colors go through to t

When buying INL

GOLD SE

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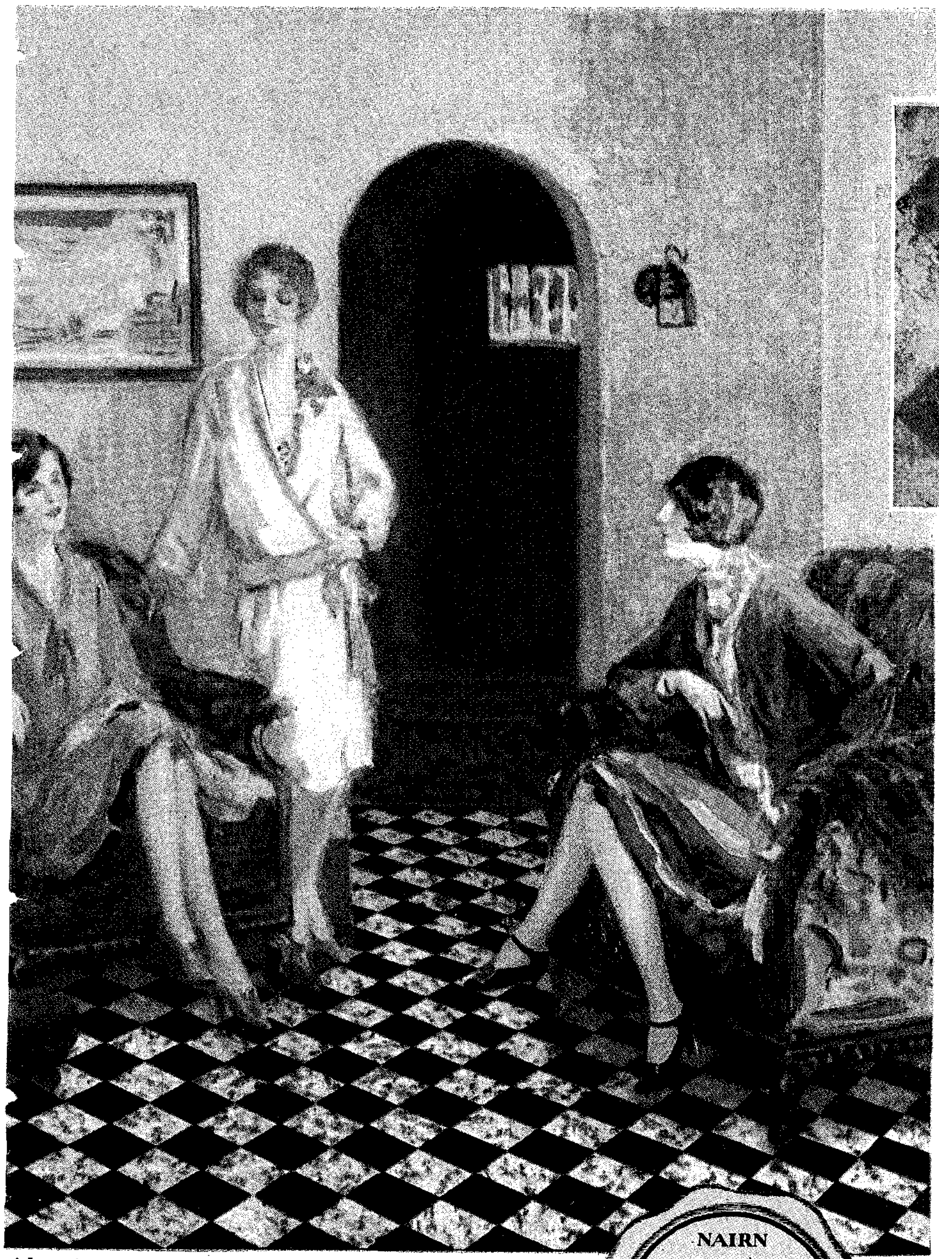
ined in inlaid linoleum —



id—with the exclusive soil-proof Super Finish

NAIRN
Gold Seal
LINOLEUM
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
WET CLOTH

ness
ours
laid
g of
dif-
—all
;, to

keep the floor new looking for years.

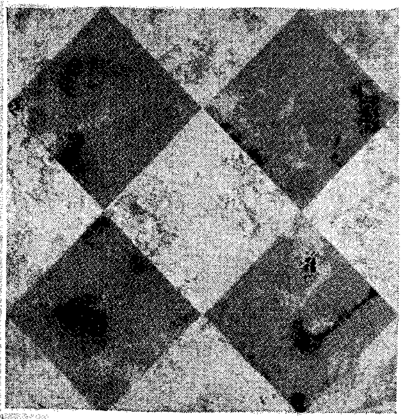
Your new Gold Seal Inlaid floor can be installed by your dealer in a short time and with scarcely any inconvenience to you.

The Gold Seal above is your assurance of highest quality . . . unequalled value . . . "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Insist that this well-known quality mark appear on the face of the linoleum you buy!

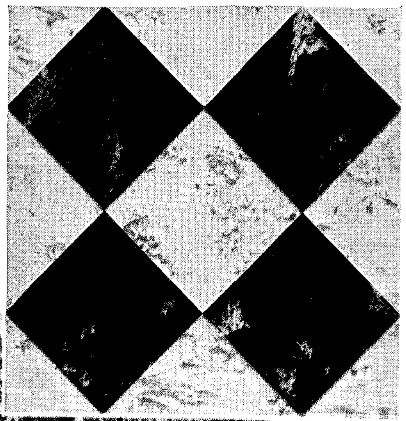
LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

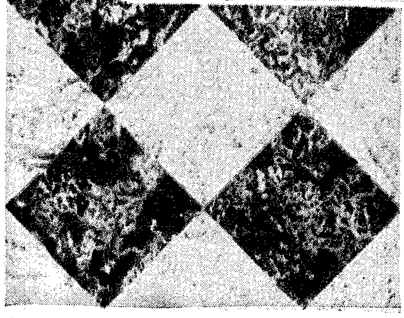
L INLAIDS

The "Autumn" Pattern (3034)
Karnean Marbled Inlaid



The "Granada" Pattern (3031) Karnean Marbled Inlaid





The "Neptune" Pattern (3033) Karnean Marbled Inlaid

Creating a Charming Home

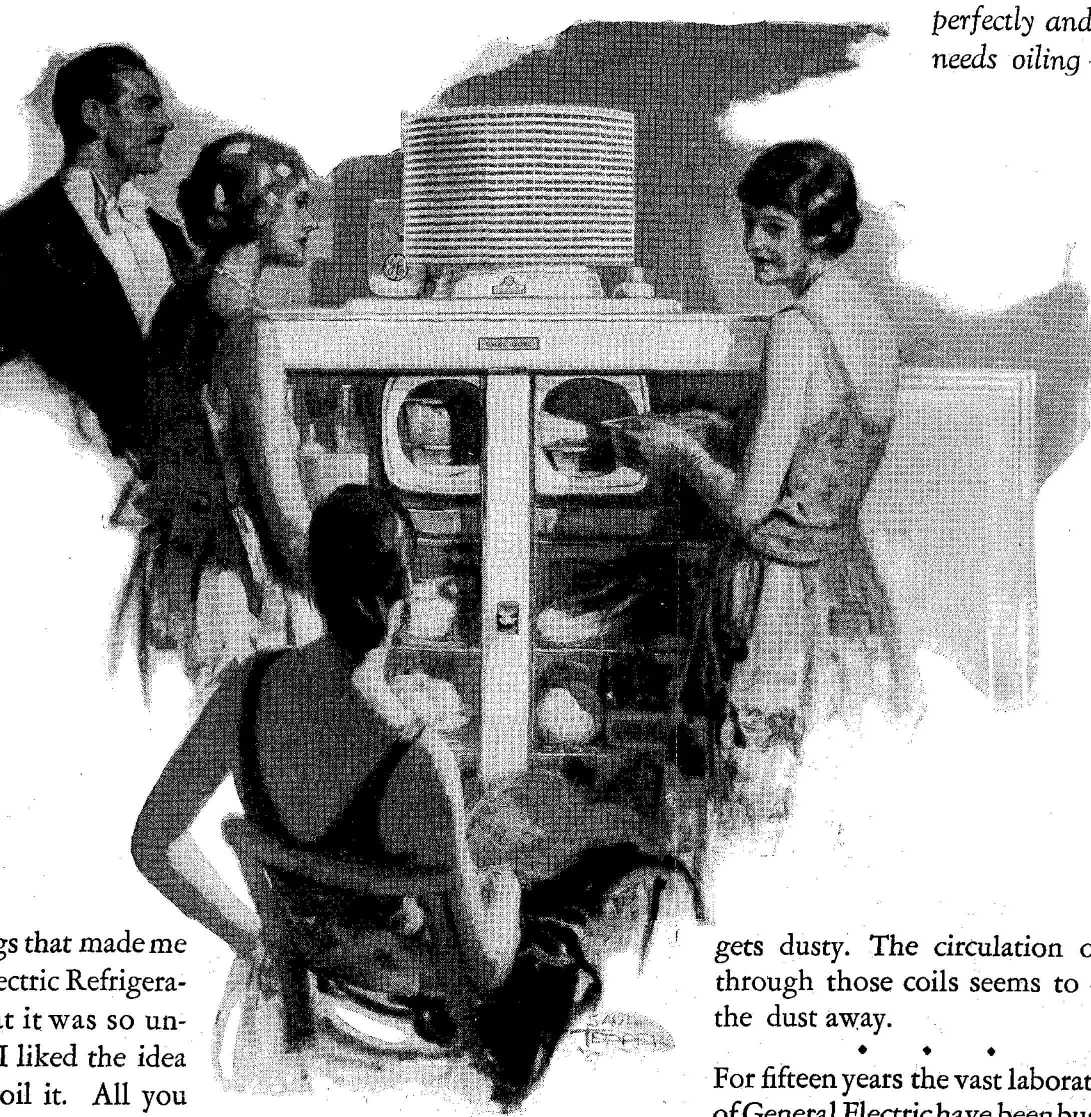
FREE! Folder of *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* designs . . . revised handbook *Creating a Charming Home* . . and the new and ingenious *Color Scheme Selector.* Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

It hasn't a single belt, fan or drain pipe . . . .

It always works perfectly and never needs oiling . . . .



One of the first things that made me favor this General Electric Refrigerator was the fact that it was so unusually quiet. And I liked the idea of never having to oil it. All you have to do is plug it into an electric outlet . . . and then you can forget it. It hasn't any belts, drains, fans, or stuffing boxes.

But, of course, the thing that appeals to me most is the way it has cut my housekeeping job. I only market twice a week now, because I have plenty of space and just the right temperature to keep all sorts of foods in perfect condition.

We go away for week-ends without having to worry about ice. Everything is ready for use when we get back.

Cooking has become easier, too. Desserts, which used to be the most difficult part of the dinner to prepare, now are beautifully simple—and ever so much more attractive.

Expensive to run? Not a bit. It uses very little current to make all the ice we need and give us perfect refrigeration. And, do you know, it's quite remarkable the way the top of this box never gets dusty. The circulation of air through those coils seems to drive the dust away.

◆ ◆ ◆

For fifteen years the vast laboratories of General Electric have been busy developing this simplified refrigerator. Four thousand models of nineteen different types were built, field-tested and improved before these new-day refrigerators were produced.

You will want to see the models. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 11-D which is interesting and completely descriptive.

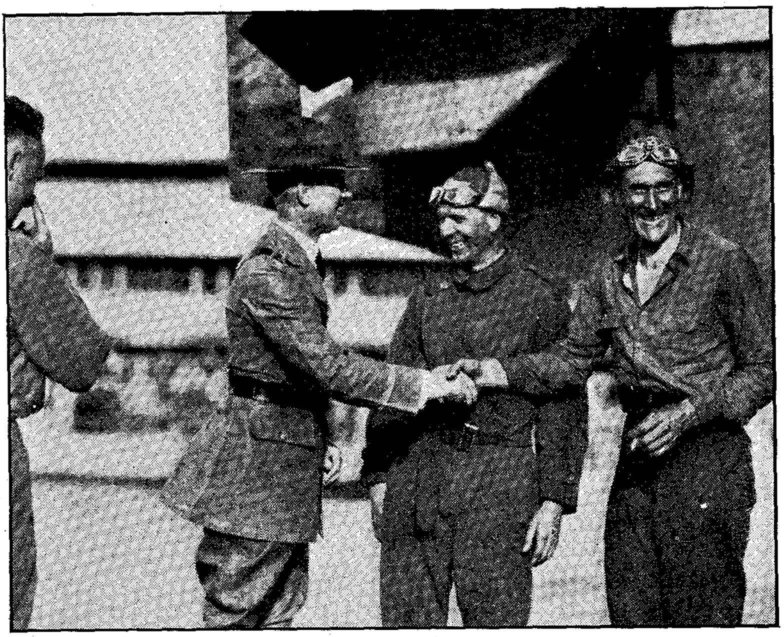
Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 40*)

chief seaport of Guatemala and Pacific terminus of the American-built railway which ties Guatemala City to the Pacific. Says Major Dargue:



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A REGULAR "ATTA BOY" WELCOME IN THE CANAL ZONE

There was no need of Spanish or Portuguese phrase-books when aviators Woolsey and Whitehead arrived thus at France Field, near Uncle Sam's "Big Ditch."

> Turning inland at San José and flying now almost northeast for the capital, we crossed over a section of what will some day be part of the long-talked-of Pan-American Railway—a line to link up the Americas as the Cape-to-Cairo line plans to link Egypt with South Africa.
>
> Guided by a giant smoke plume, puffed up from Fuego, hard by extinct Agua and Pacaya, triplet peaks of these earthquaky hills, we soon flew the seventy-five miles from the sea to Guatemala City and landed there at 5,000 feet.
>
> To the President of Guatemala, who received us at the landing-field, we presented an official letter of greeting from the President of the United States. This city, one of the most charming of Central American capitals, extended us the warmest hospitality.
>
> But Guatemala came near marking the end of the flight for Whitehead and me. As the fleet, heavily loaded with gas, took off in a wind, it was difficult at this elevation to clear certain obstacles bordering the flying-field. "Trees in front of my rising plane seemed to grow at the rate of fifty feet a second," one of our flyers afterward said. My own plane, the *New York*, developed a miss in the motor just after getting into the air. To avoid smashing into an old stone aqueduct, we shut off the gas and squatted in a corn-field, breaking our landing gear and damaging our hull. Seeing us in trouble, the other planes came back.
>
> After repairs, the *New York*, with the aid of the Guatemalan Government and kindly railroad officials, was hauled to near-by Lake Amatitlán, where once again we saw the advantage of flying an amphibian. Tho too heavy, when fully loaded, to clear safely the obstacles about the small flying-field, the flagship rose readily from the lake.
>
> Safe and sound here at home, we Americans think little of volcanoes; but in our flight down Central America we saw plenty of evidence that the volcano business is still active. On the way to San Salvador we passed one mountain whose whole huge side had been completely blown away—a disaster which a few years ago destroyed fields, forests, and villages. And there was Izalco, so exact in its explosions that it might well serve as a master timepiece in this part of the world. Every twenty minutes it belches forth a great column of smoke and steam, serving as a beacon for ships as far out as sixty miles at sea.

San Salvador left the travelers with pleasant memories of Lake Ilopango, on which they rested. From there they hopped off for Amapala, Honduras, where a native army band played lively music for them as they hauled their planes out on the beach. The narrative continues:

> As the landing-field at Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, is too small to accommodate heavy amphibians, we left our ships at Amapala and motored inland, over hairpin turns and around dizzy slopes. In honor to the friendly nation we represented, the Honduran Congress adjourned during our visit.
>
> Loath as we were to leave this pretty, peaceful, and railroadless mountain capital, rigid adherence to schedule called us quickly back to our waiting planes, and from Amapala we took the air for Nicaragua, flying over the extinct volcano of Coseguina. Twice I circled its fire-baked, rough old rim and saw my plane's shadow sweep over the lake of robin's-egg blue that lies in its crater.
>
> Far ahead of us, rising from the crater of Momotombo, a thin column of smoke, acting as a weather-vane, showed us the wind's direction, as we flew for Lake Managua. Here we landed, opposite the capital city of Nicaragua. Quickly anchored, we called on the President of this restless republic, exchanged official greetings, and were off.
>
> Flying southeast, we soon were crossing that large inland body of water called Lake Nicaragua. Our destination was the Gulf of Nicoya, whose storm-swept shores are lined with shipwrecks. We realized that we were facing difficulties, as we approached these notoriously turbulent waters. And Nicoya did not belie its reputation. Until we finally succeeded in making a landing at Puntarenas on this stormy gulf, we had not had time to see the big blisters worn on our hands through hard gripping of the controls.
>
> A short trip up to San José, the capital city, more official calls, and again we poked our buzzing noses toward the Equator. Painted against the high green hills of Costa Rica, flocks of rainbows, formed by sun-rays against mountain showers, followed us on our flight. In a dead calm we struck the low, green-timbered hills of Panama, habitat of the timid tapir and the sleepy sloth. As we floated peacefully toward the Canal, I wrote letters home as comfortably as in the writing-room of an ocean-liner.
>
> The twenty-seven United States army planes, from France Field, on the Zone, came out to meet us. Waving a greeting from the air, they pulled into formation and escorted us to the landing.

Five motor-trucks full of letters, awaiting them at the Canal Zone, and the big task of overhauling all the planes for the hard grind ahead, divided the attention of the good-will tourists for the next few days; but on Sunday, January 22, came the hop-off for Bogotá in the high heart of Colombia. This was a side-trip, from which they would return later to the Canal Zone for a fresh start down the west coast. Two planes, their hulls damaged, had to be left behind for repairs. Let Major Dargue relate the remarkable escape of one of the other planes:

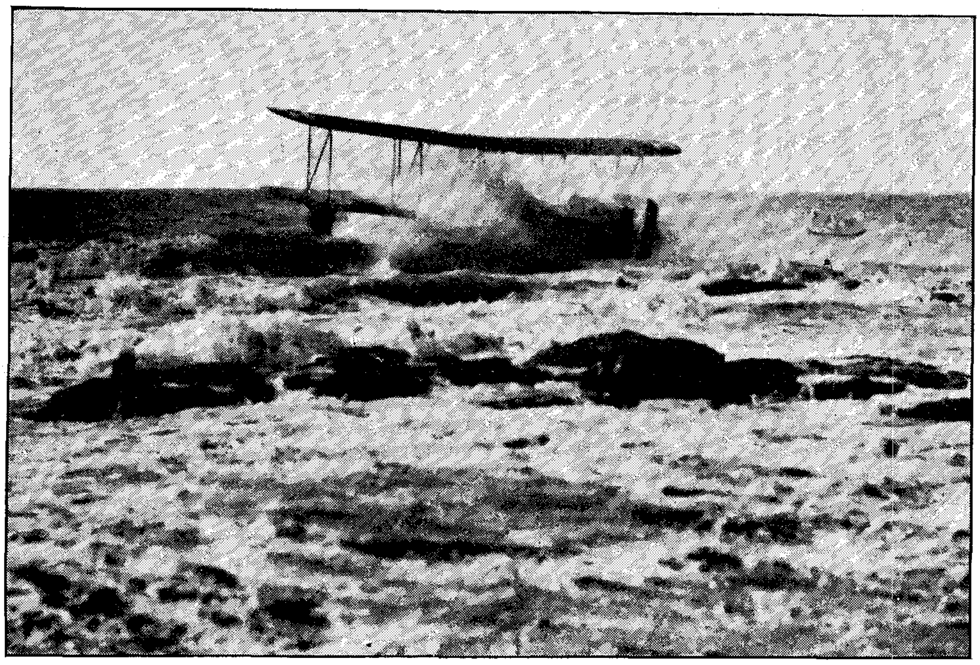
> Land faded from view as we cut across the Gulf of Darien, an arm of the Caribbean. Below, a rough sea tossed and tumbled. Wherefore I worried when the *St. Louis* signaled "engine trouble" and began to lag. It limped along, however, until we neared the Colombian coast. Then it sank to the sea. I gave it up for lost. I did not see how any plane could alight on such tumbling seas and not be pounded to pieces. Gloomily and reluctantly, therefore, we had to fly on, leaving Thompson and Weddington to save the *St. Louis* and themselves, if they could.
>
> Hours later, when we had alighted at the Magdalena's mouth and were housing our planes in the sheds of the German "Schadta" Company, which operates an air fleet in Colombia, imagine our relief and delight to see the good old *St. Louis* come roaring in!
>
> "No boats were in sight. Soon the billows would have broken us up," explained Thompson. "We couldn't get her ashore, so we decided we'd just as well break her up trying to fly as to hang on until she went to pieces under us. So we just gave her the gun and bounced from wave to wave till a big one threw us about fifty feet into the air. That was our chance! We nosed her over the next incoming roller, and here we are."
>
> The battered old *St. Louis* showed the effects of its beating. Its radiator was bent and leaking, and the steel propeller was twisted like a simitar.

Where the ordinary traveler takes two weeks to get up to Bogotá by the Magdalena River steamer, the American airmen flew it in seven hours, with two stops. To quote further from *The National Geographic Magazine:*

> Because of cool, clean water running along its street drains, Bogotá reminded us of Salt Lake City. Isolated and clinging

atop an 8,560-foot plateau, Bogotá will probably never become a great trade or industrial center, but we found it a seat of learning and culture, leisurely acquired since Quesada founded it, in 1538.

Bogotá, more, perhaps, than any city anywhere, is grateful to the inventors of airplanes. Now, by the well-run German Schadta planes, it gets mail quickly and often, and its travel time to the outside world is cut by weeks.



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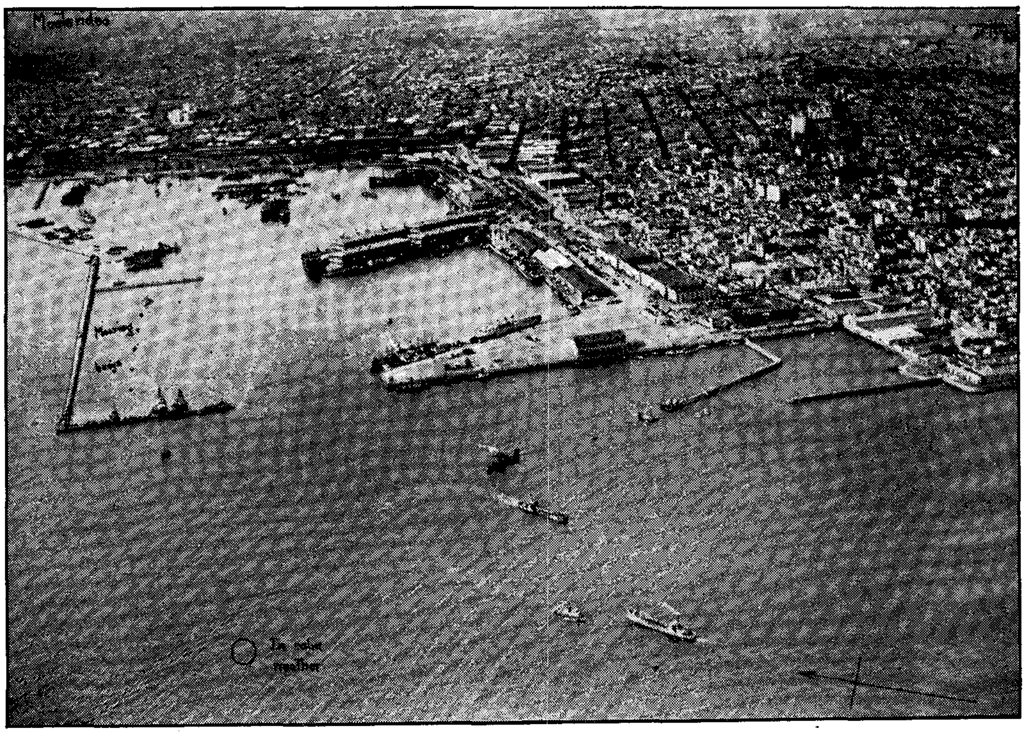
WHEN HIGH SEAS ALMOST SWAMPED THE *SAN FRANCISCO*

'Twas off Montevideo that the big plane's carbureter was flooded, stopping the engine, on top of which the anchor line broke. But Captain Eaker managed to get the engine started just in time to keep his craft off the rocks, and eventually the imperiled amphibian was hauled ashore.

From a business standpoint, also, this Magdalena air line is the most successful air-commerce enterprise now operating in Latin America. Its receipts are comparatively enormous. It operates without any subsidy. It issues its own air-mail stamps and, besides mail and passengers, it carries quantities of express. Planes are booked up for weeks to come. Receipts from mail alone on one day were more than $700. The secret of its success, I believe, should be considered in studying air-commerce problems elsewhere. It is this: the route is long and the only other means of traffic is difficult.

Returning down-stream, we stopt at the Magdalena River American oil colony of Barranca Bermeja for fuel. Here our Yankee friends had specially distilled for us some good, lively gas, which we much appreciated.

Tropic dusk darkened the old walled port of Cartagena when we glided over Boca Chica and alighted where, long ago, Sir Francis Drake and other seahawks dropt their mudhooks. About us a motley fleet of trading craft, bringing in hardware, cutlery, machinery, and dry-goods, and loading hides, coffee, sugar, and other exports, rode at their anchors. Black stevedores and black denizens of the beach swarmed everywhere. It is a noisy, redolent, yet busy port. For nearly 400 years it has been a shrewd trader in the commerce of the Caribbean. As early as 1697, they told us, French raiders plundered it, exacting a ransom of more than $5,000,000.



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A MARKED AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH MAY TELL MORE THAN A MAP

This one, taken by Major H. A. Dargue, shows the water-front of Montevideo, capital of Uruguay. Note the directions near the foot of the picture and at the left, to guide the alighting aviator.

Something tasting like turkey, but shaped like a rabbit, was on our plates that night. "It's a *guartanaja*," one of our hosts told us. "It's built like a suckling pig, but has a prettier face, and fur like a kitten."

They gave us a guartanaja as a mascot when we left Cartagena. It seemed to enjoy flying. We fed it part of the cake which the consul's wife had put in our lunch-kit. But, once an aviator has tasted Colombian guartanaja, he is never the same. At France Field, next day, we sacrificed our baby-faced mascot and ate him with carnivorous gusto.

Spick-and-span again, fully repaired in the shops at France Field, the *New York* and *San Antonio* rejoined us now for our long flight down the west coast of South America.

Along the Canal we flew, where 6,000 ships a year now make this waterway as busy as Suez. Over the old jungle-lined ditch begun by de Lesseps, over the graveyards where thousands lay who died of fever before science conquered the mosquito; over Uncle Sam's big guns that guard the Pacific entrance of the Canal; over "Old Panama," once the rendezvous of Harry Morgan's raiders, then straightaway southeast across the broad, silent, velvety swells of the Pacific, with a western horizon of sea and sky faint in the distant haze.

Through torrential tropic rains the adventurers jumped over the equator to Guayaquil. In the river there, amid singular floating islands, they anchored and went exploring in this unique country of quinin, "Panama" hats, and ivory nuts. But—

The number, horse-power, and speed of the bugs found all down this coast was astonishing. At one small hotel an extra spoon was given us for use in helping crickets from our soup!

Ecuador's thinly peopled coast, first jungle-choked, then rough and rocky, is no paradise for aviators in dark, rainy

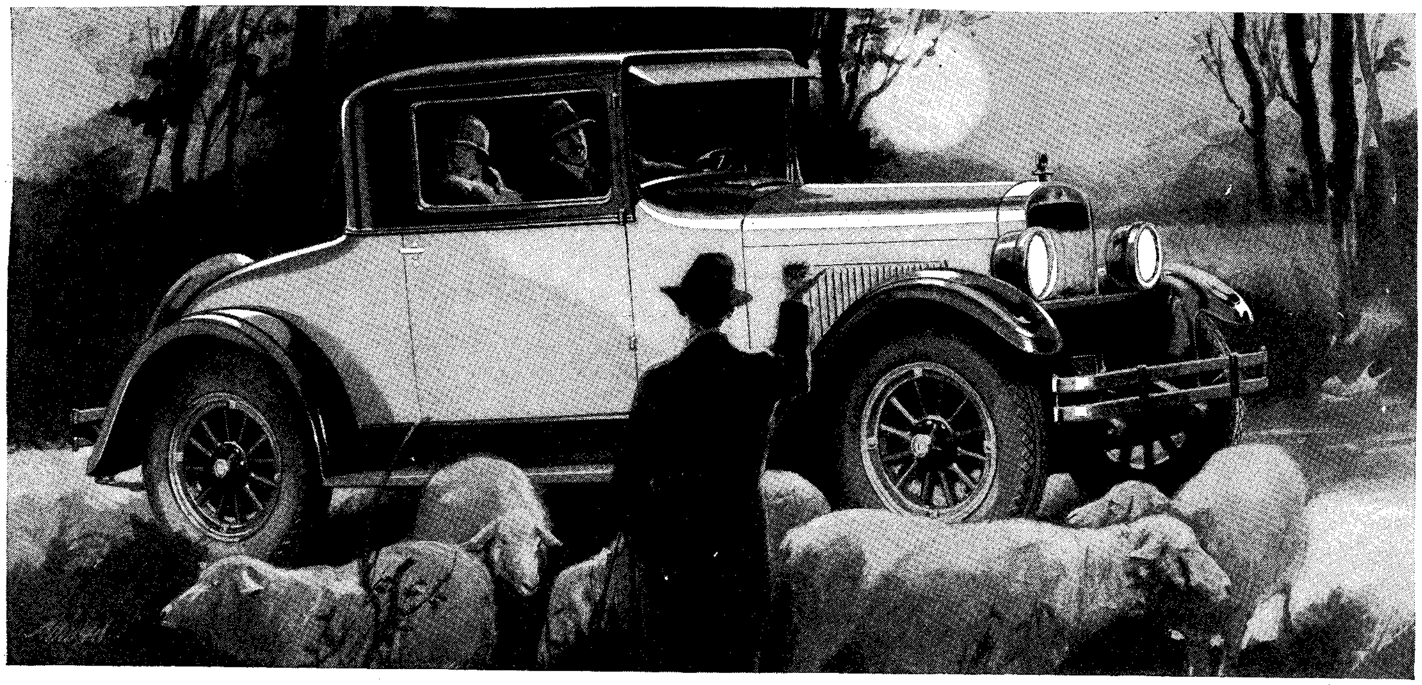
FAR MORE VALUE
THAN THE PRICE SUGGESTS

IN the light of what this car is—and does—its low price is a matter for increasing wonder.

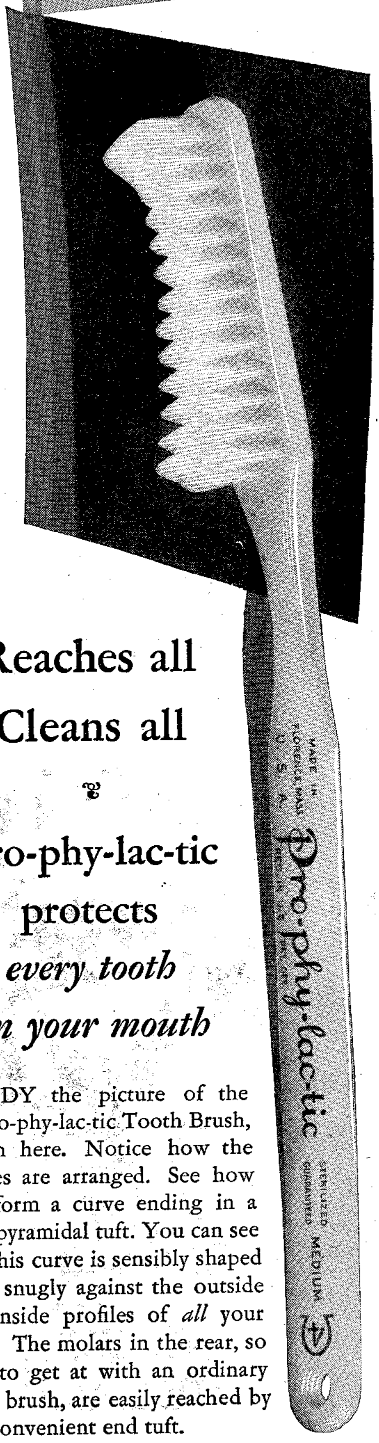
No car selling for $1,000 or less has equal springbase—potent factor in comfort. Nor equal acceleration—0 to 25 miles an hour through gears in less than seven seconds.

Brilliant in all respects by which a car is judged. Mile-a-minute performance. Astonishing agility and ease of handling.

So expertly designed that it affords maximum comfort yet requires less than 18 feet for parking, and turns in a 38 foot street.



DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOUR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Pro-phy-lac-tic
STERILIZED GUARANTEED MEDIUM

Reaches all
Cleans all

Pro-phy-lac-tic protects ***every tooth in your mouth***

STUDY the picture of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, shown here. Notice how the bristles are arranged. See how they form a curve ending in a large pyramidal tuft. You can see that this curve is sensibly shaped to fit snugly against the outside and inside profiles of *all* your teeth. The molars in the rear, so hard to get at with an ordinary tooth brush, are easily reached by this convenient end tuft.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in the U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60c.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

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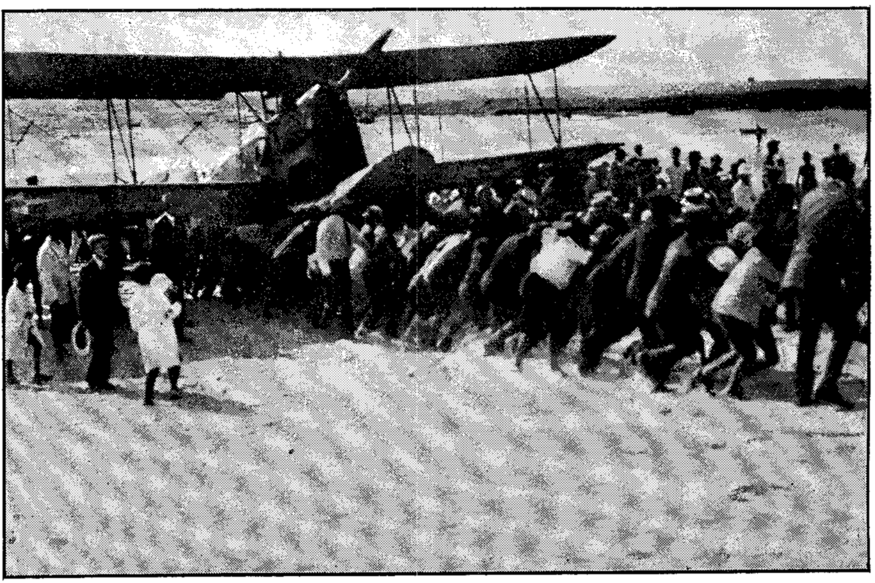
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

weather. To avoid possible collisions, we flew close together, like ducks. Nearing Paita, Peru, we rounded a great point.

Here, with amazing abruptness, we seemed to quit the equatorial rain-belt. Now we flew into that dry South American west-coast section, where, we heard, the last rain fell more than thirty years ago. The only signs of plant life we saw were the far-away strips of green sketched against foothills, where melting snow sent streams down to the sea.



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A CASE IN WHICH THE "GOOD-WILL" WAS NOT ALL ON OUR SIDE

Hearty cooperation was thus extended by a Montevidian crowd in safely beaching the *San Francisco* after her exciting adventure in the surf, as depicted on the preceding page.

It makes picturesque flying, however. For hours, in the morning, we were in the shade of the mountains, as they rose near the sea to a height of 8,000 or 9,000 feet. Beyond these was a level plateau for a few miles; then the Andes rose to scratch the skies, their peaks along the distant sky-line glistening with snow in the bright sunlight. Along here one can fly for hundreds of miles without seeing a sign of habitation or any grass or trees. Arid and barren, this Peruvian coastal plain is yet rich in oil and copper. Its reddish and purple hills reminded us of Arizona and the Canyon.

Landing on the military flying-field at Las Palmas, near Lima, we were met by Peruvian army flyers. To the President of Peru we delivered the message we carried from President Coolidge.

Along 550 miles of dry, rugged coast we sped, from Lima to Ilo. What looked like floating logs at one of these Peruvian ports frustrated one of our planes in repeated efforts to take off. Just when the ship was getting enough speed to lift itself from the waves, these obstacles would suddenly appear dead ahead and, to avoid puncturing a pontoon and sinking, the plane would have to slow down and veer off. Just then one of the "logs" poked its head up right beside the plane. It was a smug-faced sea-lion with a mustache like a pair of whisk-brooms. In these waters, we learned later, thousands of these creatures are often seen.

From Ilo we wanted to fly to Bolivia; but we couldn't. The altitude of the Bolivian flying-field was somewhat higher than we cared to climb our heavy planes. So some of us went to La Paz by train, via beautiful Arequipa, a town of flower gardens framed in snow-capped peaks. Probably 15,000 people met us at the station in La Paz. They carried us on their shoulders, crying, "*Viva los Estados Unidos! Viva los Aviadores!*" On us their President conferred the Order of the Condor.

What interested us very much as aviators was the excellent flying of the Bolivian army airmen, taking off from a field 13,500 feet above sea-level!

Going out to Lake Titicaca for a ride in the odd straw boats and a glimpse of the Inca ruins, we passed many burden-bearing llamas and alpacas. The silly-faced llama, with its chronic sneeze, they told us, might well be used by the Bolivian Bureau of Standards, for it lies down the instant that an ounce more than fifty pounds is put on its back! On the mountain slopes, running wild, we saw many head of vicuña, that innocent-looking, fur-bearing animal of the Andes.

Leaning over their cockpits, after resuming their flight from Ilo, the messengers of good-will looked down on the disputed area of Tacna-Arica, which has given almost as much trouble to the Washington Government as to those of Peru, Chile and Bolivia. Barring a few irrigated patches, says Major Dargue, the region was as dry and bare as the Sahara, and Arica itself looked like Tombstone, Arizona. Due south 1,295 miles down the long rough coast of Chile they flew, now and then dropping notes into towns that they passed over, until, at Valdivia—

Before us now loomed the giant jump over the Andes. "We haven't had a pleasant day for nine years," the natives said, as they waded out in the wet dawn to see us off. Fifty miles inland, due east over hilly forests, we ran out of rain into clear air. Before us, and to the right and left, unrolled a stunning panorama of blue lakes and virgin woods. But ahead, utterly obliterating the mountains we had to cross, were piled the biggest and thickest clouds we had ever seen. The whole Andean system, it

$15,000⁰⁰ in cash prizes for a slogan about WOOD

Get the facts regarding the ever increasing uses for wood. You may win a first prize of $5,000. Fifty-seven prizes in all. Read the following paragraphs carefully. Then mail attached coupon for free booklet. Contest closes December 15

In thinking about your slogan for wood, bear in mind that one-fourth of all the land in the United States is covered with forests!

These vast forests are continually growing; unlike other natural resources, wood constantly renews itself through the ages.

Thus you see that timber is a *crop*—a crop of boundless value to the entire nation. Failure to harvest it when ripe means waste, as in the case of any other crop of the soil.

Leaders of the lumber industry, manufacturers of *American Standard Lumber*, are producing from the mature timber clean, sound lumber. They are grading it according to new and stricter quality rules; thus it goes to the user as a standard product conforming exactly to his needs.

Wood ever in demand

Beautiful, durable, economical, and of amazing adaptability, wood is steadily extending its markets both for established uses and for new uses.

Famous historic mansions of early Colonial Days, still occupied and still in excellent condition, are of wood construction. So, too, are a majority of modern residences. In fact, three-fourths of all the homes in this country are built of wood.

For fine furniture, wood is of course the last word—both in craftsmanship and in beauty that endures. There are countless wood chairs, tables and desks still in active service which have passed the century mark!

The use of wood for window frames and sashes is advancing with giant strides. The largest and newest hotel in the world—The Stevens, Chicago—is so equipped.

And what flooring has ever equalled the comfort and beauty of wood? Today, wood flooring is standard construction in buildings of almost every type.

Wood for shuttles, spools and bobbins! Wood for millions of boxes, baskets, crates and barrels! Wood for silos, granaries and mining timbers!

There is a wood for every use and a use for every wood. Wood is a material of primary importance in most of our great industries.

Keeping step with progress

Our modern ships require wood in scores of ways, from stem to stern. The railroads annually demand more than 110,000,000 wood cross ties, and huge quantities of lumber for box cars, refrigeration and hundreds of other needs. The automobile industry alone uses a billion and a half feet of lumber a year!

Wood has built thousands of derricks for our gushing oil wells, has helped to make moving pictures one of the world's leading industries, has played an important part in the development of the radio, and has sent the airplane winging over land and sea.

Lumber made immune to fire and decay by suitable fire-proofing and preservative treatments is increasingly available to modern markets, both in construction and in industry. Wood is destined to be America's most universally useful material, adaptable to the widest range of purse and purpose.

* * *

Manufacturers of *American Standard Lumber* in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association believe a better understanding of the industry and a greater appreciation of wood will be of advantage both to users and to the manufacturers. To obtain a slogan for its campaign of information, the Association is conducting a nation-wide contest with liberal prizes. To qualify, send for free booklet, "The Story of Wood." Please use the attached coupon. Remember, the contest closes December 15.

NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.
Manufacturers of American Standard Lumber

This free Booklet may mean
$5,000 to you
Send today!

Mail coupon below or write for booklet which will be sent you postpaid. It contains the *Official Blank On Which Your Slogan Should Be Submitted.* This may mean $5,000.00 added to your bank account. So mail your coupon right now.

First Prize	**$5,000**
Second Prize . . .	**2,000**
Third Prize . . .	**1,000**
Four Prizes (each) .	**500**
Fifty Prizes (each) .	**100**

(In case of tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.)

Contest closes December 15th

THE STORY OF WOOD

L.D. 11-5-27

National Lumber Manufacturers Association
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:—I want to enter your $15,000 Prize Slogan Contest. Please send me free copy of your booklet, "The Story of Wood," so that I may qualify.

Name..............................

Street..............................

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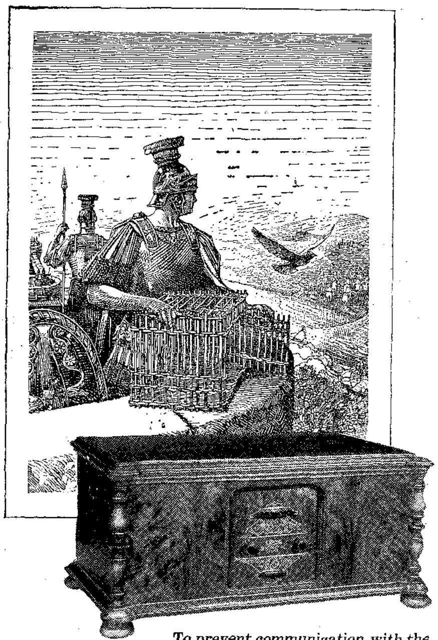
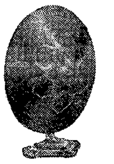


To prevent communication with the outside world, Anthony closely surrounded the city of Modena with his army and stretched nets across the river. Brutus, in charge of the defense, easily thwarted these measures by the simple expedient of fastening letters to the feet of carrier pigeons.

Surmounting Barriers—

Neither winter snows, nor impassable roads, nor sickness itself can bar you from contact with world events. Whatever the reason for your isolation, a Grebe Synchrophase Seven bridges the gap, bringing you concerts, sermons, lectures, music, sporting events in such clear, full, life-like fashion that you are one of the audience. You forget it's radio.

The Synchrophase Seven, especially when combined with the Grebe Natural Speaker, is unrivaled in naturalness of tone. It is easy to operate, exceptionally pleasing to look at. The durability of its many superior qualities is assured by that sound construction which, for eighteen years, has been a synonym for the name, "Grebe".



Grebe Synchrophase Seven, $135.

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Send for Booklet D. Then have a Grebe dealer prove, in your home, that you can "get it *better* with a Grebe".

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

seemed to us, was that morning shrouded in a universe of clouds.

To poke our noses into those dark heights, where steep walls of unseen peaks might any instant leap from the gloom to wreck us, was no pleasing prospect. Yet there could be no turning back from bad weather. That had been our understanding from the start.

I signaled to circle and climb. It was our only chance. Whether our four heavy planes could make it, only the attempt itself could decide. Round and round we climbed, roaring and throbbing, higher and higher, colder and colder! At 11,000 feet we were still dragging our tail-skids through the clouds, groping for light and vision, if one can "grope" at ninety miles an hour!

Somewhere to the east we hoped there would still lie the sunny pampas of Patagonia; but after two hours of climbing, Patagonia seemed even more remote than in our schoolboy days, when we read of its wild tribes and the stormy straits of Tierra del Fuego!

Suddenly at 12,000 feet we burst through the dark mists and shot out upon a vast, glistening, white-cloud sea. Behind us an icy pack thrust its head through the cloud floor. Without knowing it, flying as men blindfolded, we had actually climbed the great Andean range and crossed its summit!

It was now so cold that a bottle of water was frozen solid. To get down now and thaw out was our one big idea.

Six thousand feet lower, boiling-hot winds tossed us madly, but at least we were warm again and could use our hands and move our legs. "How I love the great open spaces," my partner scribbled. Below, for infinite miles, lay that Promised Land, the pampas. In a few hours we hit Bahía Blanca, a non-stop, over-the-Andes jump from Pacific to Atlantic.

But the *San Francisco*, flown by Captain Eaker, was not so fortunate.

"Somewhere over the Andes," he says, "my engine began to cough and spit and we began to come down. We had either to take our parachutes and jump out or else nose the plane down and trust blind luck not to crash on some invisible peak. Had we been flying in the United States, we certainly would have jumped. But our one great hope was to finish this Pan-American flight and bring the good old *San Francisco* safely back home.

"Also, we figured that sitting on some isolated Andean peak, holding a lone parachute in our laps, wouldn't be much better than lying on the same peak in a mess of airplane wreckage. So we stuck to our ship.

"For 8,000 feet we slid down through obscurity. Each second, we knew the next might be our last. But that day the air gods were kind. Like a glimpse of paradise, through a cloud gap a lake appeared below us. We breathed again. Nearly eight hours afterward, flying by compass, we came to rest on the Atlantic Ocean."

After the jump to Buenos Aires and the fatal accident over the Palomar flying-field, already related, the survivors turned northward along the Atlantic coast, tho with heavy hearts. Major Dargue proceeds with his narrative:

Five planes had started. Two were wrecks at Palomar. One, delayed in Ecuador, was speeding to join us. With only the *St. Louis* and the *San Francisco*, we headed over the long, island-peppered delta of the Paraná, on an 800-mile upstream flight to Asunción.

This yellow river is so wide that often we could barely see across it. In places, islands literally crowd it. As we flew upstream and watched the islands sliding under us, I had the illusion that all these mud-made isles were being borne down to sea by the yellow tide. In fact, islands do float down, in flood times, we were told—islands of uprooted vegetation from the jungles of Brazil—and tapirs, deer, jaguars, and other wild animals have been seen ocean-bound on these runaway bits of jungle.

Above the delta, we began to glimpse the vast wheatlands of Argentina. Mills and elevators marched past, and busy towns built by wheat. So great is the crop here that now Argentine wheat exports affect the price American growers may get in the world market at Liverpool.

Asunción, the capital of Paraguay, entertained the visitors, and they called upon the President and Cabinet members. Then, after two hours' sleep, they were off for Montevideo, we are told, flying more carefully than usual along the Paraná River, after hearing of the tiny man-eating fish that infest its waters. This fish is so quick and vicious that it may grab your hand if you hang it overboard from a boat, and schools of them can completely devour a foolhardy swimmer. The narrative proceeds:

At Montevideo the *San Antonio*, after lying nineteen days on the beach at Ecuador overtook and rejoined us. Reunited, we hopped off from Rio Grande, near the southernmost tip of big Brazil, on a flight of more than 5,000 miles around the Atlantic coast-line of this astonishing republic. We landed at the hilly, forested island town of Florianapolis, once a famous whaling station of the South Atlantic. We got gas and flew on.

Soon the *San Francisco* fell behind. A stopt carbureter, Captain Eaker later said, threatened a bad fire. "However," continues his journal, "I took one look below at the high waves of the Atlantic and decided that I'd as soon burn as drown. So I headed for shore, some miles away. We did not catch fire. Waves threw us upon the beach, and about 100 natives rushed out of the bush. They got on a rope and, like a long team of horses, helped us pull the plane ashore. That night I slept on the ground, under the wings of the plane, so tired that giant cockroaches crawling over my hands and face didn't awaken me. My partner, Lieutenant Fairchild, had a flash-light. He couldn't sleep, for an Indian fisherman kept calling him to bring his flash-light and count the Indian's fish. Next day, after repairs, we got safely off and overtook the flight at Santos."

It takes a huge fleet each year to move the mountains of coffee exported from Santos. Circling over this aromatic island town, lifted from the swamps by that incredible toll the world pays to gratify its palate, we looked down on the coffee docks and imagined we could actually smell that fragrant brown berry.

On the 200-mile panoramic hop from Santos to Rio de Janeiro we flew over a coast-line as beautiful as the Mediterranean shores around Nice and Monte

SELF-SUPPORT
–Her Sole Inheritance
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PERHAPS you've dreamed of a clock on which you could really depend, one which would always tell the *truth*, one which needed no *attention*—not even required winding.

You Can Have it Now— the Name is

Telechron

ELECTRIC TIMEKEEPER

Your regular electric light current is probably bringing regulated impulses into your home right now. A Telechron connected to a lamp socket or outlet will give you Observatory time. In many beautiful models including some with chime and strike features.

Send coupon for our illustrated folder "TICKLESS TIME." *It shows models for home and office use.*

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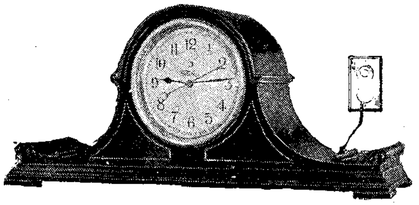

MAIL THIS COUPON
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602 Main Street, Ashland, Mass.

Please send me your new folder "TICKLESS TIME" which tells how I can get Observatory time with the Telechron.
Name..
Street..
City..

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Carlo. Here physical geography changes swiftly.

Before us now that world-famous rocky landmark called "Sugar Loaf," which guards the Bay of Rio, lifted its hard, round head. Tilting our wings and soaring around this stern geological giant, we looked down on the emerald-tinted haven. Up from among the houses of Rio a 2,000-foot peak raised itself, a great rocky sliver sticking in the heart of the town, like a javelin thrown by a giant from another world.

Rio de Janeiro stood for third base in this flight around Latin America, and as the travelers headed for Bahía, they felt that the run home had begun. Says Major Dargue:

Flying the coast of Brazil, we rode hundreds of miles a bove along line of cocopalms that fringes the beach. Nestling among the trees here and there were huts that house the half-clad men who pick nuts.

At Pernambuco our first order to the local flight agent was for five gallons of orangeade. He looked at us in consternation, but produced the juice. We promptly drank it all! Early on our voyage we had learned to ask for *naranjada*, and it was a constant substitute for uncertain drinking-water.

Before we could take off, the tide ran out from under our planes; so we had to wait till the middle of the afternoon. Then we jumped off for Natal. And what a country! An infinity of oozy, sluggish flats, apparently as empty now of human life as when giant things, half-beast and half-lizard, wallowed in oceans of mud while the world was young. Till we got to Natal and saw this dreary, empty expanse, we could not understand why a country as rich and old as Brazil had not properly mapped its coast-lines. But, actually, no honest cartographer could do that job intelligently. For hundreds and hundreds of miles that wild region is a flat, watery waste, with mangroves growing far out to sea at high tide and far inland at low tide, for here the tide is twenty-one feet. When it rises, the coast-line moves back into the jungles; when it falls, the coast-line moves out to sea.

The only living things we saw, besides an occasional crocodile, were flocks of red flamingoes flying over the jungle. For hundreds of miles we saw not a single hut, not even a native canoe; nor did we see any signs of sails out at sea. It was an empty, forgotten world.

Twelve more hours of flying took the wanderers over the dense forests of the Amazon Valley to Pará, and then a 500-mile hop across the many jungle mouths of the muddy Amazon landed them in Cayenne, French Guiana. After the three Guianas and a side trip to Caracas, capital of Venezuela, the narrative ends with these words:

Returning via Trinidad, we jumped like frogs from island to island across the Leeward and Windward groups, visiting Granada, St. Vincent, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and the Virgins. Some of these flights were, for a hundred miles or so, out of sight of land. From the Virgins we jumped to Porto Rico and the Dominican Republic. Thence to Cuba, over Havana and Morro Castle—homeward bound.

Nearing Key West my partner scribbled a note: "We have jumped the last hurdle in the Pan-American flight."

WHEN THE "HELLO GIRL" TRIES HER HAND AT DETECTIVE WORK

LIKE THE HERO of a Wild West novel, the long-distance telephone operator usually "gets her man," and nobody thinks less of her for it. In fact, we quite admire her as her nimble fingers flicker among the green trunk-lines of her switchboard, her bobbed hair bowed under the strain of a chase as thrilling as ever a detective engaged in. She may be saving a life—or preventing a family disaster—or helping to solve a mystery. For all these things she does almost daily, according to Kenneth Campbell, who goes on to say in the New York *World:*

Some one wants to talk to some one else. The cool voice of the operator wings out over miles of wire in quest of the person wanted. Perhaps it is a matter of life or death. More often it is a matter which, if a little forethought had been used, could have been attended to for a two-cent stamp. This is no business of the operator, however. Some one is pounding a receiver hook and perspiring in a booth. A billion dollars' worth of equipment is brought into play whether the caller wants a medical specialist to save a life or desires to gurgle for a brief space into the ear of his sweetheart.

Therein lies a story in which is mingled the humor and tragedy of modern life, which, in its complexities, is not unlike the welter of trunk cords on switchboards in thousands of cities and towns.

Like all huge corporations, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has recently become aware of and articulate about the romance of its own business. Suave publicity directors produce files of neatly "canned" stories of the marvels of the telephone. Some of the stories are interesting, even if they do smirk a little about the virtues of the company.

But the best stories are told by the operators themselves, or are recorded in newspaper clippings collected by the company's publicity department. These stories recount not only the romance of chasing down elusive persons but also tell of feats of tact on the part of operators which would shame a Richelieu.

Here Mr. Campbell proceeds to relate a few of these stories that especially interested him—thus:

A man in Alva, Oklahoma, wanted to talk to an old friend whom he believed to be in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In trying to put the call through, the operator learned that the man sought had left the Michigan city in 1902. She traced him to Lawrence, Kansas, only to find that he had moved to Glenwood, Iowa, in 1922. The man finally answered from Glenwood, and talked for nearly an hour with his Oklahoma friends to the detriment of the latter's telephone bill.

In St. Louis there dwells an unsung Joan of Arc of the switchboard who saved a happy home from possible dissolution in the following manner:

A wealthy man from an Eastern city was in St. Louis on a business trip. He made long-distance calls back to his wife every night. Once or twice the St. Louis operator inadvertently overheard snatches of their conversation, and knew them to be a happy and loving couple.

But strange drinks are concocted in St. Louis.

The wealthy man got drunk one night and insisted that an urgent follow-up be made on a call which he had placed for "the little woman back home." In due time the little woman answered and the operator made a gallant attempt to get the conversation going.

But the man in St. Louis was too far gone. He made a brave attempt, but could do no more than emit feeble and unintelligible gabble. The operator sensed an impending tragedy and broke the connection for a moment while she called the bell captain of the hotel where the man was staying. She asked him to go and see if he could get the man in shape to talk. Presently the bell captain reported back that it was too late, and that the man was tearing at the telephone as if it were a wild beast.

The kindly St. Louis operator managed to "lose" the call somewhere. The little woman back home never knew, nor does the man himself, to this day.

The recently inaugurated New York-London telephone service has given endless pleasure to folks able to pay the charges.

Several weeks ago a harassed London operator chased calls out after Dorothy Gish through the shopping district of the English capital. Her sister Lillian in New York wanted to talk to her. The calls followed Dorothy along whatever routes a fashionable movie star travels in London and finally located her. Her voice raced back under the Atlantic. Lillian wanted to know how she was.

A story involving a scrambled signature and the perseverance of a long-distance operator is told as follows:

A man in Omaha was rattling the receiver hook in pursuit of a business associate in New York. The New York hotel where the man was supposed to be staying sent back word that he was not registered there. The man in Omaha was sure that he was there, and said so in no uncertain terms.

"He writes a peculiar hand," said the man in Omaha. "Hotel clerks often say he isn't registered when he is." The clerk looked again, but could find nothing that looked like the name.

The Omaha operator caught the spirit of the chase and plugged in again in a few minutes. She got the New York hotel on the wire and listened to the angry complaints of a nettled manager. The man wasn't registered there. That was an end of it.

"The man is registered at your hotel now," the operator announced coolly, altho she was far from certain. "Look for any one registered from Omaha on Friday," she said.

A couple of names were offered, but they were not the ones sought.

Discouraged but not defeated, the operator again tried to get the person wanted. She rang the hotel again. The manager was good and angry by this time. The operator shut the cam until he had exhausted his rhetoric and then said, "Look for the worst written name on your register during the past week."

Presently the manager's voice came back over the wire. "I've got a name here that looks like a morning-glory vine. It

CHEER UP
You needn't feel so down-in-the-mouth

Disagreeable after-taste — the cause of more than personal discomfort — can now be removed correctly.

AT last, the scientific way has been found to remove the dark brown after-taste of tobacco or rich foods and so leave the mouth tingling with wonderful freshness and cleanliness.

It is Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant.

Quickly and effectively, it *cuts and neutralizes the after-taste effect* in the mouth and leaves behind it a clean, sparkling, wholesome taste that remains for hours.

Bad Taste Keeps Bad Company

Perhaps you've never realized it, but bad taste and bad breath are inseparable companions. They are always together. Remove one and you remove the other. That is exactly what Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does. As a mouthwash it removes (doesn't cover up) bad taste and bad breath. It relieves mouth dryness. As a gargle it soothes raw throat, generally the cause of smokers' cough.

So as a matter of personal pride and comfort use Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant, freely. Always rinse your mouth with it the first thing in the morning. Use it during the day, if possible, and the last thing at night.

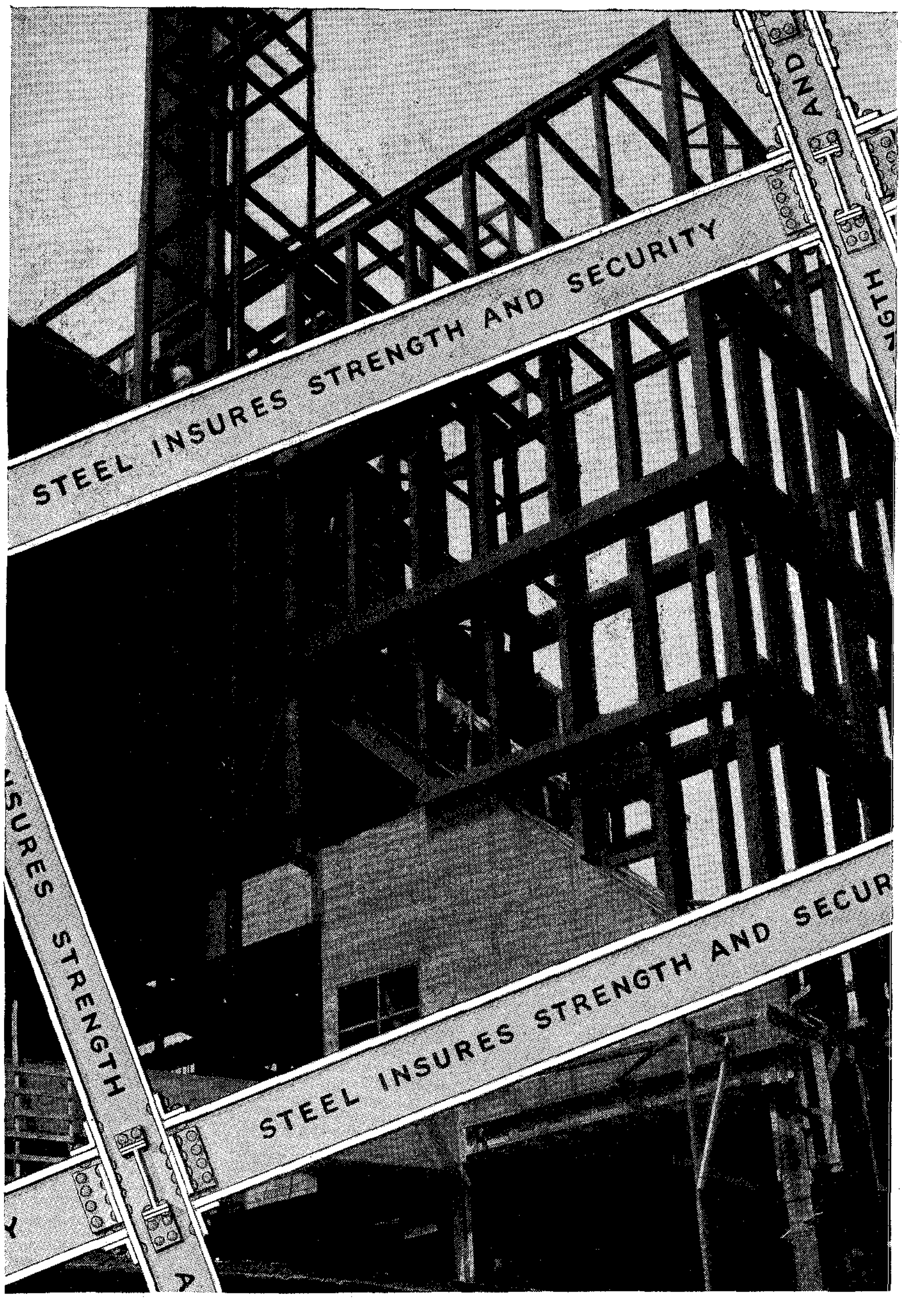
Try it. And see what a big difference it makes in the day. Get a bottle of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant from your druggist. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Made by The Forhan Company, Makers of Forhan's for the Gums.

Here Are The Facts

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant has proved itself in extensive laboratory tests. It has the *Power* to protect the mouth, nose and throat passages from infectious germs. It has unusual *Persistence* that safeguards the mouth over a period of time. It has *Penetration* and works into the hidden recesses of the mouth (where trouble begins). It is the best Antiseptic Mouthwash you have ever used . . . *safe . . . harmless . . . pleasant . . . refreshing*. . no telltale odor to reveal the fact that you are in trouble.
Try it—Today!

Forhan's
ANTISEPTIC REFRESHANT

Forhan's ANTISEPTIC REFRESHANT
FOR MOUTH, BREATH AND TASTE HYGIENE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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

might be Zachary, the name you want, or it might be Washington. I'll get the man on the wire."

It was the man sought. He was very angry with the operator because the call was delayed.

Another instance of the detective instinct which lies under the cool exterior of the girl with the switchboard touch is even more illustrative.

A call was placed in New York City for Saranac Lake, New York. Some one wanted either "Gertrude" or "Alex" at one of three hotels.

Gertrude was not registered at any of the hotels nor was Alex. A girl answering the description of Gertrude had been dining at one of the three for the past week. The proprietor said that if she came in he would ask her if she were the beautiful sister of Alex. She was, and the call was successfully made.

Another instance:

The license number of an automobile was the means by which a call was completed from Toledo, Ohio, to a telephone at a certain address in Detroit. The report came back that the man wanted could not be found at the address given. Asked for further information, the Toledo man stated that he and the person he was calling had been the principals involved in an automobile accident some weeks before. The operator asked him if he knew the license number of the automobile of the man whom he was calling. He gave her the number and she forwarded it over the phone to the police in Detroit. The man's correct address was obtained, and the call was put through.

Persons on trains have been paged from station to station by telephone, the *World* writer reminds us, citing the case of a man who was finally caught after twenty stations along the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad had been called. He adds:

One of the strangest uses to which the telephone was ever put was prescribed by a law passed by the Legislature of a Middle Western State when automobiles were still looked upon as a menace to the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth. The death-rate among children and live stock was mounting owing to the recklessness of motorists and the legislators decreed that motorists must telephone ahead to a town before they passed through in order that pigs and children might be hustled off to safety.

A few motorists obeyed the law, but the majority did not. It remained on the statute books but a short time.

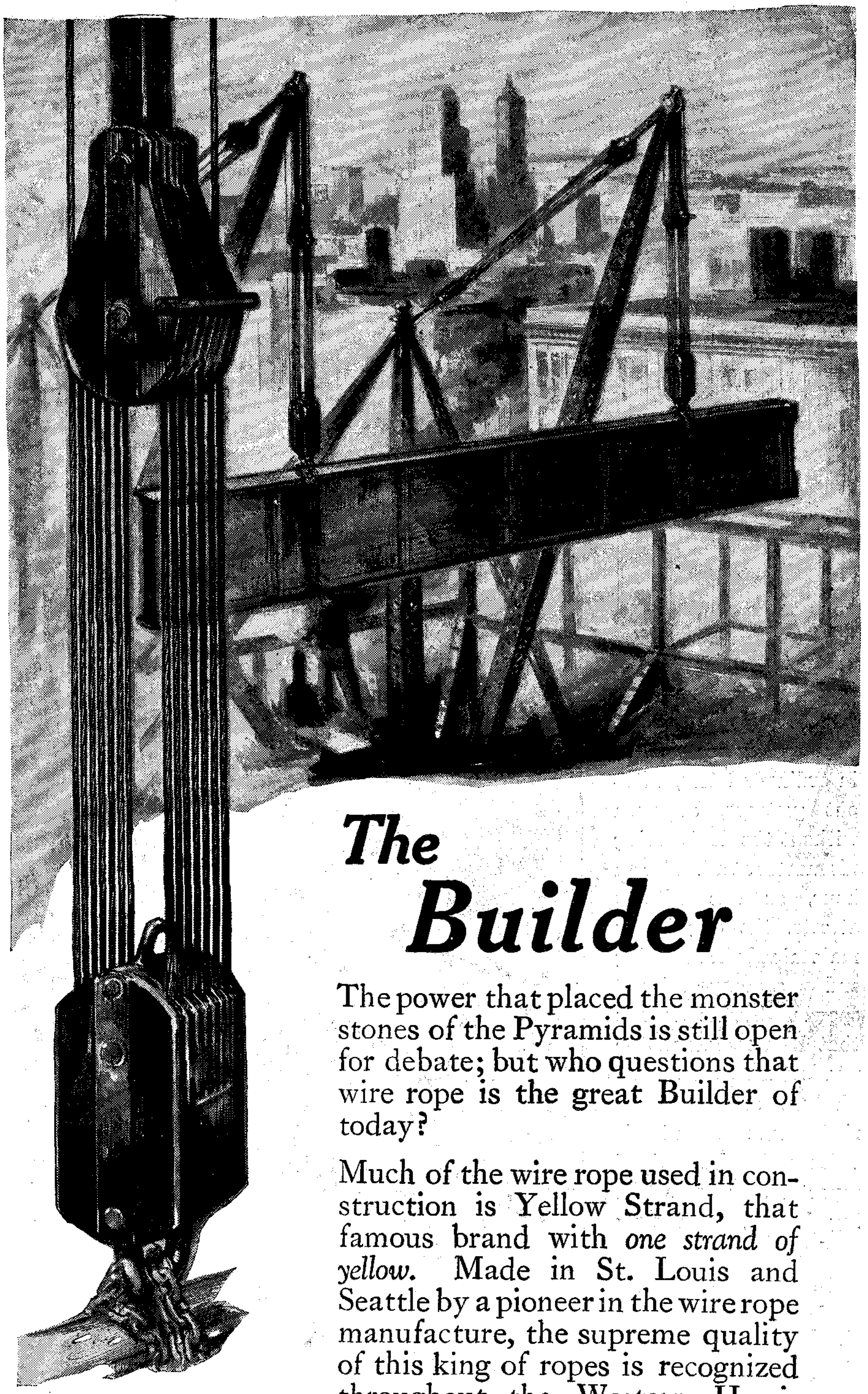
Long-distance operators have performed yeoman service for newspapers in helping to obtain information of important events taking place in unexpected places. When the United States naval arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, was blown up by a flash of lightning last year the operator at a town near the scene of the explosion relayed thousands of words to newspapers in Philadelphia and New York.

Several cities have experimented with taking evidence over the telephone. Laundrymen and newsboys attempting to collect debts of a few dollars owed to them have received the justice which would have been denied to them if they had had to bring witnesses into court.

THE MEDICINE LODGE TREATY HAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY

ONE of the most important agreements ever established between the United States and the Indians—the treaty which "opened Kansas and the Southwest to the settler and the railway builder"—has been the object of anniversary celebrations at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and throughout the Southwest generally. It was a diamond jubilee occasion, for the treaty was signed sixty years ago, "ending the warfare which had been waged for years, with disastrous results to the Army and the frontiersmen between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains," the New York *Sun* reminds us in an editorial, which further says of the Medicine Lodge treaty:

> It defined the boundaries of the present Oklahoma and the tribal allotments in that territory, which have remained to this day with only slight changes. It was a treaty which Indian and white man respected.
>
> A commission authorized by Congress represented the United States. No railroad then reached into the Southwest, and the commission went west over the Santa Fé Trail to Fort Harker and Fort Larned, and from there south to the present site of Medicine Lodge. Its escort consisted of three companies of the Seventh Cavalry, a battery of artillery and two companies of infantry. The train, with its 200 wagons and ambulances and its horses, mules, and cattle, was about two miles in length. The Kiowa, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Comanche, and plain Apache, under the leadership of Satanta, Black Kettle, Little Raven Head, and other notable chiefs, came as tribes—braves, squaws, and papooses—and when they set up their wigwams their line extended for six miles along the bank of Medicine River. It was estimated that the assemblage numbered 18,000 persons; and was the largest gathering of Indians and whites known on the Western plains.
>
> Henry M. Stanley, who led the New York *Herald* expedition into Central Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, and who achieved fame as an explorer of tropical Africa, reported this conference as one of his earliest pieces of newspaper correspondence. He was then about twenty-five years old; his report, which was published in New York and St. Louis newspapers, was republished by the Hutchinson *News* on the sixtieth anniversary of the treaty. Nothing could more completely show the change which has come over this section of the country since the signing of that famous treaty than the contrasts between present conditions and those which Stanley described. Of the valley of the Arkansas River, now a land of rich farms and prosperous towns, he wrote: "Amid the many hundred miles the river traverses, it flows through no district so wild, so primitive or so untrodden by civilization as that part of Kansas which is watered by it." A herd of buffalo was now and then seen, and a few solitary antelopes. At night coyotes howled mournfully, vultures feasted on carcasses along the trail, owls hooted, prairie dogs barked, "while the mephitis flung its rank venom at every passing object and caused the distinguished persons in the ambulances great uneasiness."
>
> Passing out of the valley over a ridge, "buffalo were seen covering the whole prairie as far as the eye could reach."



The
Builder

The power that placed the monster stones of the Pyramids is still open for debate; but who questions that wire rope is the great Builder of today?

Much of the wire rope used in construction is Yellow Strand, that famous brand with *one strand of yellow.* Made in St. Louis and Seattle by a pioneer in the wire rope manufacture, the supreme quality of this king of ropes is recognized throughout the Western Hemisphere and in many countries across the "great waters."

Besides Yellow Strand, this company also makes all standard grades of wire rope for all purposes.

The buyer who writes "Yellow Strand" or "Broderick & Bascom" into his requisitions writes economy into his operations.

Motorists

Carry a Basline Autowline in your car and safeguard your spare tire with Powersteel Autowlock. Both are made of Yellow Strand. Ask your accessory dealer.

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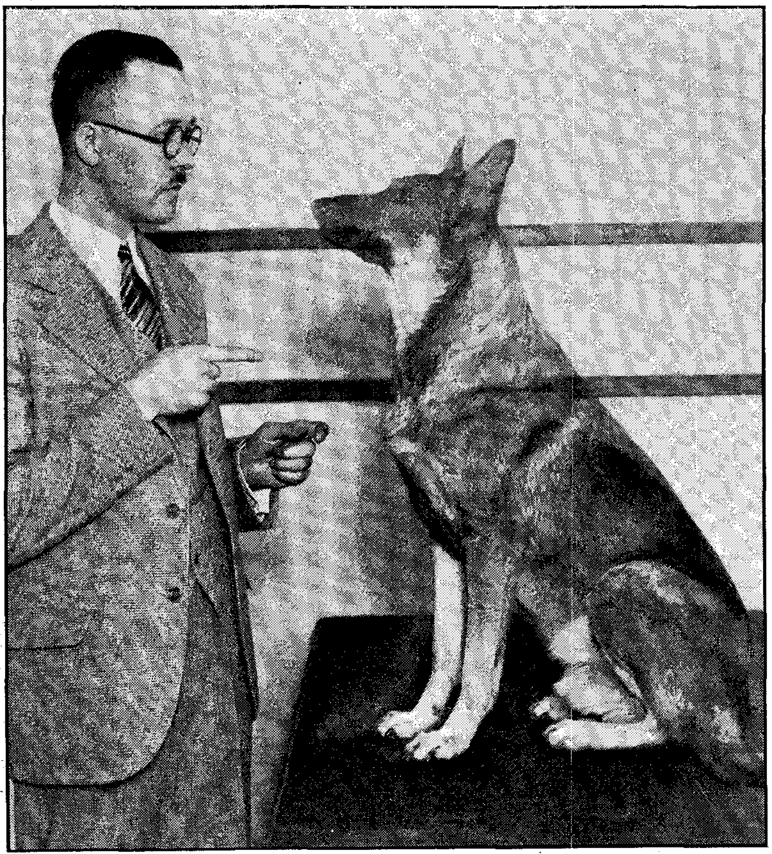
BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

AND YET THEY SAY THIS DOG DOESN'T THINK

A DOG THAT KNOWS THREE HUNDRED WORDS and can pass an examination on them, as he proved before a psychology class in Columbia University the other day, is the latest wonder of the animal world. His name is Fellow, and he is a powerful German shepherd or pedigreed police dog, owned by Jacob Herbert of Detroit, who has been educating him for the last four years. Fellow is not quite five years old, but those who saw him pass his examination in the animal psychology laboratory at Columbia before Prof. C. H. Warden and seventy-five spectators assure us that he has the intelligence of an eight-year-old child.



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE LEARNED PROFESSOR QUIZZES A BRIGHT FRESHMAN

Note the ardent wistfulness of the dog's expression as it waits for the next test of its intelligence, to be dictated by Professor Warden, of Columbia University.

Most amazing, we are told, was Fellow's infallible response to complex commands spoken in ordinary tones, without gestures, or even without the dog's seeing his master at all. For an hour, as one witness attests, the dog "ably maintained the receiving end of a conversation," showing by his actions that he understood the words themselves. Mr. Herbert constantly varied the pitch of his voice, a New York *World* reporter tells us, speaking loudly, then very softly, and at times going outside the laboratory and calling through the keyhole to demonstrate that the dog was not responding to gestures or any other vision cues. The same writer continues:

> "Suppose you go to the door and wait there," said Herbert quietly, and, like a flash, Fellow was off for the door. "Never mind," he continued, and the dog froze to the floor. "Stand up against the wall," came the command, and the black-and-tan shepherd reared against the wall. "Do it again," said Herbert casually, and Fellow repeated his action instantly.
>
> "Go to the window and look out," "Put your feet on the radiator," "Step back," "Go over and get on the table," "Jump off it," "Turn around," "Sit down," "Go to that lady in the back row and put your head in her lap"; these commands and similar ones were executed without the slightest hesitation by Fellow. The dog's eyes and face constantly made one feel that he would like to join in the conversation.
>
> Then, breaking into these commands, Herbert remarked that he didn't trust the people present. Fellow barked angrily until told, "The people here are all right."

The dog's memory for names and faces, a New York *Times* reporter tells us, amazed every one. After recognizing an old friend in the crowd, Fellow was introduced to several members of the class. He had never seen these people before, yet when their names were called later he walked without hesitation to them and laid his head on their laps. The commands, it was noted, were not given in any set order, and requests made by other persons were executed at any time by the dog, but only after receiving his master's approval. The New York *Herald Tribune* also tells of Fellow's achievements, adding these further details:

> He next sought out a Mr. Skinner in the classroom, at his master's request, picked up a silver dollar from the table and took it to various persons indicated, and barked emphatic dissent when his master asked: "Would you let any one hurt me?"
>
> Mr. Herbert then told Fellow not to let any one approach a certain lady sitting in a corner. The dog followed his instructions so implicitly that he would not let his own master come near.
>
> "He will bite me to protect any one I tell him to," Mr. Herbert explained. "He has been taught to follow instructions to the letter, and he does it regardless of consequences."
>
> Every student in the classroom was a stanch admirer of Fellow long before the demonstration ended. For an hour Mr. Herbert issued instructions to him, usually in a conversational tone, and part of the time from behind a screen. Fellow appeared delighted when Mr. Herbert praised him by calling him a "good dog" and very downcast when his master said, "What a shame" at his failure to obey an instruction promptly.
>
> "With dogs as with children," said Mr. Herbert, "the first lesson to have them learn is to love their teacher. I never said anything to Fellow without a purpose and never punished him or rewarded him, except by saying 'what a shame' or 'good dog.'"
>
> At the end of an hour Fellow displayed signs of weariness, and his master, saying that the dog was "intellectually fatigued," ended the demonstration. Fellow's audience appeared more than willing to stay all day.
>
> That Fellow understands words in the human sense was doubted by Professor Warden and Dr. Lucien N. Warner, in charge of the animal psychology laboratories at Columbia and New York Universities, respectively. "Animals may obey commands as sounds rather than words," they explained. "Personally we are of the opinion that the dog has learned to associate certain sounds, rather than words in the human sense, with the proper objects and commands. However, the large number of associations clearly marks the dog as extraordinary." Asked if he was of the opinion that the dog really thought, Professor Warden replied: "I wouldn't say that. We can't say that people do."

Right here, apparently, is where science and the dog-lover part company, for the editorial comments on the subject are almost unanimous in contending that intelligent dogs do think. To say

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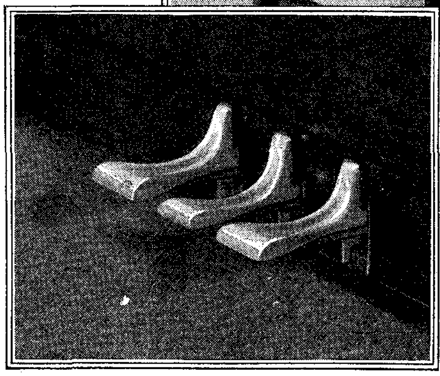
The artistic small pedals in the registering-reproducing Suburban Model give it particular grace and refinement



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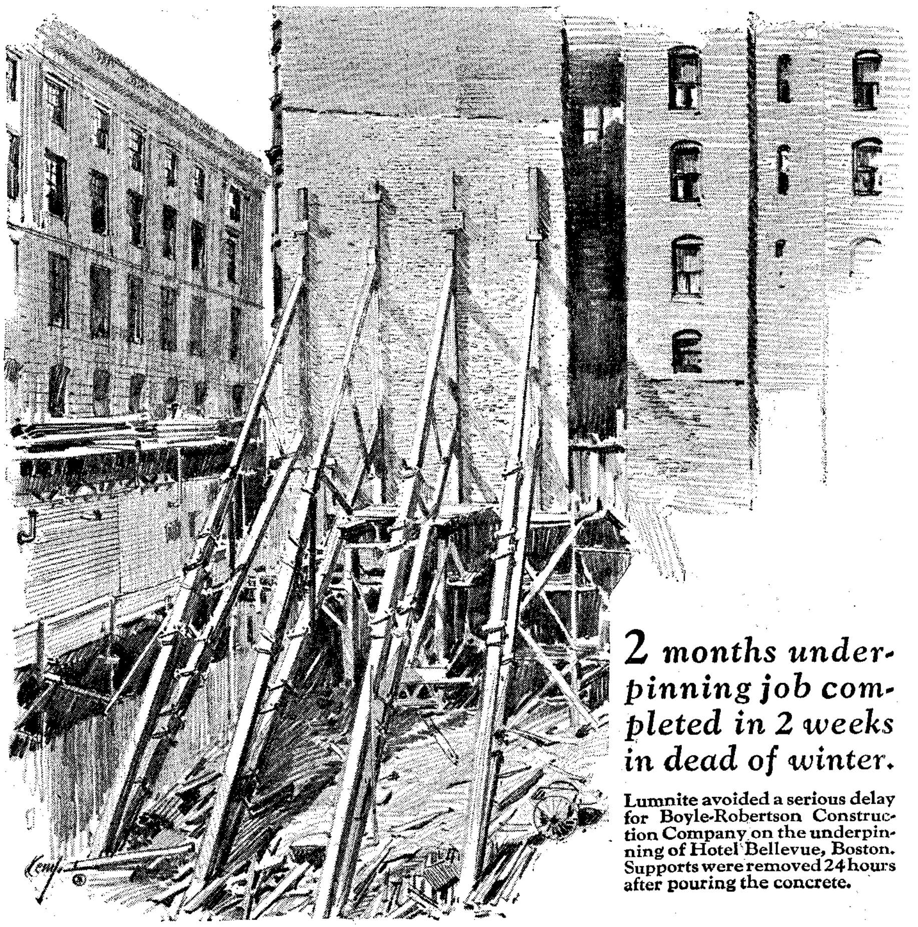

2 months underpinning job completed in 2 weeks in dead of winter.

Lumnite avoided a serious delay for Boyle-Robertson Construction Company on the underpinning of Hotel Bellevue, Boston. Supports were removed 24 hours after pouring the concrete.

In zero weather ✓ ✓ ✓
safe concrete, quickly

CONCRETE construction is no longer held back by the icy hand of Winter. The danger of freezing, the need for long and expensive protection, now are obviated.

For the strength reached by ordinary concrete in 28 days is now surpassed in 24 hours by concrete made with Lumnite Cement. Even in zero weather inexpensive protection is required only during the first 24 hours. And in the process of hardening, Lumnite concrete actually *generates its own heat.*

Great as Lumnite's conquest of Winter is, its victory over Time is more important. Many are the instances in which it has cut several weeks from construction time, and saved costly interruptions to plant operation. Other cements have tried to equal these achievements but not one substitute has rivaled Lumnite either in speed or strength.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

that such remarkable animal behavior is the result of mere instinct, or "reflex action," in the opinion of the Providence *Journal*, "is absurd." During the tests, Mr. Herbert contended that Fellow's intelligence approached that of man; but this, remarks the Portland *Oregonian*, "was a devastating conclusion which the learned professors declined to entertain." *The Oregonian* goes on to say:

> The folly of the animal lover is in attributing to animals more of intelligence or spirituality than they possess. It is matched by the folly of the dusty pragmatist, who insists that man alone has the golden gift of reason. Either school of opinion is in error, the former partially so, but the latter wholly so. The tests at Columbia University bear out this conclusion, as has many another similar demonstration.
>
> Animals are to a large degree self-centered, and tho the dog is loyal and affectionate, he is not an exception to the rule. Thus dogs learn language, the association of words with objects and ideas, with an astonishing facility—but only within the limitations of the dog interest, in so far as we may perceive. Say to the retriever "Ducks!" and he will be all animation, tail wagging, brown eyes searching the sky-line for the flocks he has inferentially been promised. Talk with a friend of a fishing trip, in the presence of a dog that is accustomed to accompanying you on fishing trips, and tho you speak ever so casually the dog will join you with laughing eyes and thumping tail. The key word or words to his reactions are unknown to you, but certainly they are retained in the memory of the animal. All this is commonplace yet forever wonderful to friends of dogs.
>
> In these tests it was shown that an intelligent dog could be taught to break through the barriers of his self-centered ego and respond to command and instruction very much as a bright child would respond.

"The world of dogdom possesses its morons and nitwits," declares the New York *Herald Tribune*, "but it also boasts its canine Newtons and Einsteins." In the opinion of that paper, Fellow not only understands the sense of what is said to him, but also uses his brains to think while obeying his master's orders. The same editorial writer cites the following collateral proof:

> There is held every year in Europe a remarkable series of events called the sheep-dog trials. Dogs bred and practised in handling sheep are pitted against each other in a contest of brains. Problems of sheep management are presented to the canine candidates much as they might be to contestants in a university examination. Human masters are permitted to make verbal suggestions, but to do nothing more. The dogs must handle the unruly sheep with their own best brains, and they do. To see one of these trials, even to read the stories of them in the British newspapers, is an effective antidote for pride in the exclusiveness of human intelligence.

The refusal of science to believe in any animal's reasoning powers, the Detroit *Free Press* contends, is due to tradition and prejudice rather than to scientific thought. Waxing more severe, that paper proceeds:

> The foundation for most of the skeptical attitude is not particularly hard to discern. The idea that a dog or a horse or any other beast has reason even in a small degree, and can actually think and develop a conscious personality, is repugnant to large numbers of people who are afraid that if they conceded that much, they also must concede the possibility that such creatures possess souls, as they believe human beings possess souls; and any such concession would be in violation of all their preconceived notions of superiority.

"A dog thinks through his nose," remarks Fellow's master, tactfully shifting the line of argument. To a New York *Telegram* writer, Mr. Herbert explains this curious theory as follows:

> "In my youth I was taught by a Hindu animal trainer to believe that animals can smell human emotions. Animals can detect fear in human beings. When a man is afraid, a chemical reaction takes place in his body. The animal smells the change and it sets up a similar reaction of fear in the dog. Then he may bite in self-defense. A man unafraid of a dog will seldom be bitten. The animal will smell that the man likes him. You can't fool a dog by acting. When he sniffs you, he knows the truth."

IS AMERICAN WILD LIFE DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR LIKE THE BISON?

SEVERAL flocks of ring-necked pheasants made themselves at home in a swamp on a northern Catskill farm, and "grew fat and audacious." The farmer bided his time, and "at dawn on the first Saturday when shooting was permitted, he was on hand prepared to bag a pair," relates the New York *Times*. But the owner of the land "found seventeen cars parked near by, and thirty-three hunters were already in the low rushes and grass." The latest note of alarm concerns the dwindling numbers of the ruffed grouse, commonly known as the partridge. It is "threatened with quick extinction in New York State," according to the Binghamton *Press*, which is conducting an editorial agitation for the protection of that noble game bird before it joins the passenger pigeon as a historical memory. *The Press* quotes this statement from Dr. William T. Hornaday, whom it had asked for an opinion on the situation:

> There is nothing mysterious about the fate of the ruffed grouse. It is going to extinction, just the same as quail, sage, and sharp-tail grouse, heath-hen, and wild turkey. Its disappearance from New York is due nine-tenths to deadly shooting, and one-tenth to internal parasites that never can be cured. It is impossible to doctor wild and wary grouse, change their food supply, or rear them in captivity. Right soon they will go like the heath-hen. Our American system of free-shooting game protection is a deadly farce.

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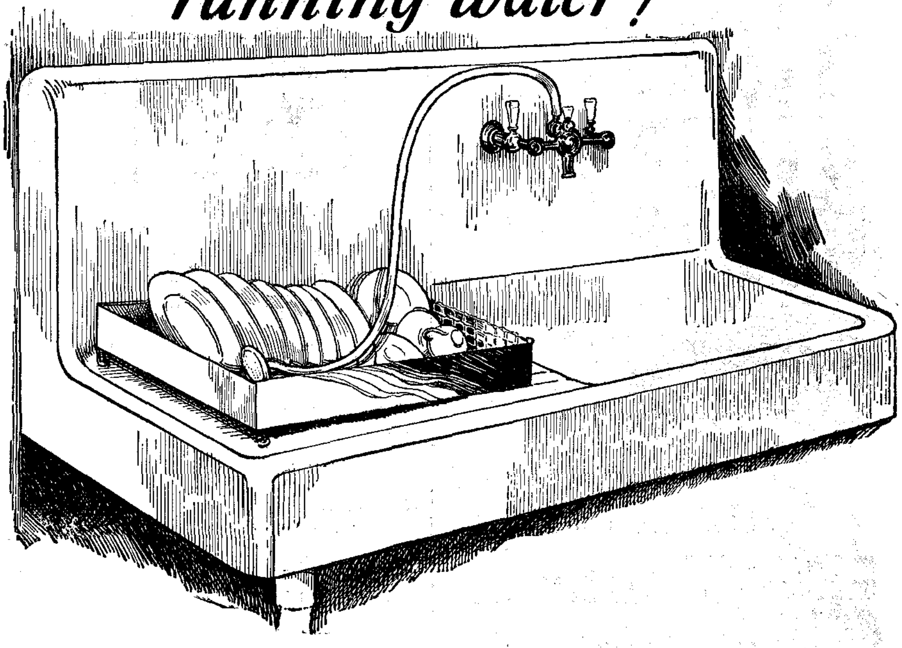

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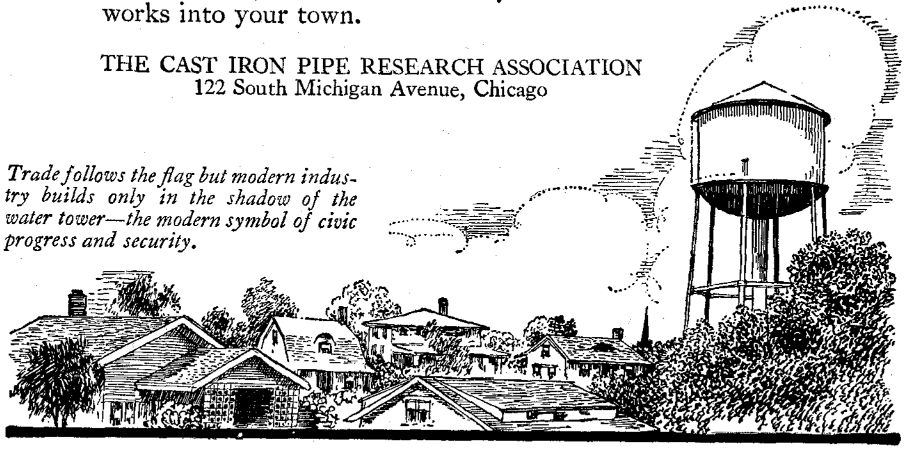

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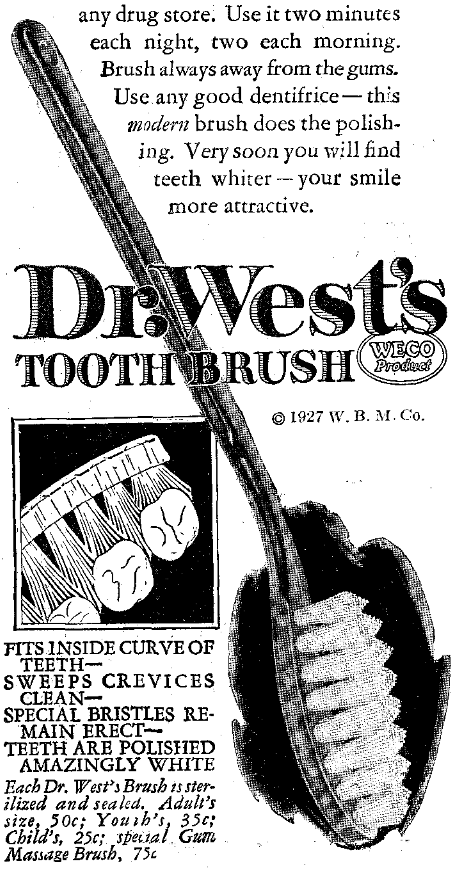

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

authorities who declare that game is increasing, and in no danger of extermination. As we read in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> Wild game is more plentiful in the United States than ever before, despite pessimistic claims of advocates of strict prohibitory laws to hamper sportsmen, John B. Burnham, president of the American Game Protective Association, told members of the Exchange Club yesterday at a luncheon at the Hotel McAlpin. The proper application of closed seasons, Mr. Burnham said, and intelligent stocking and conservation, had brought this about.

Six million hunters on the North American continent north of the Rio Grande, remarks *The Times*, under the head-line "More Hunters as Game Dwindles," have begun "their annual slaughter of the fast-diminishing numbers of game birds and animals, ranging in size from the tiny sandpiper and red squirrel to the lordly wild turkey and giant moose." And we are reminded that:

> Every year the army of hunters grows larger, its guns and ammunition more deadly and effective, while wild life grows scarcer. Long before the year 2027, at the rate we are killing our birds and animals now (due also to the cutting down and burning of our forests), the United States will be swept as clean of wild animals, game and even song-birds as is Italy. A few small game refuges here and there will not save species.
>
> Within the memory of persons living to-day the passenger pigeon and Labrador duck have vanished. Wilson, the ornithologist, estimated that one flight he saw near Louisville in 1808 contained two and a quarter billion passenger pigeons. John Burroughs recorded that he had seen millions of them at a time in the Catskills and along the Hudson Valley.
>
> The generation that had been known to kill a 1,600-pound bull bison for its tongue alone, leaving the carcass for the coyotes and buzzards, was incredulous when warned that this animal would in time become extinct. It came very near it. Yet for 200 years after America's discovery, bison herds roamed from the Pacific Northwest, southeastward to the Blue Ridge Mountains and on down to the grassy red hills of Georgia.
>
> American game species that face early extinction are woodcock, jacksnipe, and golden plover of the feathered kingdom; antelope, the California grizzly bear, wild sheep, and mountain goats among the quadrupeds. The passing of the wild turkey, grouse, and beaver, at no remote date, is also indicated.
>
> Tho the ruffed grouse is hardy and swift in flight, haunting thick brush and tangled undergrowth, there are reports of uneasiness regarding it from officials of States where it is found. From 600,000 shot in 1922, Pennsylvania's figures fell to 335,980 in 1925. New York's latest available figures, 94,797 in 1924, were 39,744 below the 1923 bag—the best year for grouse here since game statistics began to be kept.
>
> "We are shortening the season and reducing bag limits," says John B. Truman, Executive Secretary of the Pennsylvania

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Board of Game Commissioners, adding: "But as no market is available for the purchase of grouse for stocking purposes, great care must be taken to protect our remaining supply."

Ruthless shooting by hunters, State game officials and conservationists declare, has sealed the doom of three Western upland birds—pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse and the sage hen. Sportsmen will encounter either closed or short seasons in every State where these birds are found. Except by authority of "orders in council," no ruffed grouse may be killed on Ontario. Wild turkey, quail, pheasant, and black and gray squirrels have there the same immunity. An order in council means that the Lieutenant-Governor may permit killing of such game "as local conditions warrant."

A dozen States have called a halt on grouse, quail, and wild turkey shooting, while in several others, relates the *Times* writer, short open seasons prevail "as a concession to insistent sportsmen." Reading on:

> Restrictive laws are not increasing the numbers of wild turkeys in Pennsylvania, where the take fell from 6,049 in 1923 to 3,241 in 1925. Arkansas, once the turkey hunters' paradise, has only six days' open season for them this fall. The only good turkey country left in the United States is found in the South Atlantic coastal swamps and in the Big Bend region of Texas. New York's last wild turkey was killed seventy-seven years ago. The wild turkey is an anomaly; wild, he faces extinction; domesticated, he holds on. All the red-legged turkeys sold in Southern coastal cities show the inbreeding of the wild and domestic birds in that section.
>
> Of the quail that were so plentiful in the stubbles of northern New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, and Maryland only a few years ago, only a remnant is left. The survivors are found on posted land or preserves. Even in the South they are becoming scarce. Clubs and wealthy individuals have acquired the shooting privileges to most of the quail land. The New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore hunter can't take a day off for a quail hunt any more. It requires a whole day to reach even fair quail cover.

Ring-necked pheasants are on the increase, says the *Times* writer; and it is here that he tells the story of the farmer, the swamp, and the seventeen automobiles. Reading on:

> Once only an "incidental," the gray rabbit is now sought by millions of hunters. It is the only game in the country as a whole of which there is enough to go around. The cotton-tail seems to be holding its own. Otherwise, as a result of last spring's floods, hunters are facing the poorest game season in American history. A survey of the game haunts in five States shows 40 per cent. of the deer destroyed, 70 per cent. of the rabbits, 90 per cent. of the wild hogs, half the quail, about four-fifths of the opossums, at least half the wild turkeys, and an unknown percentage of other wild animals. Bears, raccoons, mink, otter, and squirrels suffered little.
>
> Next to the lumberman's ax, the repeating shotgun and rifle, the greatest mechanical factor contributing toward the diminishing game bag is the automobile. It penetrates remote fastnesses. Its head-

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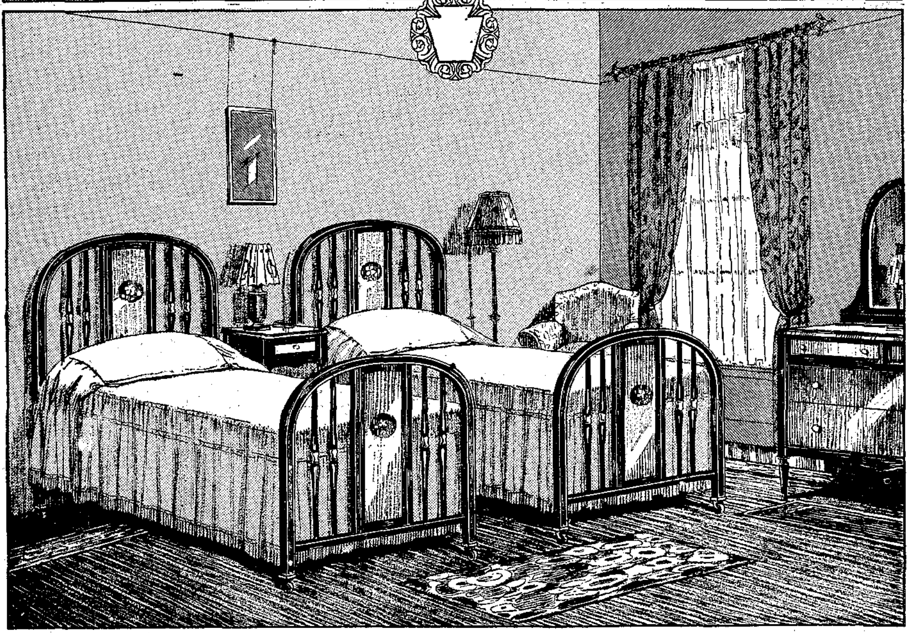

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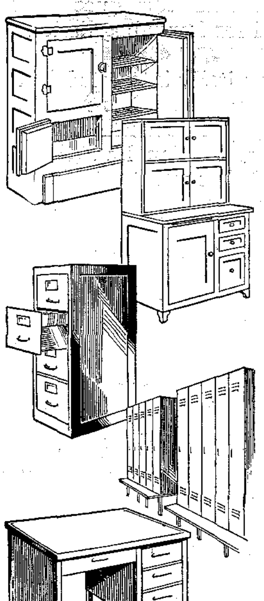

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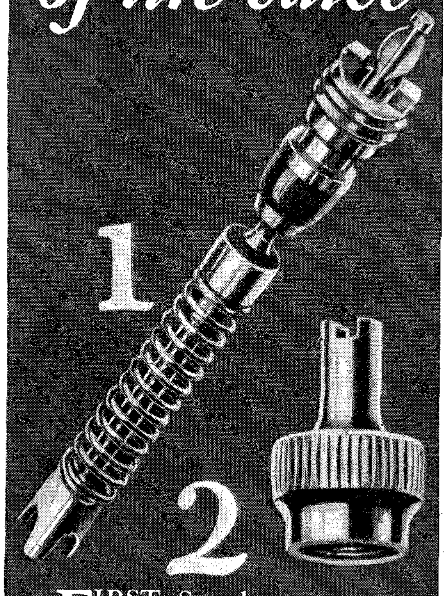

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

light is contributing toward the destruction of deer, moose, and waterfowl. "Spotlight hunting has increased and is the greatest menace to our deer at this time," reports the Fish and Game Commission of California. One hunter near Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago "spotlighted" thirty-seven deer in a single season.

So far as the man of average means is concerned, hunting of game birds and animals will soon be out of the question. With posted lands everywhere and, ironically, much of it gameless, he is confronted with a condition his grandfather could not have foreseen. The "game frontier" is receding further and further every season.

To obtain the views of the duck hunters of the country, *Outdoor Life* sent out a questionnaire to 1,000 subscribers, asking how many ducks a day they would consider an ideal sportsman's bag. The result as summarized by *Field and Stream* in an editorial signed by Ray P. Holland, was as follows:

> Replies were received from 247 and tabulated. Seventy considered ten ducks per day as the ideal bag; twenty-nine voted fifteen as the proper limit. Two worthy sportsmen considered two ducks as a fitting and proper bag for an American sportsman. The tabulation showed that only one man among the 247 voted for a bag limit of twenty-five wild ducks.
>
> In connection with this questionnaire and in an appeal for lower bag limits, this editor says:
>
> "Canada, also vitally interested in this, an international problem, has more than met us half-way, by the enactment and enforcement of conservation laws that put us to shame, and through strict adherence to the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Have we reciprocated? Shall it be said that we, of the United States are lacking in the ideals of sportsmanship with which our Canadian brothers are so richly endowed?"
>
> The inference is that we must cut our duck-bag limit to fifteen birds a day to keep faith with Canada, whose maximum bag is forty.
>
> *Field and Stream* agrees that Canada has put us to shame. And that shame will be much harder to bear if we continue along the lines we have followed in the past—of cutting bag limits and shortening seasons—taking no heed of fundamental necessities.
>
> The lowering of bag limits and the shortening of seasons have been the foundation of our conservation laws. Are we to go on constantly, limiting our sport, taking away our own pleasures, without thought of the greater menaces to the game we're trying to protect?
>
> Every competent investigator of the present shortage of ducks blames two causes for existing conditions: first drainage, which has concentrated birds in such numbers that they have died of disease; second the increase in the number of gunners, which has reached such proportions that the birds are constantly being driven from place to place by booming shotguns, and can not feed or rest.
>
> There are more gunners to-day. And bear in mind that 90 per cent of these gunners are not in any way affected by the bag limit. A thousand ducks killed by 500 gunners are quite as dead as a thousand ducks killed by 100 gunners.
>
> And to check this decrease in wild waterfowl we are clamoring for a lower bag limit. Whether the bag limit should be two, ten fifteen or twenty-five is entirely beside the question. Under existing conditions very few more birds would be killed in the United States, except in a few sections of great waterfowl concentration, if the bag limit were entirely removed.

MATCHING WITS WITH THE BRAINY AND BUSY BEAVER

DO BEAVERS know more than men? One thing at least they can do which man with all his tools and brains can neither do nor explain, according to Mr. H. S. Davis, the game warden of Jasper Park, Alberta, who has been studying their ways for years. A beaver, he declares, can waterlog a piece of floating timber and cause it to sink to the bottom of a dam and stay there.

That is only one of the minor marvels of beaver ingenuity, however, which this Canadian nature lover is willing to relate to any who will listen. Bob Davis, the newspaper man, has been telling about his namesake in his copyrighted column in the New York *Sun*. Wandering along the rocky beach of the Miette River on the way to Caledonia Lake, he says, he met a stocky, heavy-chested man in tweeds and riding breeches, who seemed to belong to the landscape. He proceeds in his breezy fashion:

> "What do you know about the beaver?" I asked without preamble.
>
> He replied in a soft Scotch-Irish brogue: "Nobody knows all there is to know about that animal. You wouldn't accept some of the things I could tell you concerning beavers. Been game warden here in Jasper Park for nine years. My name is Davis."
>
> "So is mine; but go ahead, I'll believe you. Does the beaver possess reasoning power?"
>
> "Professor Adolph Meyer, chief of the mental division of Johns Hopkins, says so. He was up here several years ago and we agreed absolutely on the point. Most wild animals are supposed to be actuated by instinct. That may be true in a broad sense, but the beaver goes further. For example, he plans to build a dam. If his campaign is interfered with either by the act of God or the opposition of mankind he immediately makes other plans, overcomes the obstacles set in his path and goes through to the end. He never gets in a panic; disaster means nothing to him. Wreck his water system, destroy his home, interfere with his designs to curb and dam the streams and he begins the work of reconstruction immediately. I suppose you know that beavers do all their building at night?"
>
> "I was not aware of that."
>
> "Well, they do. Sleep in the daytime and come out at sundown to get on the job. At the foot of Pyramid Mountain there is a small lake. A family of beavers put in a thirty-foot dam at the outlet and raised the water so that it came up to the door sills of some cabins on the shore. We tore that dam out five times in the course of the last year and they rebuilt it each time."

And all this building was done by a

family of eight or ten beavers, toiling all night and pitting their wits against the human enemy that was working against them in the daytime. Finally, however, says Warden Davis, they did some reasoning along engineering lines, as follows:

"On the old right of way used by the Grand Trunk Railroad were a number of wooden ties, piled and dry. The beavers selected six, rolled them down to the waterline and floated them to the broken dam, across which they had constructed a network of willows and brush sufficient to check but not stem the tide. They nosed the ties, head on, one at a time against the temporary willow barrier. Then four or five beavers got on the end of the tie abutting the dam and depressed it to an angle of about forty-five degrees until it caught at the base of the original dam and held fast. Six ties were placed with similar skill, until an obstruction was formed against which the beavers floated driftwood, pieces of board and marsh vegetation. The angle at which the ties were placed served to force downward whatever floated against them. Thus the foundation was constantly undergoing refortification. Moreover, they floated the wreck of an old skiff, fifteen feet long, into the main span of the dam and completely wove it into the construction with green brush. If that whole job didn't show a high order of reasoning power and engineering genius I have done the beaver an injustice."

"And you tore that dam out also?"

"Certainly. We had no option. It was that or move the cabins above the new water-line. Our homes against theirs. A beaver builds his house close to the shore of his dam, so that ingress and egress are by water, the living quarters being above the water-level. That is his only protection from the carnivorous land animals. In all beaver houses there is a central chamber, into which the water-passage leads, a tunnel rising upward into the reception-room, from which the beavers in pairs retire to their separate apartments opening on the large chamber, which is immaculately clean. When the family gets too large the younger generation, at intervals of every two years, has to move out and start a new household. The beaver interbreeds without diminishing the quality of the stock. They are born builders and can achieve more with four webbed feet, a broad tail, with which they perform miracles of mud plastering, and a set of powerful teeth than man with a full box of tools and a derrick."

Asked how large a tree a beaver can cut down with his teeth, the answer of the Canadian Mr. Davis to the American Mr. Davis was this curious case in point:

"Two years ago right here on Miette Creek I was ranging along the stream and found the marks of beavers' teeth at the base of two cottonwood trees, each of which was two feet in diameter. Four days later both trees had been felled so that the branches lay in the running water. All the limbs had been cut off and floated down stream to a new dam site and were woven into the fabric planned by the boss. For several miles along this waterway there are innumerable beaver dams, any one of which is strong enough to bear the weight of a man. Whenever I cross one on a fishing excursion a beaver follows along behind me like a submarine with his nose out of water and repairs anything I have the bad manners to disarrange."

In less than half the time with half the former labor, the Super-Speed Protectograph *imprints checks for the* State of Iowa

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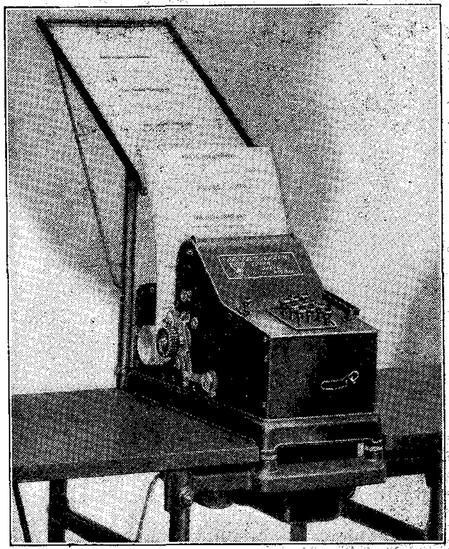

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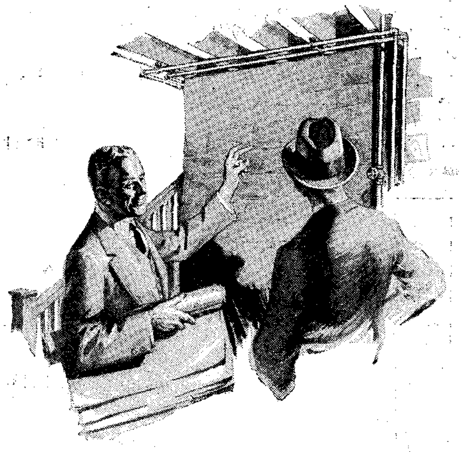

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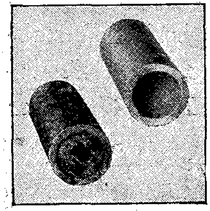

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

THIS DOG HAD A CHARGE ACCOUNT AT THE BUTCHER'S

JACK'S master "had instructed the owner of a local market to let Jack have ten cents' worth of fresh meat at any time he called for it." He would carry the package to the front of his master's office, open it and eat the meat, and that convenient little custom led to an ambush, a fight, a highway robbery and a singularly intelligent revenge. Jack was an accomplished setter. His master, friend, and chief mourner—for Jack is dead now—is H. M. Jackson, editor of the Marianna (Ark.) *Courier-Index*, in which paper he declares that Jack's behavior convinced him that some animals do reason. This is his story of the meat episode:

One rainy day while at my desk I saw Jack coming toward the office with his package of meat. As he passed the entrance of the alley directly in front of my office a vicious-looking, battle-scarred bulldog made a lunge at him with the evident intention of robbing him of his meat. Jack dropt the package and engaged his adversary. They pulled off a real fight. The bulldog was a little too heavy and tough for the setter. An impartial verdict from a referee would have been a dog-fall. They fought until they were bloody and muddy. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, they called a truce. I saw Jack leave the scene of carnage on a dead run—something very unusual in him. I continued my work and dismissed the dog-fight from my mind. Within a few minutes Jack returned, bringing with him his big pointer pal, Guy. Jack was in the lead. He made a bee-line down the alley and found his late antagonist. There were no formalities or preliminaries. Jack made a front attack and Guy charged from the rear. They got their victim on his back in a deep, muddy rut. I don't think it was their intention to kill him. They just wanted to impress upon him the fact that Marianna was no safe place for a nondescript, meat-robbing bulldog. This they did in a most approved manner. When they finally backed off, the bruised, battered and oft-bitten bull floundered feebly to his feet and wobbled to the nearest cover. I never saw him again.

Now what do you suppose Jack said to Guy when he went home to get him? Perhaps something like this: "Say, old pal, I had a heck of a time trying to save my breakfast from a roughneck thug. He didn't lick me, you understand. Ain't no dog ever done that. But I ain't thoroughly satisfied with that affair. Come and let's go down-town and take him to a genteel cleaning."

I remarked that Jack had a charge account at a local meat market. One month Jack's bill was $7. I was inclined to question the accuracy of the items. I noticed that on some days there were four or five charges. I did not doubt the honesty of the owner of the market, but apparently some explanation was due. It was forthcoming. I found it by watching Jack. He would bring a package of meat to the front of the office, open it, smell of it, turn it over with his nose, back off and eye it suspiciously, then go back to the market and get another package. He had become fastidious. He had joined the plutocrats.

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Ordinary dog meat didn't satisfy his delicate appetite. It had to be a prime piece of the packer's product.

Mr. Jackson says that he then and there revoked the privilege and endeavored to force Jack back to a plebeian diet, but the dog's resourcefulness and strategy defeated him—in this manner:

As soon as he became convinced his credit was no good, he adopted diplomacy. He made friends with C. B. Dickey, the chief dispenser of meats at the market. He accompanied Mr. Dickey to his home, made the acquaintance of his wife and daughters and son. He began bringing in the cook wood. He even tolerated the other dogs at the Dickey home and in course of time would permit them to lie in the sun on the front porch with him. He arose early—at the break of day—and accompanied Mr. Dickey to the market. He slipt in when the door was unlocked and opened. He went back to the meat department, sat on his haunches, extended his right paw and with big, pleading, soulful eyes begged his morning meal. He got it from that day until his death. Just how much Jack cost the Dickey family I don't know. They became devoted to him. They petted and pampered him, doctored him, humored him and made the last two years of his life comfortable. He died in his cool dirt bed in the Dickey back-yard. He lay down, fell asleep and failed to wake up.

Jack evidently felt the sting and humiliation of the insult I gave him when I stopt his credit. He considered our intimate relationship at an end. He didn't dislike me. He paid periodic visits to my office and occasionally would spend an entire day with me. He would sit by my desk, put his right foot on my knee, look me squarely in the eye and I imagined Old Jack would say, "Boss, you did me wrong, but I love you just the same."

I fully realize the average reader who has never experienced the indescribable attachment that sometimes springs up between a man and his dog can not take seriously the recitation of incidents recorded above, but those who have a fondness for man's best and truest friend and who have been associated with and studied him will need no confirming evidence of the verity of this narrative.

Jack had a large head, the contour of which showed he carried a big brain. He was always amusing and interesting to me. His expressive brown eyes could almost talk. I know they could plead. I have seen him register joy and sorrow and pain. I have seen him when he showed shame.

But it was in the field that he proved his kingship, exclaims Mr. Jackson, adding:

In his prime, which covered the period from four to eight years of his age, no truer, stauncher, steadier or more intelligent dog ever flung himself into the sport. He was "high, wide and handsome." He knew the birdy places. He had a fine nose. I do not believe he ever intentionally flushed a bird, and when he did so through accident he showed penitence. He was not jealous of other dogs. He backed at sight and would not ease closer to the game until I passed in front of him. Then he would never take the point away from his teammate. He knew it was not his game and he wanted no honors that did not belong to him.

During the six years I owned and hunted him he developed several interesting and unique field tricks. This was especially

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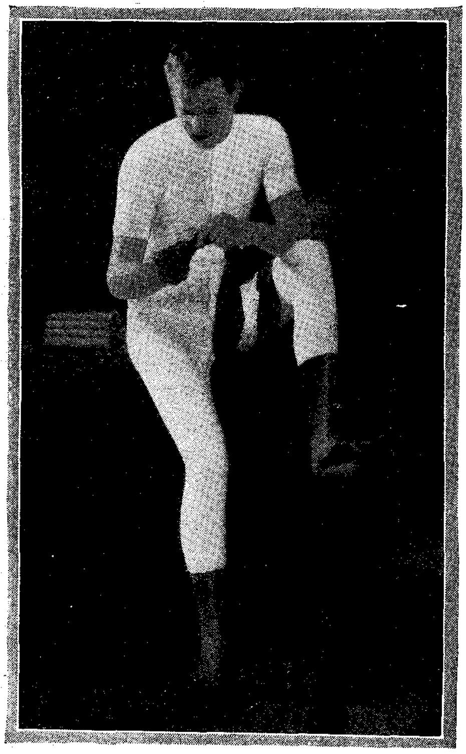

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

true after he passed his ninth year and his strength began to fail him. His running mate, Guy, a big-boned, speedy, rangy pointer, always took the lead. Jack would make big swings when we first entered the fields and he felt fresh, then he would slow down. After two hours he would heel me for a short interval, but all the time he would endeavor to keep his eye on Guy. He seemed to know Guy's habits as well as I knew them. He could tell when Guy winded birds. The big pointer would slow down to a long trot, his head in the air. That was Jack's signal. He would dash from behind me, take a short cut across the field like a marten to his hole and come down on a rigid point, beating Guy to the game. This never worried Guy. He would move cautiously up and ease in front of Jack, claiming the covey that rightfully belonged to him. Once flushed, Jack was in his glory. He could "peg" more singles in a given time than any dog I have ever seen. He pointed them in all sorts of distorted positions. He worked fast. I've seen him slide six feet in a muddy field on a "sudden" point. I've seen him bury his legs to his knees in mud and slush. I've seen him fall like he was shot, and it was hard to determine whether he was pointing with his head, his tail, or just a kind of "general all over" point. But you could rest assured there was a bird close. I've kicked around in the grass in a vain attempt to flush the game. I've given up and tried to get Jack to break his point, feeling sure he was mistaken. But "the nose knows." He wouldn't budge. I've seen him, just for a moment, look up at me as much as to say, "there's a bird here, old fellow, and I'm going to stay until you root him out." I always did.

As Man to Man.—
TO A THIEF

The person who stole a copy of Harold Bell Wright's "God and the Groceryman" from our store Monday is not known. We don't know who you are and care less. We only ask that you read the book with the hope that it may reform you. If it does not, we suggest that the next time you are in our store you steal a Bible.—*Ad in a Grand Junction (Cal.) paper.*

Fashionable Alibi.—HE—"I should think your many activities would cause you to neglect the children."

SHE—"Oh, no—I employ a governess to do that."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Tender Confession.—DARLING—"Mama, I have a surprize for you."

MOTHER—"Yes, darling; what is it?"

DARLING—"I've swallowed a nail."—*Life.*

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

METAL PLANES FOR HIGH FLYERS

LONG-DISTANCE records will be held in future by high-flyers in all-metal airplanes. So at least predicts Albert Lapoule, in an article contributed to *La Revue des Vivants* (Paris). In it he sets forth his reasons for this belief and explains in detail what it all may mean, and what modifications will be necessary in present practises. Recent attempts of French and American aviators, Mr. Lapoule reminds us, have made the question of long-distance flight one of present interest. In 1920 Rateau established a formula for calculating the possible distance of flight as a function of the weight of the plane at its start and finish, the power of the screw, the fuel-consumption of the motor and the shape of the wings. The results given by this formula have already been exceeded, we are told, because each of the elements that entered into it has been improved; and Bréguet, who took up the problem again recently looked forward to the possibility of a maximum flight of 12,000 miles. We read further:

> This depends only on the distance that can be traversed before the gasoline gives out, to which must be added the gliding distance after the motor stops running. The plane, in fact, finds itself, at the end of its course, at a height of five or six miles, and the gliding distance amounts to over eight times this height. This question of height takes on greater importance as the length of the flights increase. It is not improbable that very long flights will in future take place in the upper regions of the atmosphere. It is in this way that the Germans succeeded in the long-distance gun-fire that surprized us during the war. When we exceed six miles in height, the great obstacle to speed, which is air-resistance, considerably lessens. Three hundred miles an hour can be reached, and the trip from Paris to New York will require only twelve hours. Perhaps also aviators will then be less exposed to the atmospheric disturbances that have cost so many lives. We are unfortunately very far from this at present; and the Paris-Djask flight of Coste and Rignot was made between 5,000 and 9,000 feet. A height of 12,000 feet has been quite exceptional.
>
> The problem is much more complex than for a projectile, for it involves a self-propelling machine carrying living beings. The fuel-supply of the motor in a rarefied atmosphere has received two solutions in France. The first is to adapt the air to the motor, by compressing it before admission, as in Rateau's turbo-compressor. The second fits the motor to the atmosphere by varying the course of the pistons in the cylinders. This has been practically realized by Louis Damblanc.
>
> The transportation of human beings under such circumstances is a more delicate matter. Nothing prevents us from imagining an interior compartment, since Lindbergh traveled in one; it will be completely air-tight and will contain air at normal pressure. But for a long trip the air will have to be renewed with a compressor automatically regulated so as to keep the pressure in the cabin constant. Thus there

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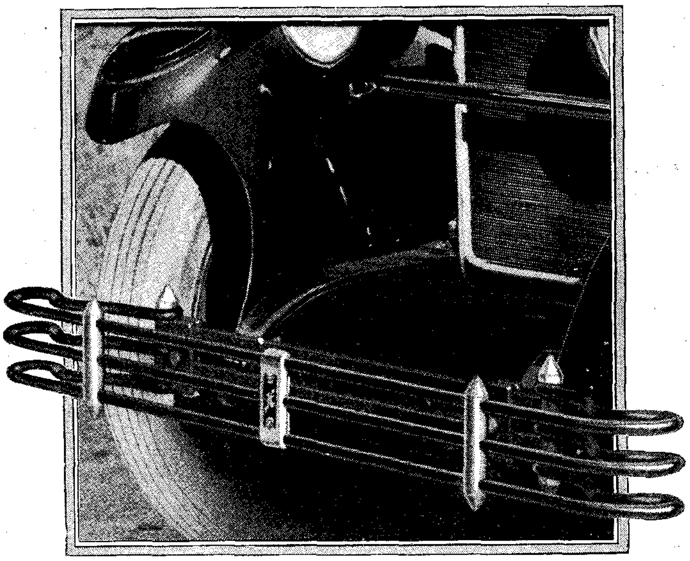
You want "the best" when you buy; if you don't get it, it's for one of three reasons: 1. You're not willing to pay the price of "best;" or 2, you accept something "just as good" (it probably isn't); or 3, you don't know what *is* best.



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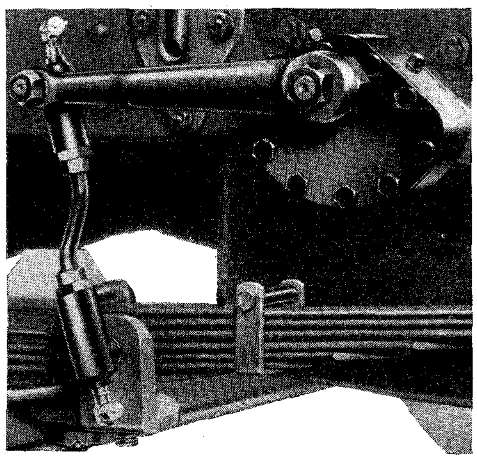

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South Africa

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

will be no danger from leakage, through doorways, for instance.

In one way or another, the passengers must be kept supplied with the kind of air to which their lungs are accustomed. For the breathing of rarefied air involves serious trouble. Bayeux has studied in detail its effects on rabbits. They are of two kinds—modifications in the structure of the lung and in the composition of the blood. The way to prevent them is to keep the human motor, as well as the mechanical motor, supplied with air at the proper pressure.

Speed-measurements, we are told, have now been greatly facilitated by a newly invented instrument, the *ciné-mitrailleuse* or "motion-gun," which registers on a photographic film the airplane itself, a frame fixt to the ground, and a chronometer. This enables the exact course of the plane to be plotted, and its velocity at any instant calculated. The writer goes on:

> In the early days of aviation, and until recently, the only metal in a plane was in the motor. Wood was preferred elsewhere, for its lightness. But lately metallic alloys have assumed great importance, especially in motors. Steels of various kinds—tungsten, nickel, cobalt, chrome or silicon—enter into the fabrication of cylinders, valves and other parts. But besides this there has been a veritable revolution in the general use of light alloys for all parts of the airplane. Great progress has thus been possible for the motor. Five or six years ago an airplane motor of 250 horse-power weighed 900 pounds. To-day one of 500 horse-power weighs less than 1,100.
>
> These light alloys all have an aluminum base. Magnesium which, altho it lacks fluidity, would be very interesting on account of its great lightness and relative strength, is still too costly to be much used. Aluminum, with 5 to 8 per cent. of copper, has replaced steel in cylinders and pistons. Still better is "alpax," an alloy of aluminum with 13 per cent. of silicon, known only for the last two or three years. For all pieces made of laminated metal—plates, tubes, propellers, etc.—duralumin is used—an alloy of aluminum containing copper, magnesium and silicon. After tempering and aging it acquires a resistance to rupture over four times as great as that of aluminum. It must be laminated, however, which restricts its use.
>
> We have by no means exhausted the almost infinite combinations of the metallic alloys. What we are looking for is, first, increase of mechanical resistance, and next lightness. Again, alloys that resist corrosion well on land are often destroyed rapidly by the sea air, especially alloys of aluminum and magnesium. The remedy has been sought by electroplating or by using cellulose varnishes such as bakelite; but no definite solution has yet been reached.
>
> We have, however, at the present time, a veritable scale of alloys fit for all needs. As soon as metal began to compete with wood, the latter had to give place, slowly perhaps, but surely. Metals are homogeneous, having well-defined properties which may be varied at will by insensible degrees. Their strength is greater. They admit of economy in manipulation. Pieces are interchangeable and easy to assemble.

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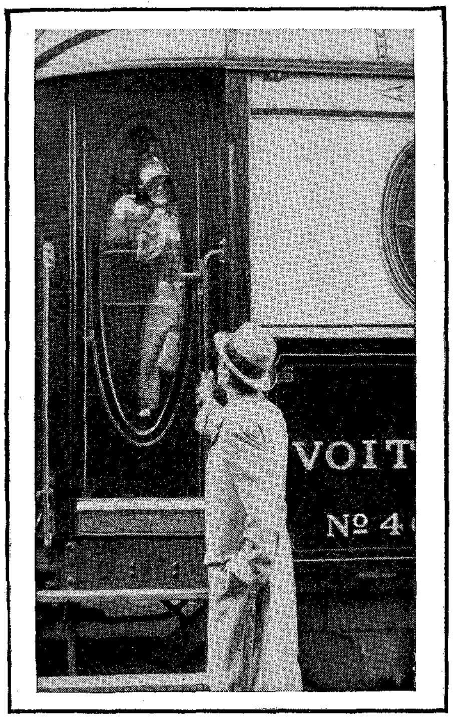

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Finally, resistance to the weather is better, except, perhaps, as has been said, in the case of salt air.

The Germans have clearly turned to entire-metal construction. This is the case with the avions and hydravions built by the Junkers, the Dorniers and the Rohrbachs, all branches of the huge trust called the "Lufthansa."

With us, mixed construction is still often used—the body of the fuselage and the wings are of duralumin, the frame and fittings of wood. Still, we are beginning to build entirely of metal—such are the Bréguet planes, piloted by Pelletier d'Oisy, Arrachart and Lemaitre. Except for the motor, they were of duralumin and alpax.

So wood is destined to be superseded more and more by metal in aero-construction, as has already taken place in ships. Of course we shall always prefer wood for the interior fittings, both of planes and vessels. The impression is warmer and softer, when one is in a wood-paneled compartment, than in a steel coffer. And besides, is it not a comfort for superstitious passengers to be able to "touch wood"?

MOBILIZATION BY RADIO

THE St. Louis tornado furnished the first instance in history of the rapid assemblage of relief agencies under the control of radio—all other means of communication having been smashed into inactivity. Said Col. Stephen E. Lowe, of the 138th U. S. Infantry, whose command at Jefferson Barracks was part of the relief force thus summoned: "Radio has accomplished the most unique mobilization in the history of the world." Says Harry La Mertha, writing in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of this noteworthy achievement:

> With all well-laid plans destroyed wherein the National Guard, the Naval Reserve and the American Red Cross would have used telephones and automobiles under ordinary conditions, we turned to this new, powerful, mysterious force of the air for aid. The human voice called direct, and from every corner of the city came the answer, as men and women struggled through débris and jammed traffic to reach their mobilization points.
>
> Truly it was a wonderful thing, this radio. When the great twister, dipping and snarling, ground city block upon city block to ruins, and crusht out human life on every side, it was fortunate that all but one of the St. Louis stations were spared to aid in the great work which has made St. Louis the talk of the nation for the quick succor given to her wounded and maimed. Station KFVE to the west of the path of terror went on the air with the news of the disaster as viewed by Thomas Patrick Convey from an all-too close point of vantage atop the Chase Hotel. Station KMOX went out with the news when George Junkin was able to fight his way out of the débris and ruin and to the control-room of the Coronado Hotel. After having entered the area the instant after the blight came, only to be submerged by a jam of wild, anxious people rushing to the scene in every conveyance and afoot to learn the fate of their loved ones, Junkin told a story which stunned his listeners.
>
> Every station except KFWF—it was in the path of the tornado on Lindell Boulevard and its antenna was destroyed—took up the call for relief. Col. Stephen E. Lowe, commanding officer of the 138th

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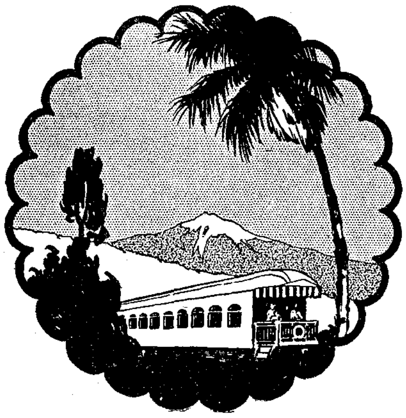

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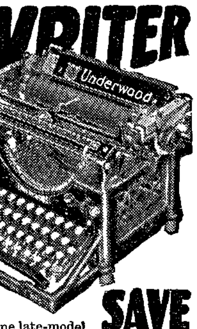

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

Infantry; Lieut.-Com. Walter F. Veatch, commanding the Seventh Battalion of United States Naval Reserves, assigned to St. Louis, and every leader of a military and storm-relief unit or organization thought of this new force as an agency of mobilization. As a result calls went out every fifteen minutes on every station, calling their members to duty.

The first call started soldiers and sailors, intent upon an urgent duty, toward their armories. The United States Naval Reserve at the foot of Ferry Street was isolated by fallen poles and wires. Trees and débris hindered the paths of the citizen bluejackets, but at 9 P. M., somehow, and by some means, two-thirds of the entire membership of the Seventh Battalion answered to muster. At the same time Col. Stephen E. Lowe had sensed his duty and had come through two miles of tangled wires and broken timbers and had reached the armory at the foot of Grand Avenue, into which already was pouring an orderly and earnest line of citizen soldiers, which reached a total of 400 men and twenty officers before the dawn of a new day.

Colonel Lowe is reported as saying, had it not been for this agency there would have been the greatest difficulty in getting out enlisted personnel for duty. Every military leader has planned for mobilization wherein the telephone and the automobile play a responsible part. The telephone was wiped out, perhaps not so much by the number of phones demolished but because of the great added duty placed upon the operators who attempted to link anxious ones with their relatives. This was true with the telegraph as well. He went on:

"It was useless to try to get the men together by automobile, because the streets were jammed. We called up the broadcasters and prayed to God. Their voices were answered. We turned out a ready-for-service organization, as a result, before midnight came. Such was the power of radio!"

Capt. G. F. Schwartz, commanding the Sixth Area in which St. Louis is located, spoke of the service rendered in bringing together the membership of the Seventh Battalion of United States Naval Reserves. It seemed almost a hopeless task as I looked out of the armory windows down there at the foot of Ferry Street and saw that twister cross over into Illinois, scattering lumber and débris in every direction and wrecking part of one of the armory buildings. It looked worse when I rode away from the armory in an automobile and found myself jammed on all sides by fallen wires and wrecked automobiles and débris piled high on all sides. Then I went back to the armory and I found the phone was O. K. and called Commander Veatch. Veatch called Station KMOX, and in a few minutes the boys commenced to arrive, all out of breath and intent on action; and all I can say is, it worked. Those boys got down to the armory; some right away and some, crawling through the wreckage, far into the night, and we took up our station where Chief Clerk of the Police Department assigned us in North St. Louis.

But the broadcasters did not stop there. They had done a noble work even now, but they were just getting started. The

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Parents, How Much Can Your Boy Earn?

broadcasting stations started in to raise money, food and clothing for the unfortunate, and immediately this second line of relief began to make itself known.

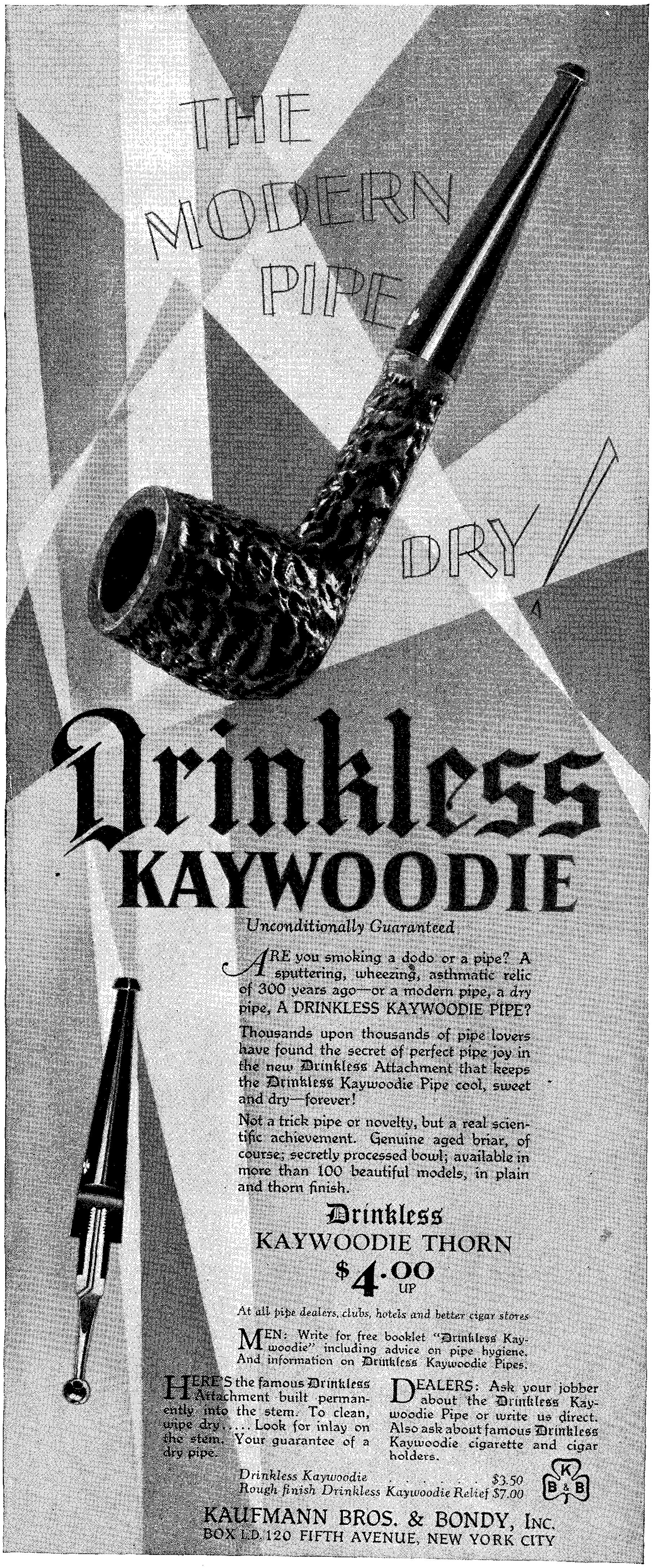
Cash began to roll in for the use of the American Red Cross. Great checks and lesser ones soon told of the interest individuals, who had heard the terrible news, were taking.

Immediately the cash was sent to the Red Cross organization which had mobilized—in many cases by radio also—and pledges of large amounts began to come by telegraph from many points out of the city. Station KMOX to date has received cash or pledges for $130,000 while Station KFVE has brought to the help of the suffering more than $40,000.

COLOR IN INDUSTRY

COLOR grading has assumed such commercial importance as to affect the commodities of more than a hundred big industries, we are told by S. R. Winters, in an article contributed to *Trade Winds*, issued by the Union Trust Company (Cleveland). Products requiring color standards vary in character from honey to tobacco, and teeth to tomatoes. The commercial values of some commodities are dependent upon color. The Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce maintains a laboratory devoted to colorimetry. Says Mr. Winters:

> Problems deal with a variety of materials, including glass, cheese, sugar, sirups, butter, vegetable oils, mineral oils, textiles, paper, paints, honey, raw cotton, tobacco, bricks, hardware, chocolate, inks, dyes, pyroxylin, teeth, flour, cottonseed meal, meat, clay, yeast, furs, leather, milk, fabrikoid, grease, cement, gypsum, blueprint paper, celluloid, enamels, glycerin, resin, linoleum, tanning solutions, tomatoes, oleomargarin, soda ash, blood and skin.
>
> The formulation of correct color standards is vitally necessary to the proper functioning of some industries. For example: small differences in color mean thousands of dollars in sales of cottonseed oil. It is an age-old trade custom on the New York Produce Exchange to grade oil on the basis of color. "Prime" oil is represented by an amber hue, and if the commodity is slightly red, the buyer demands a reduction in price of a few cents on the gallon. This variation in color may be so small as to make it difficult to determine without instruments of scientific precision.
>
> Teeth, paints, sugar, oleomargarin, newsprint paper, hardware and similar products are enhanced or depreciated in value to the extent that they conform to certain color standards, either because of long usage or because of a more tangible reason. If manufactured teeth do not match nature's, they are worth little in dentistry. If the owner of a house is partial to green, he would prefer paying more for green paint than red. The preservative feature of the two colors would be the same.
>
> Oleomargarin and other butter substitutes are colored to conform to the color of creamery butter. The National Dairy Union attempted to secure legislation prohibiting the use of coloring in this product. Cheese, on the other hand, conforms to a certain color because buyers have long been accustomed to appraise quality in terms of a deep yellow hue.



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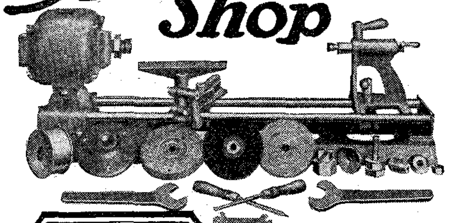

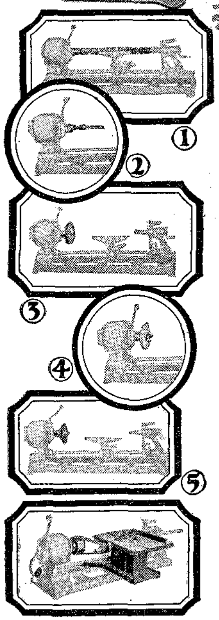

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Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

Color standards are frequently formulated to imitate products in nature. There is a green cotton dye that simulates foliage. The consumers of honey and tobacco have been accustomed to certain colors, and to vary these would depreciate the value in the mind's eye.

Printing-inks must be standardized with respect to fastness of the colors. Publishers of newspapers place a definite value on newsprint of a standard, unchanging color. Variations in color cheapen the newspaper in its finished form.

Hardware and furniture often assume appreciably greater valuations because of their colors. In order to match a certain piece of furniture, the color is the first resemblance sought. The finest mahogany does not interest the person unless the color scheme meets his requirements.

With reference to colors in the textile industry, the Bureau of Standards asserts, "Spectrophotometric measurements are a direct measure of the most important property of a dye—its color. Carried into the ultra-violet they are significantly related to the constitution of the dye. In connection with other tests they are the best means for the identification and quantitative evaluation of dyes."

Colors of meat, flour, ink, chocolate, clay, yeast, furs, leather, grease, gypsum, resin, linoleum, and many other products, like vegetable oils, may be fixt through trade customs. Yet variations in hue are none the less matters of vital consideration to buyers and sellers of more than a hundred commodities. The manufacturer of milk bottles who produced a green container had to modify his process. The colors of hundreds of other products are fixt and standardized because of the dictates of the popular eye.

Medical science, Mr. Winters goes on to say, drafts upon the Colorimetry Section of the Bureau for advice and assistance in promoting health and safety. The Mayo Clinic is studying diseases of the skin and blood by colorimetric methods. Tests are being conducted for the Rockefeller Institute, the Garfield Hospital, and the United States Public Health Service. Recently, the motion-picture industry sought assistance in designing "eye-protective glasses." He proceeds:

> The problems of colorimetry invade the borderlands of physics and psychology. Abnormalities and defects of color sense are not uncommon, and scientists engaged in colorimetry must be standardized as well as instrumentalities.
>
> Formidable instruments are found in the Colorimetry Laboratory. The visitor may observe apparatus in position for testing a small disk of yellow glass employed as a standard in analyses of blood in a hospital. The original standard was lost some years ago and this disk is sought as a duplicate.
>
> Defining color as a "sensation," the Bureau of Standards outlines five factors governing the field of view of any individual observer. These are: (1) The light entering his eye from the area or patch; (2) The light entering his eye from other patches simultaneously present in his field of view (simultaneous contrast); (3) The light which has entered his eye previous to the moment in question (successive contrast);

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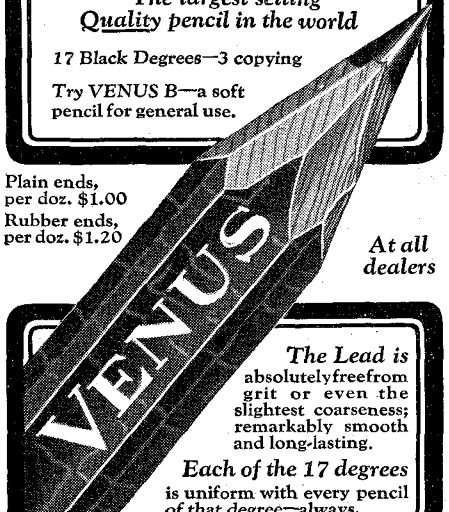

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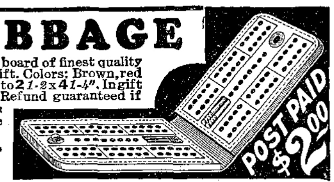

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(4) The individual nature of his own color sense; (5) His own conception of the nature of the substance or object occupying that "patch," in his field of view.

"Perhaps it may occur to a visitor that the first thing to be thought of should be specification of the light emitted by sources of light such as candles, incandescent lamps, the sun, etc.," points out Irwin Priest of the Colorimetry Section. "He will be shown," this scientist continues, "how this has been attended to by studying the 'spectral distribution of energy' and 'color temperature.' If he wishes to have an ordinary lamp or an 'artificial daylight unit' test, the Bureau will give him its 'color temperature'; that is, the temperature to which it would be necessary to heat a 'black body' in order to make it emit light which would match the light from his lamp. He may be shown a chart of the color temperatures of all ordinary sources.

"Having learned some of the things that can be done, and being imprest by the apparatus, a visitor to the Colorimetry Laboratory will begin to think that any problem in colorimetry can be handled. It may occur to him that he has a colorimetry problem in his own business, and he will want assistance of the Bureau of Standards in solving it. Perhaps he will be disappointed, for it is likely his problem may be a very special one which has not been considered in detail before. It may be that, altho the colorimetric experts can see plainly how to attack the problem, they can also see that it would take months of research and patient trial to obtain results that would be of practical value."

GROWING DR. ELIOTS BY IMPROVED PROTEIN DIET

WHERE the human race now produces one long-lived individual, like the late Dr. Eliot of Harvard, general understanding and practise of good nutrition may bring a thousand such into being, according to Dr. H. C. Sherman, of Columbia University, speaking before the Institute of Chemistry at State College, Pennsylvania. "Real differences in the length of life of experimental animals caused by an improvement in diet have proved definitely that mature life in human beings can be extended both by hastening maturity and delaying senility," Dr. Sherman said. He went on, according to a press bulletin issued by the Institute:

> A person's maximum efficiency and happiness can be extended by materially lengthening that part of each person's life which is worth most both to himself and the world.
>
> Foodstuffs in being absorbed must undergo chemical changes, and these can occur fast enough to support vital activities, only when they are catalyzed. The group of catalysts, or accelerators, here concerned are typical of the class known as enzymes, which are of the nature of proteins. Thus it appears that the protein of food must furnish material not only for the building and upkeep of the body tissues in the ordinary sense, but also produce in the body the enzymes and hormones which catalyze the utilization of food. They make these chemical reactions of nutrition operate fast enough to furnish energy at the rate needed to support the processes of life. These facts accentuate the importance of proper quantities and kinds of proteins in the diet.

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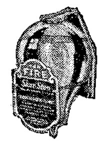
Don't rely on old-fashioned methods. SHUR-STOP—virtually an automatic fire department in your home—fights fire alone, without human aid . . . whether you're at home asleep or a thousand miles away. Furthermore, SHUR-STOP fire-fighting liquid will not injure the most delicate draperies, fabrics, furnishings, clothing, etc.



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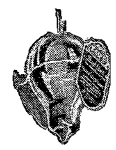
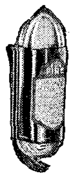


SHUR-STOP—
Ceiling Type
Automatic protection for Industrial plants, factories and all large floor areas.



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Thousands of careful, intelligent people protect their homes, property, and loved ones with "International" fire-fighting products. Fire insurance is good, but it won't bring back lives or those prized possessions which money cannot replace. With SHUR-STOP at $3.50 each, there is no excuse for neglect in such a vital matter.

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Below we quote from a few of these letters;

". . . oil must have boiled over, as when I entered the kitchen there had been a big fire and the extinguisher had proved effective."

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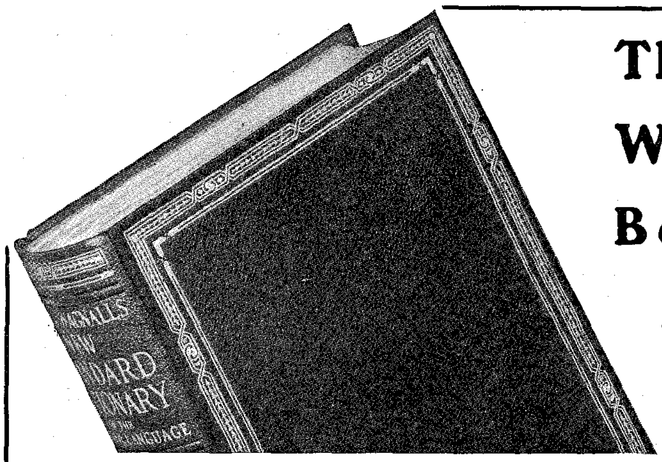

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

Recent research has fully established the fact that the chemistry of nutrition need not make the finding of the essentials of nutrition the goal, and stop there as if one could go no further; for what we have accepted as adequate may be improved upon by making more liberal the right chemical factors by giving a more prominent place in the diet to the right articles or types of food.

This may mean for the future of the race, not necessarily the production of individuals superior to any yet known, but rather a larger proportion of people of the high health, vitality and efficiency which only the most fortunate now enjoy, and the maintenance of each person's maximum of efficiency and happiness over a much longer period of years.

To good nutrition, broadly construed, the late Dr. Eliot very largely attributed the fact that he retained the vigor of middle life to an age at which most men, if still living, are senile. With good nutrition much more widely understood and practised, might we not reasonably hope for a larger proportion of similar cases?

Grains alone do not suffice for the normal nutrition of mammals, but excellent results can be obtained by feeding the same grains supplemented by milk.

Experimentally it was found that a mixture of one-sixth dried whole milk and five-sixths ground whole wheat (Diet A) was adequate, for it supported growth and reproduction generation after generation in the experimental animals (rats) fed exclusively upon it, which is a rigorous test; but a mixture of the same articles of food with the milk in a higher proportion, one-third milk and two-thirds wheat (Diet B), proved to be better.

BROWN BREAD, OR WHITE?

THE campaign of the New Health Society in England, in favor of brown bread, led by its president, Sir Arbuthnot Lane, who had described white bread as "the greatest curse of our civilization," has been given some space in the daily press. Now, we are told in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), comes a counterblast by Sir Thomas Horder and others in the lay as well as the medical press. In a joint letter to *The Lancet*, he and V. H. Mottram, Professor of Physiology at London University, H. E. Roaf, Professor of Physiology at the London Hospital Medical School, and T. B. Wood, Professor of Agriculture at Cambridge University, say:

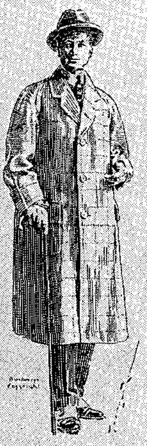
> While we readily admit that vitamin B, which is essential to health, is present in whole-meal flour and practically absent from white flour, we do not subscribe to the statement that it is not contained in white bread. The fact is that any lack of vitamin B in white flour is remedied when the flour is made into bread by the addition of yeast, which contains plenty of it. The case for whole-meal bread has been overstated. The allegation that white bread is responsible for certain grave illnesses is not supported by scientific facts. Altho whole-meal bread is a good article of diet for many people, white bread of good quality is also

a wholesome and nutritious food. There are no good reasons for thinking that the substitution of whole-meal bread for white bread in the national diet would make for material improvement in the national health and physique.

To this R. H. A. Plimmer, Professor of Physiology at St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School, says in *The Lancet* that not enough yeast is used to compensate for the loss of vitamin B removed from the grain in milling. Ten per cent. of bakers' yeast is needed to make good the loss, while bread, as usually baked, contains from 1 to 2 per cent. *The Journal* goes on to quote him:

> As much white flour is consumed in the form of cakes, pastry and puddings, in which there is no yeast, as is consumed in the form of bread. The argument of Horder that "it is of very minor importance" as to whether we use whole-meal bread or not because "other common foods—namely, eggs, peas, beans, lentils and nuts—are very rich in this same vitamin" is fallacious. The quantity of vitamin B in these foods and the quantity of these foods actually consumed is disregarded by Horder and others. If the quantities of these foods which are eaten are actually measured, it will be found that we do not eat enough of them to compensate for the absence of vitamin B from white flour, sugar, chocolate, fat and meat. Reviewing the average daily consumption of all the foods supplying vitamin B in the ordinary mixed diet, the total is not sufficient to balance the white flour, meat, sugar and other foods devoid of vitamin B. The easiest and cheapest way to insure enough is to use nothing but whole-meal flour in all bread, cakes and puddings. Absence of vitamin B leads to beriberi, which is seldom or never seen in this country [Britain]. McCarrison has pointed out that the early stages in the disease are digestive and heart troubles. The symptoms found in animals and birds on too little vitamin B were dilated heart, intestinal stasis and swollen appendixes. On the shortage of vitamin B these symptoms are chronic instead of being the early stages of beriberi. They are the common, every-day troubles from which many people suffer, and their cause is most probably from a shortage—i. e., too little—vitamin B. This is the crux of the food question. There is no doubt that the daily food contains too little vitamin B. In many cases there appears to be too little vitamin A and D as evidenced by rickets.
>
> Sir William Arbuthnot Lane says that poor children depend largely on bread and margarin and jam (mostly made of sirup with very little food in it), and it is essential to them to have the whole meal of flour. Most decayed teeth and rickets are due to this diet. It is absurd to waste money on dentists and dental clinics and on cures for rickets caused by bad teeth due to a poor diet. For well-to-do people who have access to a variety of good food it doesn't matter whether they eat brown bread or white.

This spectacle of eminent physicians and physiologists unable to agree on such an apparently simple question as to whether people should eat brown or white bread is not edifying for the public. They must conclude that medicine and science are far apart, "not on speaking terms," wrote a brilliant American journalist, the late Harold Frederick, when residing in England some years ago.



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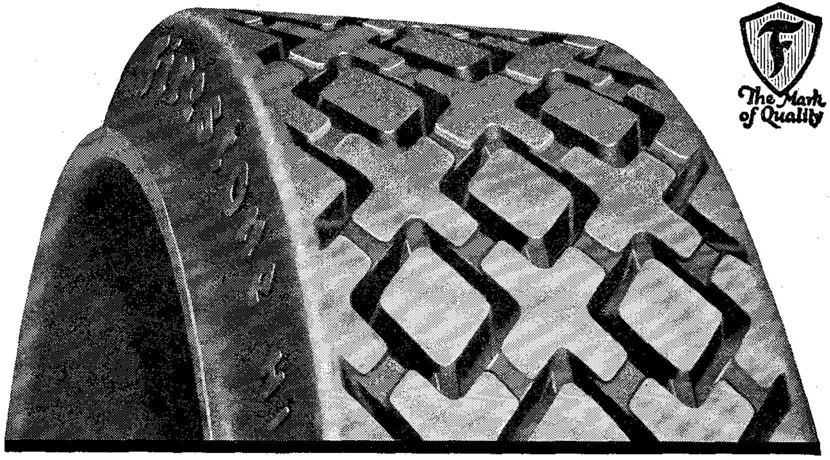

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Every now and then, the picture of some industrial giant or financial genius of twenty-five or thirty years ago, appears in a current magazine.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE IMPROVING TRADE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE

A MILESTONE in the economic progress of Europe is seen by Washington correspondents and financial experts in the recent report of Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of Mr. Hoover's department. Conditions, we are told, are definitely on the up-grade. That the report is of value to American business men is attested by a writer for the Ullman Feature Service, of Washington, who considers Dr. Klein "the man best fitted in this country to report on European conditions. His experience is broad, his judgment good, and his ability unquestioned."

As a result of his survey last summer, Dr. Klein finds European business making encouraging progress in adjusting itself to the changed conditions brought about by the World War. According to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, this improvement undoubtedly will mean:

> First, improved buying power on the part of our leading customer, Europe, which took 48 per cent. of our exports in the last twelve months and also on the part of overseas European dominions.
>
> Second, a possibility of more intensive competition, implied by this recovery, which should not be overlooked by American industry.

Dr. Klein finds that savings in Europe have steadily risen in the last year; in Germany the gain has been 80 per cent. Transportation facilities have expanded and improved. Unemployment is shrinking all the time; in the United Kingdom there are now at work a million more people than in 1912, and in Germany unemployment has been cut down more than two-thirds. Continues the Klein report:

> European business on the whole has for some time been showing convincing evidence of recovery. Not the least important improvement has been the gradual disappearance of the mental hazard, the shaking off of a "calamity complex" and the gradual strengthening of business morale.
>
> An encouraging spirit of determination is spreading in commercial and industrial circles, which previously had been laboring under a cloud of despair. Each of our leading transatlantic rivals is making preparations for active drives in Latin-American and Far Eastern markets.
>
> Furthermore, it is fully realized that the pursuit of the fantom of "prewar normalcy" is not only inexpedient but futile, that a new economic world has come into being since 1918 and the task involves not "restoration" of antiquated conditions, but adjustment to a new and vastly improved business environment.
>
> The industrial situation in the Old World has still many unfavorable spots in some districts or industries, but on the whole the recovery in recent months has been decidedly gratifying. Unemployment figures have been dwindling steadily; in the United Kingdom the decline during the last twelve months has been from about 1,600,000 down to 1,000,000, of whom about 400,000 are only casually unemployed. Of course this substantial reduction was partly due to the settlement of the coal strike, but coupled with this is the striking fact that there are to-day over 1,150,000 more workers actually employed in the United Kingdom than there were in 1912. In Germany, recovery has been even more spectacular, the number of unemployed having fallen from 1,700,000 in June, 1926, to 541,000 in June, 1927. The decline in France during recent months has been at the rate of 2,000 a week. Strikes have decreased in almost every important industry and manufacturing center. Throughout central Europe the number of industrial disturbances has fallen off nearly 60 per cent. below 1925 figures. Industrial production generally has risen steadily. Steel exports of Europe for 1927 will show for the first time a substantial gain—probably about 20 per cent. in volume over 1913.

All of this betterment, believes Dr. Klein, "will undoubtedly mean improved buying power on the part of our leading customer—Europe." It seems that—

> An economic phenomenon is evident which has appeared after every war in modern times, namely, the intensive exploitation of the resources of colonies, dominions, and other economically "new" lands as a solution for unemployment, and in general to redress the havoc of warfare in the mother countries. The reactions of this movement upon American trade have already set in: first, in the stimulation of buying power in the new lands, many of which require just the type of mining machinery, farm equipment, road building apparatus, etc., which was used in opening up our own country. Secondly, however, there is evident a perfectly natural endeavor to conserve the benefits of this new development primarily for the parties immediately involved, especially through preferential tariffs, to which we can take no exception unless there be evidence of discrimination. This has a bearing not only on our exports of manufactures to the new lands but also on our sales of those staples which play so large a part in our exports to Europe, notably cotton, cereals, petroleum, lumber, etc., for the production of which several of the mandated territories, dominions, and colonies are well fitted.

To the Department of Commerce expert, the completion of currency and budgetary stabilization in practically all countries is particularly encouraging. Moreover—

> An equally significant factor in this economic renaissance has been the recovery of numerous so-called invisible items in international transactions. For instance, the value of middlemen's services performed by the United Kingdom for the trade of other nations, including interest on commercial and industrial loans, will probably exceed $2,000,000,000 this year.
>
> Secondly, American tourist expenditures in Europe, which have contributed con-

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spicuously to the rehabilitation of several countries, will this year exceed $500,000,000; in fact, in some countries, France, for example, the amount thus expended by our tourists for services is more than that paid by America for merchandise imports from those countries.

Tangible data on the new commercial era of the Old World are abundant. For example, transportation facilities have notably improved during the last twelve months. There has been a wide-spread expansion of air traffic, not simply on the Continent, but in definite plans for service from European capitals to the trade centers of Africa, the Far East, and even for combination air, rail and ship facilities to South America. Rail traffic has been notably expedited, and several new "luxury trains" have been recently put on. Even shipping has revived of late, especially because of the further replacement of steam by motor power.

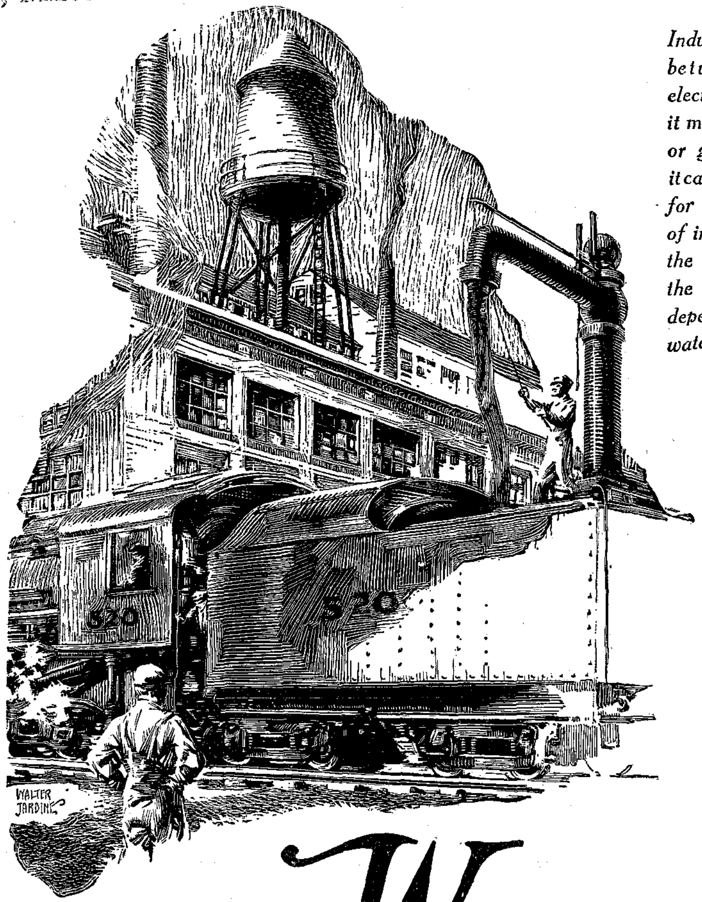
It must not be inferred, of course, that there is no room for further improvement in the European economic situation. Business leaders throughout the Old World complain that trade barriers are still retarding commercial development all over the Continent.

It is gratifying to note in European business circles practically complete absence of any bitterness or hostility toward the United States. The value of American loans has been all too keenly appreciated to permit of any serious interference through impulsive, superficial hostility.

Testimony similar to Dr. Klein's comes from C. E. Mitchell, President of the National City Bank of New York, who recently returned from Europe. He reports conditions there better than at any time in recent years.

In particular, Mr. Mitchell finds England "turning the corner," and France showing fundamentally sound economic strength under the existing political régime. Italy, he notes, "is momentarily passing through some industrial depression resulting from the throes incident to a deflation process. Belgium's future, "backed by the prospects of the Kongo," is said to be bright. On the surface, at least, Germany "looks better than at any time since the war; there is much building, agricultural resources are being developed, and factories are evidently in very good condition." Mr. Mitchell adds, however, that until the total of reparations is finally fixt, "all Europe will be affected by uncertainties."

Later information given out last week by the Department of Commerce in Washington is reported by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which says that there was little change in European trade during September, that "a somewhat more optimistic tone prevails in Great Britain, but business in the cotton and wool industries continues unsatisfactory, and purchasing power in the coal-mining areas is much reduced." Business is said to be continuing active in Germany and Central Europe. "The French and Italian situation is still unfavorable, but there seems to be a growing belief that the depression in those countries has reached its peak and that the coming months will see a gradual improvement."



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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THE WORLD MARKET FOR OUR MOTOR-CARS

THOSE who are worrying about the automobile business ought to keep in mind the fact that this American industry occupies the commanding position in the world market and that, even so, our export trade in motor-cars is at the very beginning of its development. In a recent bulletin the Stock Exchange house of Dominick and Dominick calls attention to this point, adding that the foreign trade in American cars "has apparently developed a romance which, unlike most romances, is likely to be profitable and of very great economic significance." At the recent international automobile exhibition at the Grand Palais in Paris, twenty-four makes of American cars were represented. Last year we exported almost as many cars as were produced in all of Europe, with a total value of $424,000,000. In order to show our predominant position, the writer for the New York brokerage house first tells us what Europe has been doing recently:

> In 1926 Europe produced a total of passenger-cars, trucks, and buses amounting to 560,213 as compared with 462,120 in 1925. Of this total 132,802 units were exported. Four countries were responsible for the great majority of these sales—France, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany. France has an export business second only to the United States, but recently the sales of the Fiat Company in Italy, which accounts for about 85 per cent. of all Italian production, have been rapidly gaining on the French figure. Citroen is responsible for over half the total French output.
>
> Germany's domestic market is seriously handicapped by internal taxation, and the industry is the least efficient of those enumerated. Great Britain has been making strenuous efforts to develop its sales to the Dominions, and despite the general strike of 1926 British production showed an increase over 1925. The figures of these four countries and of the United States are given in the following table:

NUMBER OF AUTOMOTIVE VEHICLES—1926

	Production	*Exports*
France	200,000	54,675
Great Britain	198,700	33,137
Italy	64,760	34,194
Germany	75,000	2,081
United States*	4,428,286	487,289

---

*Including American cars made in Canada.

The table certainly reveals the marvelous American development of the motor-car industry. It is shown in another way by the Department of Commerce census figures recording a world total of 27,650,267 motor-vehicles on January 1, 1927, of which the United States owned 22,137,334, or about 80 per cent. of the total. Or, to put it in another way, "over 95 per cent. of all the automobiles in the world to-day are of American manufacture." One reason why our manufacturers can outsell foreign competitors everywhere despite higher labor and material costs is the development of mass production:

A factory which turns out 500 cars a day (the Ford production has at times amounted to 8,000 cars a day) is able to sell more cheaply and more efficiently than the factory which produces twenty-four cars a day, even at a lower unit cost of materials and labor. In mass production of the light car, the United States completely dominates the market. Citroen in France, Fiat in Italy, and Morris in England are the only manufacturers who endeavor to compete in the large-scale production of the smaller automobile with the large number of manufacturers in this country.

Other interesting facts bearing on American domination of the world's automobile markets are set down as follows in the Dominick and Dominick bulletin:

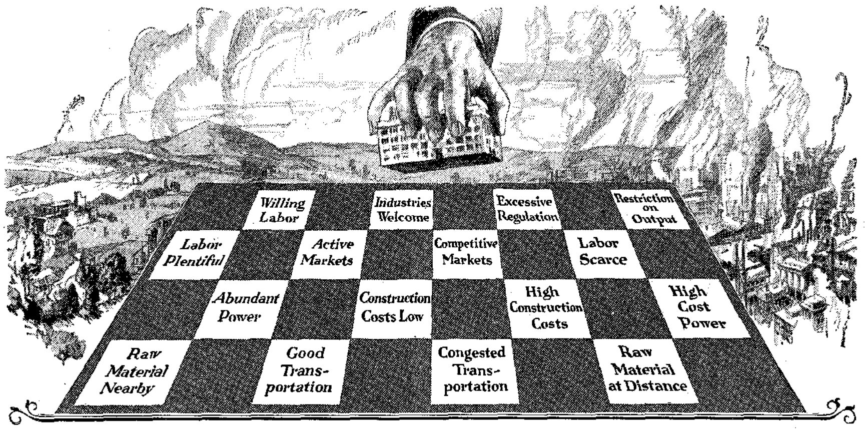
The export of automobiles now ranks third in the value of the exports from this country, and considering the fact that the two leading exports—raw cotton and oil—do not pass through the hands of American factory labor, the automobile export is easily the most valuable of our manufactures. In 1926 the total exports of American motor-vehicles amounted to 487,289 with a value (including tires) of $423,500,000. This amounted to 11 per cent. of the production.

Current figures show an even more rapid progress. Eleven countries bought more American automobiles in the first half of this year than they did during the whole of 1926, and the latest figure for the eight months up to September 1 shows an increase of 24 per cent. in American exports over the corresponding period of last year. The ratio of exports to production is steadily growing, and in August of the present year the export amounted to 10.6 per cent. of the production as compared with 4.8 per cent. in August, 1926.

There is no market where American automobiles do not sell, altho in countries which have extensive local industries the market is of course considerably narrowed. In France, for example, 8 per cent. of all cars are of American manufacture, in Germany 8 per cent., and in Italy 2 per cent.

The records of the Department of Commerce show the amazing extent of American automobile sales, reaching into remote corners of the world. In such places as Aden, a British military outpost on the Arabian Peninsula, with a population, chiefly illiterate, of over 50,000, and two modern roads, there are 755 automobiles, of which 90 per cent. are of American manufacture. The inland empire of Ethiopia, formerly known as Abyssinia, completely cut off from any outlet on the sea with only a few miles of navigable road, has only 100 automobiles, 80 per cent. of which are American. The Island of Dahrein lives almost entirely by pearl-fishing with an export of pearls amounting to $15,000,000 a year, and owns sixty automobiles, practically all of which comprise three of the popular lower-priced American cars.

South America is, of course, one of the most likely markets, and a large proportion of United States automobile exports go to that region, amounting to about $46,000,000. These markets are interested in the American production, and the percentage of American-made cars amounts to about 90 per cent. of the total. Since most of these countries are building new roads, the purchases of American automobiles should steadily increase.



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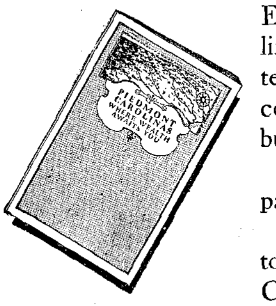

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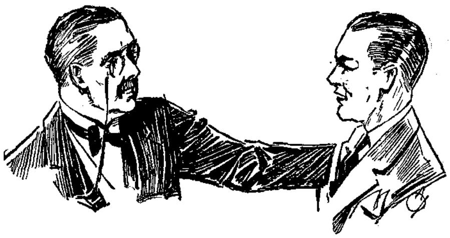

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

BRITAIN GOES IN FOR INSTALMENT BUYING

"SELL everything on the instalment plan," is the new slogan of British manufacturers, we are told by London correspondents, who say that this is the way British industry will try to accomplish its comeback in the next year or so. But not all British authorities are pleased about the tendency. Mr. A. M. Samuel, the British Minister of Overseas Trade, attacks the instalment plan as a "drug" and a "dope" for trade, which may do all right in America, where the people have "wealth to burn," but which can only make trouble in England. Mr. Samuel said at a recent Chamber of Commerce meeting in London, as reported in an Associated Press dispatch:

> Production and sale of motor-cars, phonographs, radios, pianos, and clothes on "tick" is a trade system built upon sand. When the inevitable cycle of depression comes round, trade will collapse and bury in its ruins those who have produced on "tick," sold on "tick," and bought on "tick," goods, which neither earn their cost nor redeem themselves out of earnings.

But in spite of this warning, instalment selling is on the increase in Great Britain. And it is being encouraged for these reasons, according to Constantine Brown, London correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News:*

> Difficulties in placing the existing overproduction at home and abroad have made manufacturers realize that something must be done to avoid at least temporarily the ever-increasing slump. Experts who visited America lately returned with the advice that British traders adopt the American method of selling on small monthly instalments, thus enabling wage earners to purchase things which heretofore have been out of reach.
>
> "This isn't a radical solution of our difficult problems," a leading British industrialist explains to this correspondent, "but it is a palliative which will enable us to carry on for a little time while our economists and the Government find the proper solution."
>
> An intensive campaign of advertising British goods is planned for this fall and everybody will be offered the opportunity to buy a home, a motor-car, furniture, clothing, and even stocks and bonds on small monthly payments. Manufacturers are seeking the support of the Government for a plan by which large banking houses will charge only nominal rates of interest to carry the instalment buying, while the Government will endeavor to find some scheme guaranteeing producers against eventual loss incurred through the inability of some buyers to carry out their bargains.
>
> This is the first step toward the long-heralded economic readjustment which the English economists advocate. The idea is to increase home consumption to the maximum so that British industries may escape dependence on foreign trade.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 19.—The United States and British Governments demand prompt action from the Mexican Government to curb bandits' activities against American and British citizens.

October 20.—The Fascist party's official bulletin replies to the suggestion in the *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican organ, that some of the former papal territory be restored by saying that any restoration, "even in the most reduced form," of the temporal power enjoyed by the Vatican before 1870 "is, and should be, completely outside all discussion."

October 22.—Maj. Mario de Bernardi, the Italian flying ace, breaks the world's speed record for all kinds of aircraft by making 300 miles an hour over a straightaway six-kilometer course at Lido Beach, Italy.

Patrick Cardinal O'Donnell, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, dies at his home in Carlingford, County Louth, aged seventy-one.

October 23.—The Archbishop of Canterbury writes to the Bishop of Birmingham that no one in England wishes to force him to give up belief in the theory of evolution and to lead or drive him "either to Rome or Tennessee." The Bishop of Birmingham had complained of the interruption of his sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral by Canon Bullock-Webster, who charged the Bishop with heresy.

October 25.—Martial law is proclaimed in Roumania as the result of the alleged discovery of a plot to restore former Crown Prince Carol to the throne.

Miss Ruth Elder and George W. Haldeman, her co-pilot on the flight of the *American Girl*, which was forced down near the Azores, arrive at Lisbon, Portugal, and are heartily welcomed.

DOMESTIC

October 20.—Captain John H. Diehl, charged with negligence and failure to stand by in the sinking of the submarine *S-51* by the steamer *City of Rome* off Block Island, September 25, 1925, with a loss of thirty-three lives, is acquitted of both charges by a Federal grand jury in Boston.

October 22.—The United States Government notifies Gen. Emiliano Chamorro that if he is elected President of Nicaragua next year the United States could not and would not recognize him.

Mrs. Frances Grayson hops off in the airplane *Dawn* on a projected flight to Copenhagen from Old Orchard, Maine, but is forced back because of an overload of fuel.

October 23.—Mrs. Grayson makes another attempt and is forced back by engine trouble, after flying 450 miles.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh completes his tour of 22,350 miles over the country, which had been arranged for him by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, when he returns to Mitchel Field, Long Island.

October 25.—Orders are issued detaching Rear-Admiral Thomas P. Magruder from duty as commander of the Fourth Naval District at Philadelphia on November 5, following his recent criticism of the Navy.

Tuberculosis is being cured at Albuquerque

THOSE who come to Albuquerque to effect a cure of bronchial or pulmonary troubles, or to prevent these troubles by taking a health vacation to restore a run-down condition, find a kindly year-round climate which helps them quickly back to robust strength.

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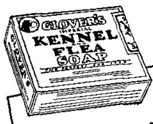

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Fifty-fifty.—HE—"Mabel says she thinks I'm a wit."

SHE—"Well, she's half right."—*Boston Beanpot.*

Liberal Education.—PROFESSOR—"Don't you know anything about literature?"

STUDENT—"Sure, I've written to all the toothpaste companies for it."—*Life.*

The Cat's Rival.—DORA—"But why are you so afraid of being run over, Uncle?"

UNCLE—"Well, you see, it'll be my thirteenth time."—*London Opinion.*

Six-cylinder Shooter.—HE—"Billy the Kid, the famous Arizona desperado, killed nineteen men before he was twenty-one."

SHE—"What kind of a car did he drive?"—*Life.*

Empty-handed.—JUDGE—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?"

PRISONER—"No, judge. I had ten dollars, but my lawyer took that."—*Presbyterian Advance.*

Chance Discovery.—JACK—"Harry moved out of that boarding-house after staying only two weeks."

SPRAT—"He must have finally found out that the place had no bathtub."—*George Washington Ghost.*

Can the Scraps.—BRIGGS—"Do you and your wife ever have any family jars?"

GRIGGS—"They are not unknown in our ménage. Margaret and I find them good things to preserve our temper in."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lost Motion.—"Run up-stairs and wash your face, darling. I think Grandma wants to take you driving with her."

"Hadn't we better find out for certain, Mummie? It would be such a pity to wash for nothing."—*London Humorist.*

First Aid.—Complained a member of Parliament to a well-known British peer: "I've got a 'orrible 'eadache. What would you prescribe?"

"A couple of aspirates," was the prompt answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fido or Rover.—Wives in four Virginia counties are going to stage a husband-calling contest at the State fair.

The performance is to be judged on clearness of voice, originality, sincerity of purpose and appearance of contestant, according to the Fort Myers *Press.*

It seems the judges will miss the main point. It isn't how the wives call their husbands, but what.—*Florida Times-Union.*

So Now You Know.—An arm protruding from the side of a machine ahead apparently can signify any one of the following things: The motorist is (1) knocking ashes off his cigaret, (2) going to turn to the left, (3) warning a small boy to shut up, (4) going to turn to the right, (5) pointing to the scenery, (6) going to back up, (7) feeling for rain, (8) telling the wife he is sure the front door is locked, (9) hailing a friend in a passing car, (10) going to stop.—*Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel.*

Blow the Whistle.—CALLER—"Mr. Smithson in conference?"

SPORTING OFFICE-BOY—"Yeh, the old boy's gone into a huddle."—*Life.*

Once There Was a Dodo.—Back in the days when skirts swept the ground, it wasn't unusual to see a daughter sweep a room.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Not a Squawk.—HOST (appearing on darkened veranda)—"Are you young folks all enjoying yourselves?"

(Absolute silence.)

HOST (returning indoors)—"That's fine!"—*Life.*

Autumn Chills.—TRAMP—"Sorry, lidy. I'm absolutely overwhelmed with trousers. But I was most anxious for an old overcoat before the season starts for puttin' 'em over motor-car radiators!"—*London Humorist.*

Thrifty Housewife.—HUBBY—"Great heavens! The idea of you paying $1,000 for a diamond ring."

WIFEY—"But think how much it will save you in gloves, dear."—*George Washington Ghost.*

Passing the Buck.—THE MOVIE STAR—"I can never marry you, Joe, but . . ."

HE—"But what?"

SHE—"If you'll drop around at the studio to-morrow, I'll introduce you to my double."—*Life.*

Your Best Friend Won't Tell You.—

An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away,
An onion a day
Keeps the world at bay.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Gates Ajar.—

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;
You're nearing the crossroads,
The brake lining's worn!
Little Boy Blue didn't let out a peep,
Now he's under a tombstone, fast asleep.
—*Wesleyan Wasp.*

Brass Tacks.—"Buyers of cars are more particular nowadays than they used to be, are they not?" we asked.

"Oh, yes!" responded the dealer. "While they used to ask all sorts of questions about the mechanism, power, and so forth, now all they want to know is, 'What is absolutely the lowest advance payment I must make?'"—*Kansas City Star.*

We Know 'Em All.—

CHINESE THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN

The patient woman roasts an ox with a burning glass.

The extravagant woman burns a candle in looking for a match.

The foolish, obstinate woman goes to sea in a bandbox.

The cautious woman writes her promises on a slate.

The vulgar, affected woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The curious woman would turn a rainbow to see what was on the other side.—*Boston Transcript.*